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MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

VISCOUNT COMBERMERE.

VOL. II.

Field-Marshal

VISCOUNT COMBERMERE,

G. C. B. &c. &c.

IN HIS NINETY-FIRST YEAR.

MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF FIELD-MARSHAL

VISCOUNT COMBERMERE,

G.C.B., Etc.

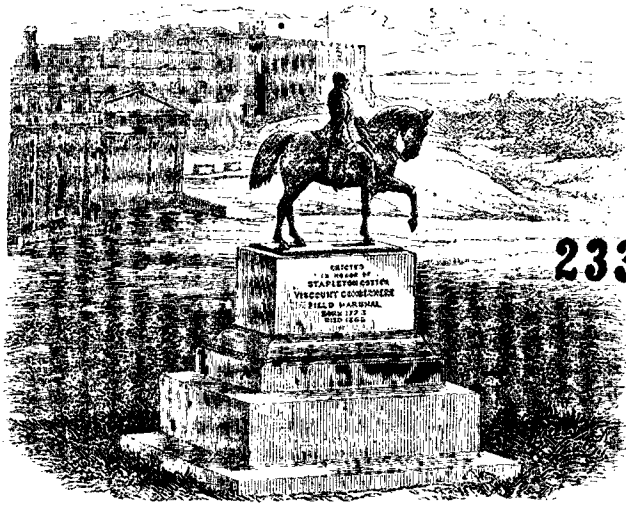
From his Family Papers.

BY THE RIGHT HON.

MARY, VISCOUNTESS COMBERMERE,

AND

CAPT. W. W. KNOLLYS, 93rd Sutherland Highlanders.



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COMBERMERE MEMORIAL.
From a Photograph.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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CHAPTER I.

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CHAPTER I.

FROM Portsmouth Lord Combermere and his family proceeded to London, from whence, after transacting some necessary business, he hastened down to Combermere Abbey, accompanied by his eldest son, Robert, then only eighteen years old, and a student at Oxford. This young man had been during his father's absences from England left under the charge of his uncle, the Duke of Newcastle, spending his vacations alternately with his two grandmothers—Lady Cotton and the Dowager Duchess of Newcastle. These ladies had frequent disputes as to the share which each was to have of his company, and continual appeals were made to Lord Combermere to decide the question. Robert Cotton fully justified this rivalry of affection; for he possessed a most amiable disposition and natural abilities which a steady application to study had improved to the utmost. His father doted on him and, with fair reason, anticipated a brilliant accomplishment of the sanguine hopes to which his promising youth had given rise. Through long years of foreign service had Lord Combermere

consoled himself by looking forward to the time when a return to England should enable him to verify the praises which poured in upon him on every side, and to convince himself, with his own eyes, that the coronet which he had so gallantly won would be worn with undiminished honour by his heir. Alas! his hopes were doomed to disappointment; not that the object of them fell short of his expectations, for Robert Cotton was everything a father could wish; but the capricious hand of death was already stretched out to pluck the fair young flower. The intercourse of the proud parent with his promising son lasted only a few short months, the more sweet because so long-deferred, and then Stapleton Cotton once more beheld his dearest affections buried in the tomb. But let us not anticipate the sad moment.

In December, 1821, Lord Combermere assembled a large party of relations and friends at the Abbey, to celebrate the christening of his second son, who had only been baptized in Barbadoes. The two godfathers were the Dukes of Wellington and Newcastle, who were both present on the occasion, and after whom the child was named Wellington Henry. Among the other distinguished guests who composed the party was the late Earl of Ellesmere, then Lord Francis Egerton, who had married Miss Greville, a cousin of Lady Combermere.

Great festivities took place on this occasion, Lord Combermere being careful that the humblest labourer

on his estate should not be without a share in the merry-making. The enthusiasm spread even beyond the limits of the property, and several adjacent towns celebrated the event by dinners, and by gifts to the poor of Chester.

The municipality, delighted at the chance which had brought the great Duke into their district, invited him, his host, and a distinguished party from the Abbey, to a public dinner.

"Town-hall, Chester, Dec. 21, 1820.

"My Lord,—It is my pleasing duty, at the unanimous desire of a meeting of the inhabitants, convened for the purpose of testifying their respectful attachment to the person and character of the Duke of Wellington, to solicit the honour of your company, and that of the guests at Combermere Abbey, to a public dinner in this city on the 27th instant, or such other day as may be convenient to your Lordship and his Grace.

"May I presume to suggest that the latest day to which his Grace's visit in Cheshire can be extended will be more preferable, as it will afford the committee more time to invite those public characters who will rejoice to do honour to his Grace and your Lordship.

"I have the honour to be, my Lord,

"Your Lordship's obedient humble servant,

"William Seller, Mayor.

"May I beg to be favoured with a list of the guests at Combermere Abbey, whom you would wish to accompany his Grace on the occasion, and the hour at which we may expect you in Chester.

"The Lord Combermere, G.C.B., &c."

On the day before the Duke's departure from Combermere he planted an oak in the park, when the ceremony was celebrated with great pomp and rejoicing. The tree has flourished admirably, and is both straight and strong.

On the Sunday during his stay at Combermere the Duke attended Divine service at the private chapel there in the morning, and in the afternoon at the parish church of Wrenbury. The old incumbent had been requested to preach a very short sermon, as Lord Combermere was aware of his chief's great objection to long ones. Proud of displaying before such a congregation, the clergyman prolonged his discourse even beyond the usual limits. The Duke's impatience on this occasion gives some colour of probability to the story told of his having been asked before some grand religious festival what he wished the sermon to be about—"About ten minutes," is said to have been the answer.

The last sounds of revelry had scarcely died away, when a fearful echo rang through the air. The hospitable roof tree, which a few brief moments before had been shaken by joyous laughter, now absorbed into its gloomy oaken timbers the low wail of sorrow.

On the 10th February, 1821, the heir of Combermere passed away from the eyes of his loving father, and all the fair hopes and brilliant prospects which had hitherto crowned his brow now served but as a wreath for his coffin. The cause of his death was strange. It had been necessary to extract a large molar tooth: he caught cold after the operation; inflammatory action took place in the gums, and spread to the throat. Obstinately refusing to yield to any remedies, the disease made rapid progress, and in a few days Robert Cotton was a corpse. In after years his medical attendant loved to relate with what gentleness and fortitude this amiable young man had borne his sufferings. He would describe how, when his patient became at length unable to speak, he wrote his wishes in pencil, expressing, with chivalrous politeness, rather his distress at the trouble he was giving than grief for his own fate.

This early death of Robert Cotton is one of the few isolated instances so carefully collected, which are supposed to confirm the assertion of Sir John Spelling, who, in his work on sacrilege, asserts that the eldest son seldom succeeds to estates which have been torn from the church. Certainly these words have been frequently verified in the Cotton family.

Deeply did Lord Combermere feel his bereavement; and those who met him in his accustomed walks round the estate, saw a dejected, grief-laden man, bent as with premature old age.

A few months later, probably from that restlessness which is so often engendered by sorrow, he determined to take his family abroad, and in the early part of 1822 proceeded to Paris. From thence he continued his journey to Geneva, passing through Châlons on his way. At the latter place he rested a few days; and one morning, while taking his accustomed walk before breakfast, was attracted by some unusual activity in a neighbouring barracks. He inquired the reason, and was told that the execution of an officer was to take place immediately. Posting himself on a piece of rising ground just outside the barrack-yard, from whence he could command a good view of the proceedings, he awaited the arrival of the culprit. Before many minutes had elapsed a fiacre drove up, escorted by some dragoons. Two officers advanced to the carriage and saluted the inmate. The door was opened, and the prisoner, who was dressed in plain clothes, alighted. The two officers now pointed towards a spot where a body of soldiers was drawn up. The doomed man bowed courteously to his guides, and walking gracefully to the place indicated, stood there with an air as unconcerned as if he were merely taking his place in a quadrille. A handkerchief was offered him, and one of the officers appeared to urge his being blindfolded. He bowed low, but seemed from his gestures to refuse. Resuming his quiet and erect attitude, he stood for a moment with the handkerchief in his hand, and then dropping it, a sharp volley rang

through the morning air, a little cloud of smoke for a second obscured the scene, and when it cleared away an inert mass was seen stretched upon the ground; the gallant soldier was a corpse. His body was at once taken up, wrapped in some horsecloths, replaced in the coach, and driven off to be buried, the troops were dismissed, and in the short space of a few minutes ended a scene which appeared more like a dramatic performance than a real incident of such fatal import. Lord Combermere afterwards ascertained that the unfortunate man was a colonel, convicted of some act of treason. He often, in after-life, repeated this anecdote as a striking instance of the national politeness, even in the last extremity.

From Geneva, after a short stay, Lord Combermere went on to Baden. In 1822 this was a very different place from what it is now that cheap railroads have brought swarms of people of doubtful position and undoubted manners from England, and inundated it with Russian princes, rich Americans, and a corps of adventurers and adventuresses from every capital in Europe. Society was then more select, but still very agreeable, owing much of its pleasantness to the charm and tact with which the Grand Duchess Stéphanie, cousin to Queen Hortense, presided over it. She entered eagerly into all the gaieties, and herself gave frequent parties, which were not the least of the allurements of the place. Very different was she from another Grand-Duchess of Baden, who

secluded herself from the world at a palace outside the town called La Favorite. This unhappy woman, suffering from a severe attack of religious madness, caused to be constructed three wooden figures as large as life, which were intended to represent St. John and two other saints. These dolls were handsomely dressed, and had covers placed for them at table, the Grand-Duchess herself presenting the various dishes with adoring humility. She even performed the offices of the toilet for these lay figures, and sedulously occupied herself with supplying all their supposed wants. The poor fanatic, not content with this constant labour, gave an additional proof of her zeal by constantly wearing a hair shift next her skin and a girdle lined with small sharp spikes—garments which must have rendered her exertions particularly painful. These wooden figures in 1841 still existed—for aught we know, they exist to this day—sitting gravely round the board at which they had so often been supposed to feast.

Lord Combermere had been settled but a few months at Baden, when, in the autumn of 1822, just as he was thinking of making preparations for taking his family to Italy, he received information of his appointment as commander-in-chief in Ireland. He at once hastened back to London, with a promptitude which was acknowledged by the King in the following letter, written in answer to one from Lord Combermere, but of the contents of which we are ignorant :—

"Windsor Lodge, 23rd October, 1822.

"My dear Lord,—I am honoured with the commands of the King to acquaint your Lordship that His Majesty will not detain you in town, but desires that as soon as it shall be convenient to your Lordship you will obey Lord Wellesley's wishes, who, it seems, is very desirous for your presence in Ireland.

"His Majesty commands me to express his approbation at your prompt return to this country upon your receiving the account of your Lordship's appointment to the command in Ireland.

"I have the honour to be,

"With great respect,

"Your Lordship's faithful and obedient servant,

"W. Knighton.

"The Lord Combermere."

On the same day he received a letter from the Duke of York, in consequence of which he forthwith started for Dublin, taking with him his staff, amongst whom were his old military secretary, Captain Dawkins, and Lord Greenock.

"London, October 23rd, 1822.

"My dear Lord,—I lose no time in acknowledging the receipt of your Lordship's letter of yesterday respecting your arrival in England, and your waiting in London merely to see me, and beg to assure your

Lordship that though I should like to have some conversation with you previous to your assuming the command in Ireland, yet that knowing the natural anxiety which the Irish Government has expressed for your presence with it at your earliest convenience, I cannot think of delaying your Lordship for a moment on my account. * * * * * I therefore beg to wish your Lordship a pleasant journey, and that you may like the situation,

"And remain, ever, my dear Lord,

"Yours most sincerely,

"FREDERICK.

"The Right Honourable Lord Combermere."

Lord Combermere carried with him to Ireland a very detailed paper of instructions drawn out for his guidance by the Commander-in-Chief the Duke of York. A portion of the document relates to the system to be observed in quartering and marching troops in the disturbed districts; and as the Duke of York's views are not only very judicious, but also peculiarly interesting during the present Fenian movement, we have decided on giving them *verbatim* :—

* * * * *

"In the military arrangements which may be rendered necessary towards the suppression of internal commotion, of local outrages and disorder, which may be called for in support of the police, or in aid of the revenue, you will endeavour to establish and

steadily to pursue such a system as shall obviate the dispersion of the troops, or their employment in small detachments placed beyond the reach of the care, vigilance, and control of their officers, such dispersion of the troops being destructive of their discipline, very harassing to them, and calculated in all cases and under all circumstances to commit their security. I am indeed more particularly to call your lordship's attention to the importance which I attach to this point, as I am well aware of the extreme difficulty of resisting the appeals which may be made to yourself and to those acting under you, by the magistrates and the gentry, and by others, for the employment of the troops in small detachments, whether in aid of public functionaries, or for the protection of private property when disturbances prevail or are apprehended. Upon all such occasions, I must desire that the discipline and the security of the troops employed may be considered objects of primary importance, and it must be manifest that it is for the interest of the State, no less than it is for the interest and character of the troops, that they should not be carelessly disposed, and placed in situations and under circumstances wherein they may be committed and exposed to insult, which they may be unable at once effectually to check.

"It is hardly necessary for me to observe that, in giving these instructions, it is by no means my wish or intention to prescribe any course which shall be

calculated to embarrass the general measures and arrangements of the Lord-Lieutenant, nor any limits to the due execution of his orders. On the contrary, I consider that it is one of the most essential requisites in the officer in command of the troops in Ireland, that his disposition should lead him to observe upon all occasions and in all communications the most conciliatory proceedings and language, and that his inclination should prompt him, not less than his duty requires him, to study by all means in his power to facilitate the views of his Excellency, and to afford the most ready and zealous co-operation.

"I am indeed persuaded that the Government, feeling how much its security depends upon the good conduct, strict discipline, and efficiency of the troops, will never require from the officer in command such application of them as shall tend to the destruction of discipline and subordination, and therefore that in the requisitions which may be made for the assistance of the military, the Government will sanction a line to be drawn between that which should be given to objects strictly connected with the maintenance of the legal authority, and the preservation of peace and the revenue, and that which may be called for by individuals for objects of private interest, in the prosecution of which experience has shown that these individuals are callous to the character, the credit, or the powers of exertion of the soldier; and that they

will readily render him a principal where consistently with his duty he can be an auxiliary only.

"In the latter observation I am fully borne out by the reports, or general information, which I have occasionally received from officers commanding regiments, who have stated that it has not been unusual for landlords and proprietors, being magistrates, to call for the aid of troops under the plea of suppressing riot and outrage, and enforcing the law, when it has proved that the real object has been to drive the tenant's cattle, or to distrain for rent.

"I must further desire that, during the prevalence of any disturbances, the troops stationed in or near the disturbed district, or when moving through the country, whether in large bodies or in minor detachments, may be instructed strictly to observe all the precautions which are practised by troops stationed in, or marching through, an enemy's country."

Fourteen years had elapsed since Lord Combermere's last departure from Dublin, and how many incidents had been crowded into that period! The beautiful young wife who then accompanied him home had passed away; his son had followed; and between the first sorrow and the last, six years of warfare in a foreign country had intervened. The interval seemed prolonged even beyond its actual length by the varied incidents which filled it, and the touching associations of his former residence in Dublin had been absorbed by the more recent

sorrow from which he was still suffering. Now, as on the previous occasion, a beautiful young wife came to enhance by her charms the popularity which his own social qualities procured for him in such great abundance.

On taking up his abode at Dublin, Lord Combermere was welcomed by many old friends, whose regard for him had not faded away with the lapse of years, and who, with true Irish hospitality, overwhelmed him by pressing invitations to their houses. Fourteen years had greatly altered the habits of society in the sister isle. Ireland had grown anglicized since 1803, and both drinking and fighting possessed less attractions for its excitable inhabitants than had formerly been the case. Still there was plenty of jollity, wit, and goodnature enough left, to delight Lord Combermere, who thoroughly enjoyed these national characteristics so consonant to his own taste and feeling.

The Dowager Lady Rossmore was at this time as celebrated for her amusing eccentricities in Dublin society, as Lady Cork in that of London. Equally cheerful and hospitable, she was even more candid in her comments, which were very seldom complimentary. An amusing passage of arms between her and the well-known Lord Allen—commonly called King Allen by his acquaintances—took place one evening after a dinner at Lord Combermere's. She declared that every one knew how carefully Lord Allen ascertained what fish was ordered for dinner at

the houses to which he received invitations, always at the last moment sending excuses wherever Dublin Bay haddock was to do duty, and accepting gladly if turbot or mullet were included in the bill of fare. Furious at this attack, he maliciously informed Lady Rossmore that her old coachman was making a disturbance in the street, and as drunk as a lord. She desired that the culprit should descend from the box and show himself at the drawing-room door. Accordingly, there he appeared, when the old lady exclaimed, "John, you're tipsy." "Yes, my lady!" "Are you more drunk than usual?" "No, my lady." "Then get up and drive me home!"

During Lord Combermere's service in Dublin, he saw much of the celebrated Lord Norbury, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, whom he had known when a young lieutenant with the Carabineers in 1793. The witty lawyer then entertained a kind regard for the youthful officer, which years had enhanced, as the subaltern of one century expanded into the Commander-in-Chief of the next. When Lord Combermere, according to his constant practice, rode out every morning before breakfast, he used to join the old judge, who was equally early in his habits. Then volleys of puns were fired by the wit, some bad, others excellent; while occasional amusing remarks and original thoughts, as droll as new, rendered the daily companionship most agreeable.

A few years later, when from increasing age and

infirmities it was considered advisable that he should resign, the old judge was uniformly deaf to all hints on the subject, and clung tenaciously to his post. At length, wearied out with his persistence, a certain high official spoke to him in plain terms, and urged the necessity of his at once meeting the views of the Government. On this occasion he seemed inclined to yield, and only stipulated for time sufficient to consult a friend, on whose judgment, he asserted, he placed great reliance. Should this friend, he added, be of opinion that he ought to resign, he engaged to do so. The required delay was promised, and Lord Norbury was then asked the name of the friend in question. "Lord Combermere," was the reply. Now, as Lord Combermere was at that time Commander-in-Chief in India, with which, before the introduction of steamers and the overland route, the communication was excessively slow, the cunning old judge by this *ruse* secured about a year's longer tenure of the office which he was so unwilling to forsake.

To preserve the thread of our narrative, we have thought it best to introduce the two following letters from Lord Norbury, although from their dates they should more properly be inserted a few pages further on :—

"Dublin, April, 1825.

"My dear Lord,—I should have been glad to have shaken hands on any other occasion than your and Lady Combermere's leaving this country, which grieves for your departure. I have promised to keep myself alive (if possible) to embrace you on your return, when you will be one of the wise men that came from the East: when, after bidding the Eastern sun good-morrow, you will pass your happy evening with old friends in Ireland, and say to her, as Prior did to Chloe:—

"'So, when I am wearied of wandering all day
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come;
No matter what beauties I saw in my way,
These were but my visits, but thou art my home.'

"If any man can be at home in Ireland, you can, and we shall joyfully sing the ballad of—

"'Welcome Lineo,
Welcome home.'

"But I conjure you to give me some commands from Lady Combermere and you, that will engage my daily attention to those that are truly dear to your oldest friend,

"Norbury."

"Feby. 20, 1825.

"My dearest Lord,—From a meeting of the judges and other official duties, I did not receive your most kind note until late on my return last night.

Unfortunately, from the state of my *Nisi Prius*, and engagements of myself and friend, who should meet you, I cannot have the happiness of availing myself of your good wishes for Thursday next, and must content myself with the indulgence arranged by Mrs. Graham Toler for the two days of next week, when we hope Lady Combermere to find our ways to be her own ways of pleasantness.

"You cheer my heart by your expecting on your return to find me *statu quo*, and King William *statue quoque*. *He* has little chance of *getting* forward, though I venture to *look* forward to your promise of coming again. In the interim the statue and I may be broke down, but will not be caught tripping.

"Dearest Lord, yours ever,

"NORBURY."

Lord Combermere had not been long in Dublin before he received the freedom of the city, accompanied by the following address :—

"MY LORD,—We, the Lord Mayor, sheriffs, commons, and citizens of the City of Dublin, respectfully present you with the freedom of our city, unanimously voted to your Lordship on your assuming the command of the forces in Ireland—a situation honourably conferred on you by our most gracious and beloved monarch, and equally be-

coming your exalted character and high military acquirements.

"We cannot, my Lord, contemplate the numerous and distinguished campaigns of the army of the United Empire during the late severe and protracted contest, in which our soldiers displayed so many proofs of bravery, humanity, and heroism, recalling to the mind the best days of ancient British glory, without finding the name of Combermere foremost amongst the noble asserters of their country's rights; and should occasion make it necessary for the British nation again to call forth her sons in defence of everything most dear, we doubt not but another wreath of glory will be twined round that brow in proud addition to those already emblazoned in the annals of your Lordship's fame.

"Accept, my Lord, this tribute of our respect, and allow the illustrious name of Combermere to be enrolled with other distinguished heroes and patriots amongst the freemen of this ancient and loyal corporation."

The following letter refers to a quarrel between Major-General Sir Colquhoun Grant, commanding a district in Ireland, and Colonel Thornton, Quarter-master-General in that country:—

"London, February 13, 1823.

"My dear Lord,—Sir Henry Torrens has communicated to me your Lordship's letter to him of the

10th instant, relative to the unfortunate occurrence between Sir Colquhoun Grant and Colonel Thornton, and I have learnt, with very sincere concern, that your friendly and judicious endeavours to bring it to an amicable termination had not then met with the success which I had so sanguinely anticipated. I abstain as yet from entering into the merits of the case, which I may ultimately be obliged to treat officially; but my private sentiments in regard to Colonel Thornton's unjustifiable proceedings have been already conveyed to your Lordship by Sir Henry Torrens. I will therefore confine myself at present to requesting that your Lordship will acquaint Sir Colquhoun Grant; but I do not write to him to accept an apology upon an occasion when his feelings have been so sorely aggrieved, but that, for the reasons assigned in Sir Henry Torrens' letter of the 7th instant, I should consider his yielding to his anxious desire that he should accept the very full and, in my opinion, the sufficient apology which your Lordship acquaints me that Colonel Thornton is disposed to make as a mark of personal regard for you; and as an additional proof of the zeal which during a long course of most useful and honourable service, he has manifested in upholding the character and the interests of the army.

"I have not the least objection to your Lordship's placing this letter in the hands of the Adjutant-

General, if he should be desirous of possessing it, and remain,

"Ever, my dear Lord,

"Yours most sincerely,

"FREDERICK.

"Lieut.-Gen. the Right Hon. Lord Combermere, G.C.B., &c. &c."

Early in 1823 a most unpleasant occurrence took place, which involved Lord Combermere in a lengthy correspondence, and exposed him to many unjustifiable attacks, on account of the decisive measures which he was compelled to take. Several of the heavy cavalry regiments had not taken a part in the Peninsular war, and the best officers, having exchanged from them into the light cavalry regiments, in order to see service, the former corps had become very inefficient. Among those thus deteriorated was the 7th Dragoon Guards, which by some chance had never served abroad since the Duke of York's campaigns in Holland. The regiment was in 1823 stationed at Dundalk, the General of the district being Sir Colquhoun Grant. At his annual inspection he found it in so bad a state that he begged Lord Combermere to come and judge for himself. The latter did so, and his inspection completely confirmed Sir Colquhoun's assertions. A report of the inefficiency of the regiment was at once made to the Horse Guards, the result of which was that all the field officers and the senior captain were placed on

half-pay, and more than half the horses sold by auction as unfit for service. Colonel Hancox was brought in from the 15th Hussars, as Lieutenant-Colonel and Major Daly from the 4th Light Dragoons, and the late Sir George Anson, from the Guards, as Majors. Colonel Hancox was a strict disciplinarian, and under his command the regiment, from being one of the worst, became one of the very best regiments in the service. The subjoined letters from Sir Herbert Taylor relate to the proceedings brought about by this affair:—

"Horse Guards, 29th March, 1823.

"Sir,—I have submitted your letter of the 25th instant, with its enclosures, to the Commander-in-Chief, who orders me to say that if he had required any confirmation of the correctness of the report made by Major-General Sir C. Grant of the state of the 7th Dragoon Guards, and the inefficiency of its officers, he would have found it in the representations from Brevet-Major P——* herewith returned, which already shows that after nearly thirty years' service in the regiment, he has not acquired that competent knowledge of his general duties which is required from every subaltern in a well-regulated corps. H.R.H. has never intended to cast any reflection upon the moral character of Brigadier-Major P——, or any officer of the corps; but it is his duty to secure the

* The senior captain.

army in general, and, therefore, its component parts, from the ill effects of ignorance of duty and inefficiency. The existence of these in the 7th Dragoon Guards has been amply shown, and no representation which has been made to H.R.H. against the decision which Sir C. Grant's report has produced, has afforded ground for departing from it.

"I have, &c.,

(Signed) "H. TAYLOR."

"Horse Guards, Dec. 3, 1823.

"MY DEAR LORD,—As Col. Finch mentioned his intention of quitting Dublin for a few days, I think it best to address to your Lordship the answer to his letter of the 24th November, enclosing your correspondence with Colonel D——,* which I have submitted to the Commander-in-Chief. H.R.H. orders me to assure you how highly he approves of the manly and candid manner in which you have replied to Colonel D——'s representation, and to add that nothing tends more strongly to confirm the correctness of Sir Colquhoun Grant's upon the 7th Dragoon Guards, and the propriety and necessity of his own decision, than these very representations from the individuals concerned and their friends. In proof of which, he orders me to send you the copy of a letter I wrote to Sir R. Bolton in reply to a remonstrance of Brevet-Major P——'s.

* The Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment.

"Your Lordship will have heard ere this that Lieut. D——'s application is agreed to.

"I remain ever, with great regard,

"My dear Lord,

"Most faithfully yours,

"H. TAYLOR.

"Lieut.-Gen. Lord Combermere, G.C.B."

The Sir Colquhoun Grant whose name occurs in the preceding correspondence fell desperately in love with the beautiful widow, Lady Denny, at that time a reigning belle in Dublin. He consulted Lord Combermere on the subject, and was advised to try his fate. He did so, and was rejected. Sir John Floyd, the same person of whom mention has been made in the earlier part of this book—a man who had been a Major-General before Seringapatam—had anticipated him; the dashing hussar had not been prompt enough. Lady Floyd made a most excellent wife to her second husband, and an admirable step-mother to his daughter, who, a few years later, married Sir Robert Peel.

The following very characteristic letter from the Duke of Wellington has never, we believe, been published:—

"King's Lodge, Windsor, Sept. 28, 1823.

"MY DEAR LORD COMBERMERE,—I received your letter regarding the Irish barracks, and I assure you that there is no person more concerned than I am at the shameful state in which they are, nor more deter-

mined to have them in the state in which they ought to be. We are hard at work upon that subject at present. But as it appears that in general the buildings require a thorough repair and cleaning, and the flues to be repaired by new, which will cost some money, we must take time; but you may rely upon me that none shall be lost.

"I have not heard from Mr. Gouldburn respecting the barracks which you think might be dispensed with. In general, I do not recommend that any permanently-built barracks should be put down. There is no probability of knowing beforehand where it may be necessary to post the troops in Ireland; and we should feel very foolish, if the year after we had given up the barracks at Birr, we should have to post the troops in the King's County. I would therefore only recommend a frequent revision of the best of temporary barracks, and that these should be given up when not absolutely necessary. These cost rent, as well as maintenance of buildings; the others, generally no rent, and in some cases no repairs. I propose to carry on this service on a system quite different from that which has been in practice hitherto. The heads of the department shall be the *allies* of the troops against the common enemy, the barrack-masters; and I think between us we will make these justly do their duty. But I must request your assistance in getting the commanding officers of the regiments to make themselves masters of the

regulations, and to have them strictly carried into execution by those under their command, and to complain immediately if the barrack-masters do not attend to them. Of course, in this last respect, they must give a little time, till we shall have been enabled to set up our flues a little.

"But I recommend this point to your immediate attention—viz., that the commanding officers in the barracks should be called upon to sign no paper that should be presented for their signature by the barrack-masters, without being perfectly certain, either by a personal view, or by the view of staff or other officers upon whose judgment they can rely, upon the truth of the facts represented in that paper. You may state in your order, if you please, that I have called your attention to this point, and have assured you, as I do, that one of the causes of the shameful state in which the barracks in Ireland have been found is, that commanding officers of the troops in barracks are in the habit of signing everything brought to them by barrack-masters, without being certain that there is one word of truth in the paper which they sign.

"Believe me, yours most sincerely,

"WELLINGTON.

"P.S.—Pray remember me very kindly to Lady Combermere. I hope that my godson is getting stout and strong."

During one of his tours of inspection in 1824,

Lord Combermere paid a visit to Sir John Lambert, then commanding the Cork district. The common council seized the opportunity of the presence of the distinguished Commander-in-Chief to do themselves the honour of presenting him with the freedom of the city, contained in a handsome silver box. A review of all the troops in the garrison and neighbourhood followed, and the proceedings of the day were closed by a splendid public ball.

At the beginning of 1825, the Directors of the East India Company learnt at the same moment that Sir Edward Paget, the Commander-in-Chief in India, wished to resign, and that an expedition against Bhurtpore was no unlikely event. It was important that Sir Edward should have an able successor, for Bhurtpore had defied all the efforts of Lord Lake in 1805, thereby raising doubts as to our invincibility all over India. Bhurtpore, regarded by the natives as impregnable, was considered to mark both the spot and the moment at which the tide of English victory had begun to recede. It was important, therefore, that if hostilities broke out there should be no second failure; and a deputation from the Directors sought the Duke of Wellington, in order that he might indicate to them a commander likely to accomplish what even the victorious Lake had been unable to effect. In answer to their inquiries as to whom his Grace considered the most fitting person, he replied—

"You can't do better than have Lord Combermere.

He's the man to take Bhurtpore;" or words of a similar purport.

"But," urged the deputation, "we don't think very highly of Lord Combermere. In fact we do not consider him a man of any great genius."

"I don't care a d—n about his genius, I tell you he's the man to take Bhurtpore," exclaimed the Duke to his astonished auditors. The consequence of this emphatic recommendation was that, when the Ministers suggested Lord Combermere's name, no opposition was made; and early in February he received the official notice of his appointment. Expressions of regret at his departure poured in from all sides, and official approval of his conduct as commander-in-chief in Ireland was emphatically expressed.

The military secretary at the Horse Guards, Sir Herbert Taylor, wrote by order of the Duke of York to convey His Royal Highness's satisfaction at the manner in which Lord Combermere had carried on his duties there.

"Horse Guards, March 14, 1823.

"My Lord,—I have laid your Lordship's letter of the 8th inst., with the abstract of reports received during the preceding month from the military districts in Ireland, before the Commander-in-Chief, who orders me to assure you of the satisfaction he has derived from the general remarks you have been induced to make on the state of the country, at a period when you are about to be relieved from the command;

and how sincerely His Royal Highness rejoices that you are enabled to make so favourable a report of the change which has taken place in the disturbed districts since the end of 1822, when you succeeded to the command. His Royal Highness is sensible that much of this improvement is due to the measures adopted by the Government, and to other causes which your Lordship has noticed; but he is persuaded also that great credit, in reference to this amended state of things, may be, claimed by your Lordship, and those acting under your orders; the attention, zeal, and vigilance of officers of all ranks having been as unwearied, as the good conduct and discipline of the soldiers have been exemplary, under circumstances of great excitement and very trying to those employed.

"His Royal Highness orders me to express to you, in unequivocal terms, his entire approbation of the manner in which you have discharged the duties of your important command, and executed his instructions, whether applicable to general contingencies or to the details of the service, and to assure your Lordship that your judicious attention to both has enabled him to rely with perfect confidence upon His Majesty's commands and instructions being duly and correctly observed by the large portion of his troops stationed in Ireland.

"The diminution of stations and detachments employed in the destructive duty of still-hunting,

and the concentration of the troops with a view to their security as well as to the maintenance of discipline, are objects to which His Royal Highness has always attached the greatest importance; and he is very sensible of your successful endeavours to conform to his instructions on this head.

"I have the honour to be, my Lord,
"Your Lordship's most obed't humble serv't,
"TAYLOR."

Nothing could also be more cordial and gratifying than the following letter from the Lord-Lieutenant the Marquis Wellesley:—

"Phœnix Park, Friday Night, Feb. 11, 1825.

"MY DEAR LORD,—I sincerely offer you my congratulations, mixed, however with much regret for your departure from Ireland, which is a real cause of alarm to me and to the country. Be assured that you carry with you my warm respect, esteem, and gratitude, with my most anxious wishes (but firm confidence) that your success in the original field of your honour and glory, may be equal to that which has attended your noble career in every service to which you have been called.

"I can never be indifferent to the prosperity of the British empire in India, and least of all to the military glory on which its foundations mainly rest. Your Lordship's appointment, therefore, must inspire

me with the hope that the lustre of our arms (which I witnessed) will be maintained without diminution. Always, my dear Lord, with true regard and friendship,

"Yours most faithfully and gratefully,

"WELLESLEY."

The Lord Mayor and Corporation of Dublin felt much regret at the idea of losing the able, courteous, and popular Commander-in-Chief. A few days before he quitted Ireland they sent him the following flattering address:—

"LIEUT-GEN. THE RIGHT HON. LORD COMBERMERE, G.C.B.

"Dublin, March 9th, 1825.

"WE, the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Commons, and Citizens of the City of Dublin, beg leave to address your Lordship, with feelings of deep regret, on your being called from the command of the army in Ireland to a scene of more active service in a distant part of the British dominions.

"We cannot question the propriety of any of His Majesty's wise arrangements, as we have experienced your fitness for the important service to which you are appointed by your renowned exploits in the Peninsula and by the very popular manner in which you have discharged the duties of your high station here.

"Your unassuming and dignified deportment, and your firmness in support of discipline, have gained the hearts of the army you command, and the esteem and confidence of the Irish people. Your liberal hospitality, your unremitted exertions, aided by your amiable partner, Lady Combermere, in promoting social intercourse, so wisely and judiciously combined with charity (the very bond of peace and of all virtues), call for the expression of our gratitude and approbation, and have made you and your lady an example of virtue and benevolence to every rank in this country. May every good fortune attend you; may we hear of your brilliant achievements and prosperity; and may the Disposer of all things grant you long life and happiness, is the sincere desire of this numerous and unanimous meeting, who confidently feel they are expressing the sentiments of the whole country."

To this Lord Combermere returned the following reply:—

"Royal Hospital, Dublin, March 9th, 1825.

"My Lord Mayor and Gentlemen,—I am at a loss for adequate terms to express the sense I entertain of the honour conferred upon me by this public testimony of your approbation of my conduct during the period I have held this important command.

"I feel, however, that I can lay little claim to personal merit, as the strict discipline of His Majesty's

forces established by the illustrious Prince at the head of the army, and the valuable countenance and support I have received from the distinguished nobleman presiding over the government of Ireland in the distribution of the troops in aid of the civil authorities, have rendered my professional duties comparatively easy; whilst in the performance of the social duties of my situation, I have but endeavoured to repay the hospitality which I have ever received, and in which your countrymen stand unrivalled.

"The very flattering terms in which you have been pleased to convey your sentiments in regard to Lady Combermere demand our united thanks and heartfelt acknowledgments. She wishes you to be assured that she quits Ireland with regret, and will ever look back with feelings of gratitude and affection to the happy period she has passed amongst you.

"I am grateful for your good wishes for my f
welfare, and I assure you that I entertain a
hope that an opportunity will some day off
again visiting Ireland, to testify that no di
time or place can remove the long and deepl
feelings of regard which I have for the Irish
and especially for the inhabitants of this loyal cit

"The Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Commoners,
and Citizens of the City of Dublin."

On the 21st March, 1825, Lord Combermere left Dublin for London, where he remained some weeks,

receiving his instructions, making preparations for his departure, and arrangements for Lady Combermere. As her health had been much impaired by a residence in the West Indies, and she was expecting her confinement, it was decided that she should not accompany him to India, where active service seemed imminent. Before he quitted England Lord Combermere established her in a house in London, where, on the 25th October, 1825, her youngest daughter, Meliora, was born.

CHAPTER II.

LORD COMBERMERE SAILS FOR INDIA—PRIVATE INSTRUCTIONS OF THE DUKE OF YORK—SIR WILLOUGHBY COTTON—WAR DECLARED AGAINST THE USURPING RAJAH OF BHURTPORE—LORD COMBERMERE TAKES COMMAND IN PERSON—ARRIVES AT AGRA—LETTERS TO LORD AMHERST—DESCRIPTION OF THE FORTRESS OF BHURTPORE—INVESTS BHURTPORE—PREVENTS THE ENEMY FROM LETTING OFF THE WATERS OF THE LAKE INTO THE DITCHES—LORD COMBERMERE ARRESTS DISSATISFACTION AMONG THE SEPOYS—LETTERS TO LORD AMHERST—BOMBARDMENT: CORRESPONDENCE ON THE SUBJECT—PAUCITY OF ENGINEER OFFICERS, AND SAPPERS—COWARDLY CONDUCT OF HIRED LABOURERS—DESERTION OF AN ENGLISH SOLDIER: HIS SUBSEQUENT CAPTURE AND EXECUTION—MINING OPERATIONS COMMENCED—TOWN SET ON FIRE BY SHELLS—MURDER OF CORPORAL WOOD—BREAKFAST IN THE TRENCHES—PREPARATIONS FOR AN ASSAULT—DEVOTION OF A NATIVE SAPPER—DETERMINED TO PLACE CHIEF RELIANCE ON MINES—THE COMMENCEMENT OF A MUTINOUS FEELING ARRESTED BY LORD COMBERMERE'S TACT—EXPLOSION IN THE BESIEGERS' CAMP—DESTRUCTION OF THE ENEMY'S MINERS—GALLANT RECONNOISSANCE—DARING EXPLOIT OF SOME GHOORKAS—FAILURE OF ATTEMPT TO DESTROY A COUNTERMINE—A SECOND ATTEMPT SUCCESSFUL—A DASHING EXPLOIT—EVERYTHING READY FOR THE ASSAULT—LETTER FROM BRIGADIER SLEIGH—LETTERS TO LORD AMHERST.

CHAPTER II.

At the beginning of June, 1825, Lord Combermere, accompanied by his staff, sailed for Calcutta in the *Thalia*, merchantman, which had been chartered for him by the Directors of the East India Company. As on assuming the command in Ireland, he carried with him a paper of instructions from the Duke of York. These are not of sufficient interest to be reproduced here entire, but yet one or two passages deserve a passing allusion. His Royal Highness draws Lord Combermere's attention to the fact that regiments have sometimes not returned home according to their proper turn, and he gives what in these days would seem a very unnecessary order, that, for the future, they should be relieved according to their place on the roster. On reference to this roster, a copy of which accompanies the instructions, we find that three regiments had been no less than twenty years in India, namely, the 59th, 67th, and 69th Regiments; three more had been nineteen, and three eighteen years. With regard to filling up vacancies in the rank of ensign, the Duke of York observes, "that

from the concurrent testimony of commanding officers, the individuals recommended from India have not been of so eligible a description as those who have been appointed in this country." Again he impresses upon Lord Combermere that on no account is any person of colour to be allowed to serve as an officer in the Royal regiments. These two passages may be with advantage considered by the small but noisy section who have lately clamoured for a different system.

After a prosperous but somewhat prolonged voyage, Lord Combermere landed at Calcutta on the 2nd of October, 1825, thus returning as commander-in-chief to that country which twenty-five years previously he had quitted as a simple lieutenant-colonel of dragoons. His staff consisted of Lieut.-Col. the Hon. J. Finch, his former Military Secretary, and Captain Turner Macan, 16th Lancers, Persian interpreter; Captain J. H. Dawkins, Grenadier Guards, Captain E. Archer, unattached, Lieut. G. C. Mundy,* 2nd Foot, and Major Kelly, his aides-de-camp; with Captain W. Agnew, 2nd M.N.I., Major A. Lockett, 63rd B.N.I., and Hugh Smith, Esq., Surgeon, extra aides-de-camp.

The new commander-in-chief lost no time in entering upon the duties of his office, and the very morning after his arrival was already hard at work. In truth his time was fully occupied, for the Burmese

* Author of "Sketches of India," "Our Antipodes," &c., and eventually Major-General and Lieutenant-Governor of Jersey.

war, then raging, demanded for its proper prosecution all the attention of the authorities at the seat of government. Apart from his professional feelings and position, he could not fail to take a great interest in the campaign, for one of the divisions at the seat of war was commanded by his cousin, Willoughby Cotton, afterwards commander-in-chief at Bombay. During this war he much distinguished himself, particularly in a gallant but unsuccessful attempt—in obedience to orders—to capture, with only six hundred bayonets, two lines of stockades at Donabew, held by a garrison of twelve thousand Burmese. He succeeded in carrying the outer intrenchments, but advancing to storm the second line, his small body of troops was unable to withstand the overwhelming fire poured upon them, and General Cotton, seeing that it was useless to persevere, skilfully withdrew his force and awaited further instructions.

But Lord Combermere soon found his attention diverted from the Burmese war, by the necessary preparations for hostilities in which he was to take a more active and immediate part.

The siege of Bhurtpore had been resolved upon, and Lord Combermere determined on commanding in person the army to be assembled for the reduction of that celebrated fortress, hitherto deemed impregnable. The cause of the operation needs but a brief mention here. Baldeo Singh, Rajah of Bhurtpore, had died early in 1825, not without suspicion of poison, and been

succeeded by his son Bulwunt Singh, a boy only five years old, who had already been officially recognised as his successor by the Governor-General. For a month all remained quiet, when suddenly Bulwunt Singh was seized, and his throne usurped by Doorjun Sal, who also murdered the regent. Negotiations, and even demonstrations, having been tried in vain by Lord Amherst, it was at length resolved to assemble an army and wrest the sceptre from the usurper by force.

On the 1st of December, Lord Combermere, who had hastened up the country by dâk, arrived at Agra, where he established his head-quarters. The army of which he took command amounted to twenty-seven thousand men, comprising, in addition to artillery and Native troops, the 11th Light Dragoons, the 16th Lancers, and H.M.'s 14th and 59th Regiments, and had a battering train of one hundred and two guns and fifty-two pieces of field artillery. Some reinforcements also joined during the siege, to the extent perhaps of 1500 or 2000 men.

Lord Combermere, on the day following his arrival at Agra, dispatched a letter to Lord Amherst, together with a communication which he had received from Sir Charles Metcalfe,* the Resident at Delhi. From the Commander-in-Chief's letter, it will be seen that he had already, subject to the confirmation of personal observation, determined to attack on the north-east

* Afterwards the celebrated Lord Metcalfe.

angle of the fortress, and that he thoroughly appreciated the necessity of seizing the bund, or embankment, by cutting which the enemy could fill the ditches and inundate the surrounding country.

"Agra, Dec. 2, 1825.

"My dear Lord,—I have this moment received the enclosed letter from Sir Charles Metcalfe, and, in consequence, propose meeting him at Muttra on the 4th. It is my present intention to advance upon Bhurtpore on the 5th or 6th, and I think it may be possible, by making a night march, to surprise and drive in the detachments which are posted on the outside of the town wall for the protection of the bund on the north-east side of the fort. This will be an important object to gain, as we shall thereby cut off the supply of water from the Jhil,* and at the same time the bund will give an excellent cover, and will enable the engineers to commence their operations without loss of time. The north-east angle of the fort appears to be the weakest point. I shall have the honour of writing to your Lordship from Muttra after having made final arrangements with Sir Charles Metcalfe.

"I have, &c.,

"Combermere.

"The Right Hon. Lord Amherst."

* Lake.

(ENCLOSURE.)

"Camp Luhm, between Delhi and Muttra,
28th Nov., 1825.

"My Lord,—I have only to say I had the honour of receiving your letter of the 13th inst. too late to admit of your receiving any communication from me at Benares or Cawnpore with reference to the necessity of your movements; I shall, therefore, direct this letter to Agra. The usurper at Bhurtpore does not show any signs of submission to his lawful sovereign. Much as his perverseness and audacity are to be regretted from the trouble and expense which they occasion, I cannot refrain from congratulating your Lordship on the opportunity which they promise to afford of commencing your career in India by an achievement which will erase a blot from our military reputation, and prodigiously increase its lustre in the eyes of the natives of this part of the world. I expect to reach Muttra about the 3rd or 4th proximo; if it be your Excellency's intention to inspect the division at that place before its advance, I shall there await your arrival; otherwise, I shall proceed to join your head-quarters at Agra, or in any other position your Lordship may deem more convenient, on which subject I shall hope to be honoured with your commands, as well as any other in which I can be of any use.

"According to present appearances, no political reasons need delay your Excellency's advance to

Bhurtpore an instant beyond the time when the military preparations may be complete.

"I have, &c.,

"C. METCALFE.

"To the Right Hon. Lord Combermere."

On the 5th of December Lord Combermere moved his camp to Muttra. After consulting with Sir Charles Metcalfe, and inspecting the right wing of the army, he determined to march with the latter on the 9th December for Bhurtpore. The left wing he ordered to start from Agra on the 8th, and to take up a position on the 10th on the west of the town. He himself with the right wing intended to arrive on the same day, opposite the north-east angle. The battering train from Agra was to be left under a sufficient guard at some distance in the rear, until a reconnoissance had enabled the Commander-in-Chief to fix on the best point of attack. Previous to setting the troops in motion he took care to obtain an assurance from the commissary-general, that supplies sufficient for fourteen days' consumption would be sent with the respective columns. As will be seen afterwards, this promise was not fully realized and some inconvenience was the consequence. Whether the failure rested entirely with the commissary at Agra, or, as has been asserted, was produced by the desertion of the hired native bullock drivers, it is difficult to say, and need not here be investigated.

From Agra, Lord Combermere proceeded to Muttra, where the right wing of the army was assembled.

"Muttra, Dec. 7th, 1825.

"My dear Lord,—I have seen Sir Charles Metcalfe, and have ordered the troops to move to-morrow morning. I hope on Saturday or Sunday to be able to inform your Lordship of our having invested Bhurtpore, and of the report made by the engineers.

"I have, &c.,

"Combermere.

"The Right Hon. Lord Amherst."

"Head-quarters, Camp near Muttra,
8th Dec., 1825.

"My Lord,—I have the honour to acquaint your Lordship that after inspecting the troops and train assembled at Agra, I proceeded to Muttra, where I encamped on the 5th inst. I have in like manner inspected the troops stationed here. I am happy to say that I have found every branch of the force efficient, and considering that the greatest part of the corps had never before acted in brigade, in a better state than I expected to find them. Having on the 6th inst. had an interview with Sir Charles Metcalfe, and ascertained that no political reason existed for delaying the movement of the troops, I have directed the 2nd division of infantry, commanded by Major-General Nicholls, with the 1st brigade of cavalry and a detachment of Skinner's Horse, to march this day from Agra to Gunga Mohul, and to-morrow to Danapore, from whence, on the 10th inst. it will find

its way to the immediate vicinity of Bhurtpore, establishing a position on the west of the town where Lord Lake formerly encamped.

"The 1st division of infantry, commanded by Major-General Reynell, with the 2nd brigade of cavalry and the remainder of Skinner's Horse (with which column I shall proceed), will march to-morrow from hence, the cavalry taking up a position at Rohur and the infantry halting in front of Rossaulpore; on the following day, the 10th inst., this division will take up a position on the north-east of the town, and I shall endeavour to effect a communication with Major-General Nicholls by the *bund** which passes to the northward of the place.

"I shall from these positions make a close reconnoissance of the place, and move up the battering train accordingly, which until that time will remain at a distance from the columns, protected by a sufficient force of cavalry and infantry. I have directed a copy of my general orders, forming the army into divisions and brigades, to be transmitted for your Lordship's information, through the military department. In the meantime, I beg to acquaint your Lordship that I have been guided by the statement which I directed to be laid before your Lordship in council, previous to my leaving Calcutta.—I have, &c.,

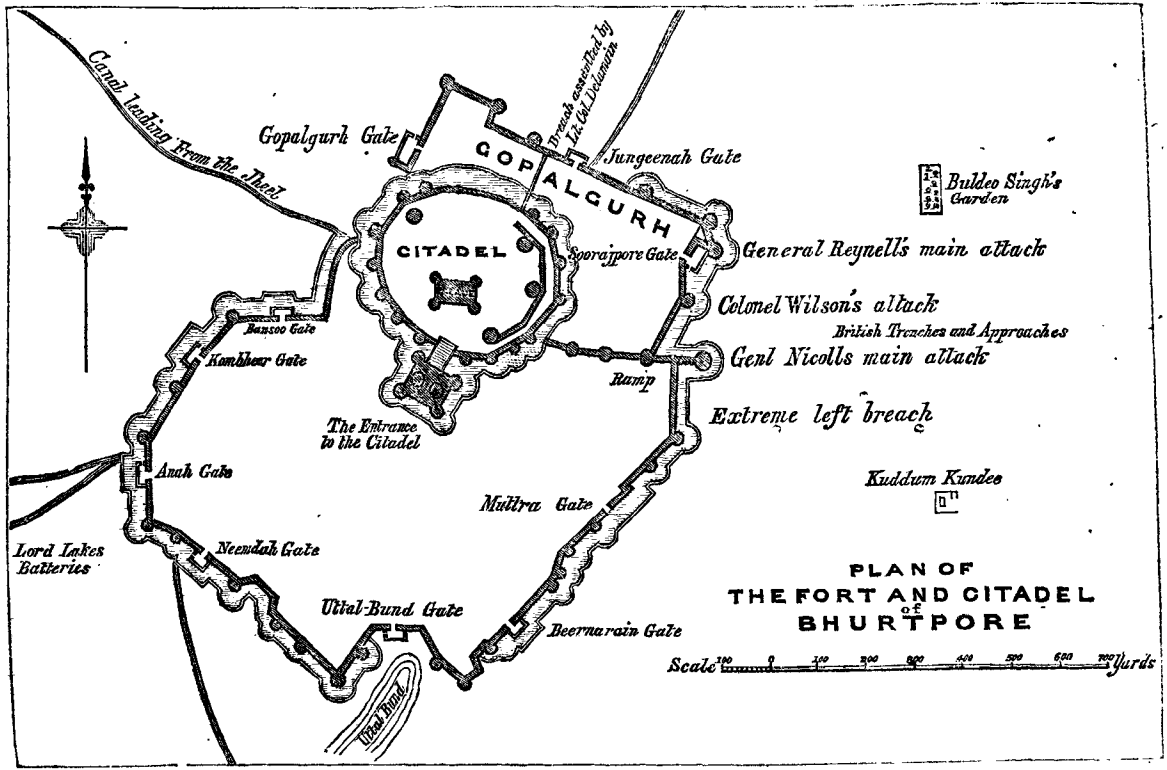
"COMBERMERE.

"The Right Hon. the Lord Amherst, Governor-General."

* Embankment.

Before proceeding any further, we shall endeavour to give in a few words an idea of the task which Lord Combermere had undertaken. We must premise, however, that both in describing the place and the operations which led to its capture, we shall by no means aim at a scientific narrative, or follow step by step the approaches of the besiegers. Those who desire to go deeply into the subject will find full information in numberless journals and memoirs, written by engineers and other officers present at the time. We seek only to give a sketch of the main features of the siege, which, while avoiding a mass of technical details, may prove intelligible to the general reader, and yet not be altogether devoid of instruction for the soldier.

Bhurtpore, situated about thirty miles to the west of Agra, stands in the midst of an almost level plain. The town, eight miles in circumference, is bounded on the western side by a ridge of low, bare, flat rocks, while everywhere else its limits are dotted by a few isolated eminences of little height or size. The fortifications consist of a citadel and a continuous enceinte of thirty-five lofty mud bastions, connected by curtains, and in shape generally either semicircular or like the frustra of cones. On some of these bastions there are cavaliers, and most of them are joined to the curtains by long narrow necks. Additions have been made to the enceinte since Lord Lake's time, and one bastion, called the Futteh Boorj,


Canal leading From the Jheel
Gopalgurh Gate
Breach assaulted by Lt. Col. Delamain
Jungeenah Gate
GOPALGURH
CITADEL
Sooraj pore Gate
Buldeo Singh's Garden
General Reynell's main attack
Colonel Wilson's attack
British Trenches and Approaches
Genl Nicolls main attack
Extreme left breach
Bansoo Gate
Kamkheer Gate
Ramp
The Entrance to the Citadel
Anah Gate
Kuddum Kundee
Mullra Gate
Lord Lakes Batteries
Neemdah Gate
Utal-Bund Gate
Beernarain Gate
Utal Bund
PLAN OF THE FORT AND CITADEL of BHURTPORE
Scale 100 0 100 200 300 400 500 600 700 Yards

or Bastion of Victory, was vauntingly declared to have been built with the blood and bones of those who fell in the last siege. In many cases the ramparts were strengthened by several rows of trunks of trees, which were buried upright in the mass of earth, and all of them were constructed of clay mixed with straw and cowdung. This composition had been put on in layers, each of which was allowed to harden under the fierce sun before another layer was added. Such a mode of construction rendered any attempt to establish a practicable breach almost impossible, and we have seen that from the shape of the bastions enfilade was in many cases very difficult. The enceinte was surrounded by a broad and deep ditch, from twenty to thirty feet long. This was in fact a nullah, or dry watercourse, which, running through stiff clay, had steep, almost perpendicular, banks. One source of weakness, however, attached to this ravine, which arose from the numerous small watercourses leading into it, affording in many places an easy descent. Outside the nine gates were an equal number of semicircular earth works. The citadel completely commanding the body of the place, was of very great strength, rising to a height above the level of the ground of one hundred and fourteen feet. The ditch, a hundred and fifty feet broad, and fifty-nine deep, had its counterscarp faced by a perpendicular revetment of stone. From the bottom of the escarp rose a per-

pendicular stone wall of eighty feet, forming a fausse-braye, well flanked by forty semicircular towers. Above this arose another stone wall, seventy-four feet in height, and flanked by eleven conical bastions, whose total relief reached one hundred and seventy-three feet. A part of the country surrounding the town was covered by thick wood and jungle, the remainder by ruined villages, small gardens, and enclosures. The strength of Bhurtpore was further increased by the Moti Jheel, a lake situated at a short distance from the place. This lake was bounded on the side of the town by a bund or embankment, by cutting which, as was actually done during the former siege, not only, as we have said before, could the ditch be filled, but also a great portion of the surrounding country placed under water.

The garrison amounted to twenty-five thousand men, of whom a considerable number belonged to the warlike Pathan race. Thus provided with a formidable body of troops, placed behind some of the strongest fortifications in India, and supplied with vast treasures, Doorjun Sal presumptuously prepared to measure himself with a lieutenant of the great Duke, advancing at the head of a splendid body of troops and a battery train such as had seldom before been brought against an Eastern fortress. Strong in position and resources, Doorjun Sal was still further encouraged by the previous failure of the famed Lake, as well as by a prediction made by the learned

Brahmins and astrologers. This prophecy, which resembles that which seemed to ensure the safety of Dunsinane, was not unlike it in the issue. The soothsayers declared that, in consequence of the foundations of Bhurtpore having been laid during a most auspicious conjunction of the planets, it could only be taken by an alligator which should drink up the water of the ditch surrounding the town. In the eyes of the natives this prediction was duly fulfilled, as the Sanscrit for alligator is *combeer*, which is near enough to Combermere for *ex post facto* interpreters of prophecy; and the very first exploit of the Commander-in-Chief was to stop up a cut which had been made in the embankment of the Moti Jheel, for the purpose of filling the ditches of the fortress.

On the 9th of December Lord Combermere marched from Muttra at the head of the right wing of his army, having previously directed the left wing, under General Nicholls, to move from Agra on the 8th; so that the whole force might be united in front of Bhurtpore on the 10th. Before sunrise on that day Lord Combermere pushed on with a strong advanced guard to a spot about three miles from that city. A brief halt was now made for refreshment, he himself riding on after breakfasting in a garden of the neighbouring village, to reconnoitre, and the advanced guard following. Information having been received from native spies that the enemy had cut the embankment of the lake in two places, and that the water was rushing out

with great impetuosity, he sent an engineer officer to examine it. The latter found that the sluice had been opened and cleared, and that a large volume of water *was* rushing through; but that a trench, which had been dug in order to let off the contents of the lake more rapidly, had not been made sufficiently deep for that purpose. He was enabled to conduct the examination without interruption, for the enemy's guard had abandoned the post on the approach a short time previously of the cavalry of General Nicholls's wing, under Brigadier Murray. General Nicholls, from a failure of supplies, had not been able to advance further than Agapore, a point about four miles to the south of Bhurtpore. He had, however, sent on Brigadier Murray with the cavalry and a troop of horse artillery. This brigade, reaching the esplanade of the fortress in the dusk of the morning, turned off to their right, and moving parallel to the ramparts, discovered a body of cavalry guarding the bund. These they charged, and dispersed, but having no means of arresting the inundation, and being unaware, from the thickness of the jungle, of the proximity of the right wing, Brigadier Murray retired. Captain Irvine, on making his report, was sent with a party of sappers, covered by four companies of infantry, to try and stop the inundation. This was skilfully and rapidly effected by first sinking a boat at the mouth of the sluice, and then blocking it up with brushwood, earth, and materials from some neighbouring

huts. Before the operation could be completed a certain amount of water had poured into the ditches, not in sufficient quantity, however, to be very detrimental to the besiegers. The different corps of the right wing came up in succession during the course of the day and were encamped; the other wing did not arrive till the 11th. On that day the investment was completed, though from its length—fourteen and a half miles—it was necessarily not very perfect, the western front being only watched by posts of cavalry, supported by a regiment of Native infantry.

The Commander-in-Chief, profiting by the example of Lord Lake, who thought to take the place with a cheer and a rush, determined not to break ground until after a careful examination of the defences. The next nine days were accordingly employed by him and the engineers in reconnoitring every part of the fortress.

These reconnoissances, in so many various directions, aided the different demonstrations which Lord Combermere caused to be made in deceiving the enemy as to the real point of attack. Meanwhile, the engineer and siege park had on the 12th and 13th been brought up, and the troops were at once set to work to prepare six thousand gabions and twelve thousand fascines, which was the amount estimated for. The position at the bund had also been fortified, and other defensive works thrown up elsewhere. All at once an ominous murmur arose among some of the

Native infantry employed on a working party, which threatened to spread throughout the army and produce incalculable mischief if not promptly checked. The dissatisfaction arose from the men of the working parties being paraded in camp with pick-axe and shovel on their backs, and marched thus laden to the scene of their labours. Probably the Sepoys thought it degrading to be so ostentatiously, as it seemed to them, turned into Coolies, and no doubt but little was required to induce them to refuse to work at all. At Mooltan, some twenty-three years later, the Bengal Sepoys actually *did* object to assist in the construction of the siege works. Lord Combermere was fully alive to the urgent necessity of counteracting a feeling which might perhaps in the end extend even to the English soldiers and compel him to raise the siege. He at once ordered that henceforth the tools should be distributed close to the spot where the work was to be executed, and in order to promote a spirit of cheerfulness among those employed in the always unpopular duties of trench work, he caused working pay to be issued to all Englishmen so occupied, and sweetmeats and free rations to the Sepoys. On the latter representing a little later that the acceptance of sweetmeats was contrary to their whimsical rules of caste, the grant was changed into extra pay. The greatest cheerfulness then ensued; the troops went about their work with alertness, and supplies being plentiful, the

officers regarded their working duties as opportunities for picnics, and scenes of mirth and enjoyment took place which contrasted strangely with the grim realities of their occupations. Nor was this measure the only means by which the Commander-in-Chief infused a good spirit into the army. Constantly on horseback, either reconnoitring the fortress or visiting the various posts, he set an example of activity and zeal which could not fail to produce the best possible results. All felt that the eye of the General was upon them—that their exertions were appreciated, their merits recognised, and their wants cared for. He held continual levees, to which the Native officers were admitted, and never omitted to reward promptly any special act of devotion or courage which might occur. The monotony of the preparations was also relieved by constant skirmishes, which, while they caused but trifling loss to the troops, kept up their spirits and gave them confidence both in themselves and their leaders. Two lines of telegraph were at this time established: one for communicating with the different posts forming the investment, and the other to give notice of flying parties of Jal horsemen, who issued forth from the neighbouring town of Kombheer, interrupted our communications, carried off our horses, cut off our camp followers, and generally did much damage.

The following letters belong to this period:—

"Head-quarters, Camp near Bhurtpore,
12th December, 1825.

"My Lord,—I have the honour to acquaint your Lordship that, in pursuance of my intentions communicated in my letter of the 8th instant, I proceeded on the 10th with a detachment of the 1st division towards the town of Bhurtpore, moving on the Gheil, or lake, lying to the northward of it; and Major-General Nicholls having shown a force on the other side, I am happy to say I was enabled to take possession of the bund without opposition.

"Though the enemy had cut the bund during the early part of the preceding night, it was effectually repaired in the course of the day; and from the information received from the Hurcarahs* it appears that the quantity of water obtained for the outer ditch of the town is very considerable.

"The enemy, after our arrival within reach of the guns of the fort, kept up a pretty constant fire, which, however, was attended with very little effect.

"I regret to have to report to your Lordship, that owing to the want of provisions for the 2nd division, Major-General Nicholls was unable to move the infantry on the 10th, and was only enabled to advance his cavalry in co-operation with my movement. By the Major-General's report (a copy of which is enclosed) it appears that the brigade of cavalry under Brigadier Murray surprised a party of the enemy's horse, which they dispersed, having destroyed a con-

* Messengers. Here it means spies.

siderable number and taken some horses. Their success, however, would have been more complete had they been attended by infantry.

"I beg also to transmit a copy of Major-General Nicholls's letter respecting the failure of his supplies; and as it appears to me that it was entirely owing to the neglect of the officer in charge of the commissariat department at Agra, I feel called upon to request your Lordship to take measures for placing at that station an efficient commissariat officer, to prevent the serious consequences that must result to the army if my operations are to be counteracted by such neglect, as I beg to remark that I was assured both by the commissary-general and the officer in charge, both at Agra and at Muttra, that provisions for fourteen days would proceed with the army before I put it in motion.

"The army is now in position, with the right on the bund, and the left on the Agra road, whilst a brigade of cavalry and one regiment of infantry keep up a line of communication round the remainder of the town.

"Part of the battering train arrived this day and the remainder is on its march. As soon as I receive the reports of the engineers I shall commence operations against the town. I hope to be enabled to-morrow to acquaint your Lordship on the points of the town which it may be deemed advisable to proceed against. "I have, &c.,

"COMBERMERE.

"The Right Hon. the Lord Amherst, &c."

"Head-quarters before Bhurtpore,
15th Dec., 1825.

"My dear Lord,—I have been so much occupied these three or four last days that I could not write; indeed, there has been nothing of interest to communicate.

"The engineer park and battering train arrived on the 13th and 14th; large working-parties are employed making gabions and fascines, and Col. Aubury promises to break ground in six or seven days from this time.

"I am sorry to hear such bad accounts from Arracan.

"Believe me, &c.,

"Combermere.

"To the Right Hon. the Lord Amherst."

"Head-quarters, Camp before Bhurtpore,
20th December, 1825.

"My Lord,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your Lordship's letter in council of the 2nd inst., transmitting to me a copy of further instructions which have been sent to Sir Charles Metcalfe relative to the affairs of Bhurtpore, and vesting me, in communication with Sir Charles, with authority to modify them as circumstances may require.

"I beg to assure your Lordship that the instructions so fully coincide with the sentiments entertained by Sir Charles Metcalfe and myself, that at present

we do not see any cause for suggesting any alteration or addition to them.

"I have, &c.,

"COMBERMERE.

"The Right Hon. the Governor-General in Council."

On the 20th of December, the engineers having completed their reconnoissances, a scheme of attack was submitted to Lord Combermere. He expressed his approval, and ordered it to be acted on at once.

The part to be attacked comprised the fronts about the north-east angle, which the enemy considered to be their strongest side. So convinced were they of this fact, and so certain from our various deceptive demonstrations that Lord Combermere would follow Lord Lake's example, and advance on the flat well-flanked south-west fronts, that they had devoted all their energies to strengthening the latter.

Lord Combermere chose the north-east angle for the following reasons: it was, with the exception of one short face in another direction, the only part of the place totally unflanked; the ditch was comparatively shallow and almost dry; a ravine which fell into the ditch gave great facility and cover to those desirous of descending it. It was quite true that the heaviest fire of the fortress could be here concentrated as long as the besiegers were at some distance from the ditch, but as soon as they approached the latter, they could only be fired at by matchlocks in the hands

of men exposed to a concentrated fire both of our artillery and musketry.

All preparations having at last been completed, on the 23rd of December, the investment was drawn closer, and the commander-in-chief sent two columns to seize the village of Kuddum Kundy and Buldeo Singh's garden. These two posts afforded good positions for supporting the working party to be employed in the construction of the first parallel, being situated about seven hundred and fifty yards from the place, and about eight hundred yards from each other. The enemy, on perceiving our movements in this direction, and having been informed by their spies that "great bundles of brushwood and bottomless baskets"* had been brought up, began to suspect the real point of attack, and all day long kept up a heavy fire of artillery, sending out also bodies of sharpshooters and horsemen to harass the defenders of the post. To check these incursions, a rough breastwork of cotton bales was hastily set up, under shelter of which two six-pounder guns and a twelve-pounder howitzer opened on the enemy, and, aided by the fire of some Goorkha skirmishers, soon cleared the esplanade. The garrison continued firing with their artillery, but could not depress their guns sufficiently to inflict much damage. In the evening, the engineers traced the first parallel, at a distance of six hundred yards from the place. It extended from the front of

* Fascines and gabions.

the village on the left, to a ruined temple on the right, adjoining Buldeo Singh's garden. In the course of the night, besides the commencement of a parallel, two mortar batteries and a gun battery were thrown up: the former in front of the temple, the latter in front of the village. The gun battery was constructed for eight eighteen-pounders, one mortar battery for ten ten-inch, and the other for six eight-inch mortars. The earth for the gun battery was obtained partly from a small ditch in front, partly from a trench in rear of the terreplein. The parapet was formed of two rows of gabions, surmounted by a layer of fascines. The intention of this battery was partly to enfilade, partly to counter-batter.

In constructing the mortar batteries, advantage was skilfully taken of the remains of an old embankment, the gaps in which were filled up with large loaded gabions, three and a half feet diameter by five feet high.

During the night of the 23rd–24th December the enemy attempted a sortie, but seeing the strength of our covering party, withdrew. So well did both the English soldiers and Sepoys work, that before daybreak the gun and one of the mortar batteries were finished and armed, and the laying of the platforms of the other was commenced. As soon as it was light the two batteries completed opened fire, the guns on the body of the place, and the mortars on the citadel and town.

The enemy, though taken by surprise, replied with spirit, but being unable to depress their guns sufficiently, they did but little harm, and towards evening many of the guns, having been dismounted by our batteries, were withdrawn. The havoc caused among the 100,000 inhabitants of the town by our shells may be imagined. Lord Combermere, however, can scarcely be blamed for employing these dreadful missiles, when it is recollected that the garrison was nearly equal to the besiegers, and fought under cover of a fortress of vast strength, hitherto deemed impregnable. The capture of Bhurtpore was regarded by the princes of India as the test of our power, and a failure would have been the signal for a general outbreak, and the formation of a powerful confederacy against us. Many native rulers only awaited the news of our defeat to commence open hostilities, and Runjeet Singh had even been solicited to attack us in rear whilst we were occupied with the formidable foe in our front. That astute prince, however, understood the power of the British too well to venture on such a step; but had we failed to take the city there is no doubt he would eagerly have profited by the opportunity of inflicting a crushing blow on his dangerous and encroaching neighbour. Moreover, the supply of ammunition, guns, and stores at Agra, was by no means without limit. On the 16th of January, 1826, the last shot, shell, and powder in store at that arsenal was received

in camp, and there was not at the capture of the place a single eighteen-pounder gun to be obtained higher up than Allahabad. Lord Combermere was therefore, we think, fairly entitled to use every means at his disposal to carry out the very important task entrusted to him—a failure in which would have seriously jeopardized our tenure of India, and have caused not only a considerable expenditure of money, but also a loss of life far exceeding that which took place at Bhurtpore. Anxious, however, to spare the women and children as much as possible, Lord Combermere had, before opening fire, addressed on the 21st December a letter to Doorjun Sal, offering safe conduct and an escort for any women and children who might wish to leave the fortress, and allowing him twenty-four hours for consideration. To this communication he received an evasive reply, which has not been preserved; but still persisting in his humane purpose, the Commander-in-Chief wrote on the 22nd another letter, granting twelve hours' additional grace. Doorjun Sal answered in polite but ambiguous terms, and Lord Combermere felt himself absolved from all responsibility on the subject. Two days later, however, Doorjun Sal permitted all the women not belonging to the royal family to depart, and they were suffered to pass through the besiegers' lines unmolested and unsearched. It afterwards appeared that these fugitives had carried off immense treasures secreted about their persons.

We annex the correspondence connected with the subject, both on account of the curious style in which it is couched, and also because of the great honour it does to the humanity of the British general.

Translation of a Letter addressed to Khoor Doorjun Sol by General the Right Hon. Lord Combermere, G.C.B., Commander-in-Chief.

21st December, 1825.

"As it is contrary to the custom and repugnant to the nature of the wise and good, that in battle and strife the fire of destruction should fall on women and children, I write with the pen of advice to acquaint you that, for a period of twenty-four hours after you shall have received this letter, you will be allowed to send out of the fort all women and children. It is necessary that, having fixed an hour and gate for their departure, you signify the same to me, in order that a guard may be stationed outside the jungle to conduct them with honour and respect beyond the bounds of danger and strife; you will also be permitted to send a suitable guard with them wherever you please, but such guard will not be permitted to return to the fort.

"A true translation.

"J. MACAN, Captain,

"Persian Interpreter."

Second Letter from General the Right Hon. Lord Combermere, G.C.B., Commander-in-Chief, &c., to Khoor Doorjun Sal.

"22nd December, 1825.

"Your letter in reply to mine is not satisfactory. Inflamed, therefore, by compassion for the women and children, I again write (I shall not write again) to acquaint you, that until sunset to-morrow evening, you will be allowed to send them out of the fort in the manner mentioned in my former letter. If you do not take advantage of this, you will be the cause of whatever befals them. I have received a letter from Sul Khoor Ranee, but not considering her a free agent I have not replied to it. If she and her family come to camp they will be safe."

Reply of Doorjun Sal.

"23rd December, 1825.

"I have received your letter dictated by compassion and humanity, signifying that until sunset the women and children would be allowed to go to a place of safety. The fact is, I had prepared a confidential person to represent my wishes to you, but was prevented sending him by your troops having advanced and fought near the fort. I am in no way disobedient to the orders of Government and your wishes, nor have I the least intention of war; from the Company and from you I look for safety and justice. The destruction

of this town, and thousands of poor people who have been cherished by Government, will not add to its ame. Do that which wisdom and policy dictate, and pardon us and thousands of poor people, and great will be your reward. Besides, I agree to all the Government require, and I have fixed a confidential person to represent to you my wishes.

"A true translation.

"J. MACAN, Captain,

"Persian Interpreter."

During the day of the 24th of December the besiegers occupied themselves in widening the parallel to a depth of ten feet, the depth of the trench being now on an average three feet. In the course of the following night (24th-25th) an approach by means of the flying sap was carried out in advance of the parallel. What in the account of the siege is called a "return," but which appears to have been in reality a demi-parallel, was also constructed.

The same night a breaching battery for ten—eventually for eleven—twenty-four-pounders and a small barbette battery were commenced. Early in the night, the enemy discovering the working party, opened on it such a heavy fire of artillery and matchlocks, that within an hour the engineer officer in charge, six Sepoys, and thirty-two sappers were killed and wounded, and the work for a short time was suspended. As soon, however, as the enemy's fire slackened, the task

was resumed, and carried on with great spirit during the remainder of the night. Here it may be as well to direct the attention of the reader to the difficulties under which the engineer department struggled during the siege, and in spite of which they brought their labours to so successful a termination. The total force under the command of Brigadier Aubrey, the commanding engineer, was fifteen engineer officers—of whom seven were wounded and one killed during the siege; six companies of native sappers—seven hundred and twenty men, to whom were attached two of the above-mentioned engineers and five English conductors and non-commissioned officers; two companies of native pioneers—two hundred men and two English officers.

To supplement the insufficiency of sappers, some hired native labourers were also employed in bringing up intrenching materials, and executing various works in rear of the parallel, but these men were of very little assistance. The inducement of regular payment, and the promise of a gratuity of three months' pay to their families in cases of death, were not sufficient to make them behave with ordinary courage. Many deserted, a large number requested their discharge, and frequently, when carrying loads to the trenches, would they, as soon as they came under fire, cast down their burdens and flee, openly exclaiming, as indeed was sufficiently obvious, "We are running away." To facilitate the bringing up of stores and ammunition

to the trenches a double road was made: one for the laden carts coming, and another for the empty carts returning.

On the 25th, a heavy fire of shot, shrapnel, and shell was kept up on the place, and much damage inflicted. To avoid the splinters of shells, the garrison on the following day dug holes in the ramparts for shelter. A chevaux de frise was about this time constructed to cover the left of our trenches. On the following day a heavy fire from our eighteen and twenty-four-pounders produced a great effect, completely silencing those of the enemy's guns which were opposed to them. Our approaches had by this time advanced to within two hundred and fifty yards of the ditch. A large body of the enemy's cavalry, laden, as is supposed, with treasure, made a sally, and owing to the length of the line of investment, and its consequent weakness, contrived to escape.

A sad, and, in a British army, unusual occurrence, took place this day, namely, the desertion of a bombardier of artillery to the enemy. The name of the culprit was Herbert. He had served in the Royal Artillery at Waterloo, and was an intelligent, well-behaved young man, who regularly remitted a portion of his pay to an aged mother in England. The motives which led to his desertion were never discovered, and can scarcely be conjectured. He had every reason to anticipate promotion; he had no fancied grievance; he bore on his breast a decoration, which,

more rare then than now, made him the envy of his comrades; from his intelligence he must have known that the doom of Bhurtpore was sealed; his reception by the garrison was very questionable, and the certainty of death when the place fell can scarcely have failed to present itself to his mind. It can only be supposed that crime possessed a morbid fascination for him which he could not resist. He had come down to the trenches with the grog of those men of his company who were on duty, when, as he was passing a working party of Sepoys, Ensign Mackenzie, one of the officers in command of them, called Herbert's attention to a native some two hundred yards off, and asked if he could make out what the man was doing. Herbert's reply was, "If you will lend me a firelock, sir, I'll soon find out." The officer refused to accede to his request, but the bombardier, notwithstanding, snatched up a musket and jumped out of the trench in spite of orders to lay it down. After advancing thirty or forty yards he several times took aim at the man, but on each occasion his piece missed fire. He then came back to the trenches and seized another musket, and when it was taken from him by Ensign Mackenzie he behaved with great insolence to that officer. For this misconduct he was marched off to the nearest battery, and given in charge to the captain of artillery in command of it, who asked him what he was doing in the batteries. Herbert replied that he had come down with the men's liquor, which, while he had

been out of the trenches, some one had carried off. "Served you very right," said the captain; "you had no business there. What's your name, and what company do you belong to? If I hear any more complaints against you I must report you to the commandant." "My name," replied the man, "is Herbert, and I belong to the fourth of the 3rd." "Well, as you have lost the liquor, you had better go back to camp for more, and when you come back again, mind you stay no longer than to serve it out. Do you hear?" "Yes, sir," answered Herbert, and went towards camp. He had not gone many yards to the rear, when he turned round and stood watching the above-mentioned native, who was still hanging about in a grove of trees on the glacis.

"That chap has got no arms," said Herbert to one of the men in the battery. "I am sure, if I once laid hold of him, that I could bring him in." "You had better let him alone," replied the man, "and go back to the lines. You will only be getting into some confounded scrape if you go out." "Stuff and nonsense," rejoined Herbert; "do you take me to be a ninny-hammer altogether, to be frightened at one poor devil of a black man, and he without arms too? No; I'll have a try for him, at all events; and if I can't get him, it's only coming back empty-handed, that's all; so here goes."

On this he went round the flank of the battery at a half run, and hastened towards the grove before men-

tioned. Several men called out to him to return, but he paid no attention to their warning and hurried on. When he had gone about a couple of hundred yards from the trenches he beckoned to the native, who, however, retreated towards the grove. Herbert followed him up, but in proportion as he advanced the other drew back, till, when the bombardier came abreast of the grove, some twenty or thirty Bhurtporeans rushed out upon him. He did not attempt to escape, but stood quite still, offering no resistance as they seized and dragged him into the town. What his inexplicable manœuvres on the first occasion of his leaving the trenches meant, can only be guessed. It was thought, however, that he wished, in case of being afterwards caught, to create an impression that he had sought to capture a man he supposed to be deserting, and that in the attempt he had fallen a victim to his zeal. It was reported at the time that he was taken into Doorjun Sal's service, and granted the enormous pay of three pounds a day; at all events, a few days after he was seen plainly on the ramparts directing the fire of the enemy's guns, which were certainly much better aimed than previously.

Lord Combermere, himself, nearly fell a victim to the skill of this rascal, who, knowing perfectly well the hour and spot—a flat-roofed house at the corner of Buldeo Singh's garden—from whence the Commander-in-Chief was in the habit of making his daily observations, on the 27th opened such a well-aimed fire on

the building that a servant who was removing a chair from a table had his leg carried off by a shot. Our sharpshooters made numerous endeavours to hit this renegade, but without success. When the place fell, a blue jacket was discovered lying on the ground outside a building by a private of the artillery and a party of the 14th Regiment. On entering the house an Englishman was seen walking up and down in the verandah, without a coat, and with his arms folded.

"Who are you?" gruffly asked one of the 14th, laying hold of the breast of his shirt.

"Don't hurt me," was the answer; "don't use me ill; I've had bad usage enough by being a prisoner in this place," trying at the same time to disengage himself from his captor's grasp.

"Come, come," said the 14th man, "if you attempt to move, hang me if I don't put my bayonet into you up to the socket."

The artilleryman then came up, and recognising the prisoner, challenged him with being Herbert. This question he evaded at first, but afterwards, when pressed, admitted that such was his name.

"You scoundrel!" exclaimed the artilleryman, "then it was you that fired at the commander-in-chief. I'd knock your head against the wall for two pins."

"Don't ill-treat me," piteously pleaded Herbert; "I was forced to do what I did, on pain of death; but I know I shall be hanged for it."

He was then led off with his hands tied behind

his back, to the Commander-in-Chief, to whom Herbert repeated his former story, adding that four men with drawn swords had stood over him to force him to lay the guns. His plea was, however, disregarded, and he was tried by a court-martial, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged, which sentence was duly carried out on one of the bastions, in the presence of the assembled troops. Two other artillerymen were captured at the same time, but being acquitted of aiding the enemy, were only sentenced to be transported for fourteen years.

To return to the progress of the siege. In the course of the 27th, two batteries, one for two twelve-pounders, the other for twelve twenty-four pounders, were erected, and the trench connecting them begun. This trench became the second parallel, and was situated at a distance of two hundred and fifty yards from the ditch. Up to this time the enormous number of 5008 fascines and 6233 gabions had been used. Our loss continued to be small, but it is sad to be obliged to relate that a part of the casualties was caused by the premature bursting of our own shells —an accident attributable to their age and imperfect shape.

On the 28th the besiegers' approaches reached to within forty yards of the ditch. The following day the second parallel was extended, and a new battery for four guns added to the left of the northern breaching battery, with a view to destroy the defences which

were reported to exist in rear of the bastion intended to be assaulted. Another battery for two guns was also thrown up in advance of the second parallel to enfilade the ditch of the north front. The position of the besieged had by this time become so unbearable that an envoy came out, and proposed, on behalf of six hundred of the garrison, who asserted that they had been raised in our provinces, to quit the fortress. They were told that the only terms which could be granted were that they should surrender their arms and become prisoners of war. This offer being considered unsatisfactory by the envoy, the negotiation came to nothing.

On the 30th, the advanced two-gun battery above alluded to was armed with two twelve-pounders, and in the course of the night the ten-gun breaching battery (No. 7) was completed. An approach was run out nearly to the ditch, along the top of the counterscarp of which a sap was turned off to cover the descent into the ditch, as well as the openings into any mines that might be constructed. A battery for six eight-inch mortars for bombarding the town and the citadel was this day ordered to be thrown up on the opposite side to that on which the approaches were being conducted.

The batteries on the right having been found efficacious, their fire was ordered to be suspended until those on the left had been advanced to an equal distance from the place.

During the night, the enemy, imagining we were about to escalade, opened a tremendous fire, and lit up the ramparts in every direction with blue lights.

On the 31st the approaches were improved, and the crowning of the counterscarp extended, and two batteries (Nos. 8 and 9) for ten mortars each, were begun and nearly finished. The shaft of a mine and five feet of a gallery were also executed close in rear of the counterscarp. Our fire had been very heavy up to this date, and during the preceding night had set the citadel on fire in two or three places, the shells falling in hundreds, five or six being in the air at the same time. This day only sufficient fire was kept up to prevent the enemy from repairing the ramparts, which had been so much injured, that a few nights before two men of the 14th Regiment had climbed up them.

The 1st of January was passed in improving the trenches, making additional communications and épaulements, lengthening the third parallel, and constructing a battery for two howitzers. Mine No. 1 was also pushed on, and mine No. 2, with an oblique descent, begun. All the batteries opened this day, and a fire from four howitzers began from the opposite side of the place—Brigadier Sleigh's post—the Commander-in-Chief deeming it advisable to abandon the idea of a mortar battery in that direction, and confine the labour of the troops to the principal attack.

On the 2nd two fresh mines, 3 and 4, were commenced, and Nos. 1 and 2 continued.

On the 3rd the mines were still further advanced and the third parallel extended. A corporal, named Wood, attached to the engineer park, having lost his way in the jungle, fell into the hands of the enemy, who first murdered him, and then cut off his hands and head, which they carried into the town in the hope of receiving a reward for the deed. To the credit of Doorjun Sal be it said, that he sternly rebuked the perpetrators of this dastardly act. So exasperated were the men of the European regiments on hearing of the fate of their comrade, that previous to the assault they took a solemn oath over a dram of spirits to spare neither man, woman, nor child, when they took the place. It is asserted, though without any proof, that they kept their word.

On the 4th, the four existing mines were still farther advanced, and a fifth begun. At the close of the day, the lengths of the galleries were as follows:—

No 1,	89 feet,	descending	14 feet.		
„ 2,	88 „	„	18 „		
„ 3,	73 „	„	21 „	8	inches.
„ 4,	75 „	„	17 „	9	„
„ 5,	22 „	„	5 „		

In addition to the distances above named, there were two returns in mine No. 2.

A two-gun battery, to play on the Jungeenah gate, was constructed this day. It was proposed that in the evening the counterscarp in front of No. 2 gallery should be broken through, and that the ditch should then be crossed, with a view to making mines in the scarp. When, however, the engineer officers entrusted with this duty entered the gallery, they found that through some mistake the miners had placed the earth excavated from the returns in that end of the gallery nearest the ditch. The attempt was consequently postponed. The siege operations were now covered every day by large bodies of sharp-shooters, principally taken from the Ghoorkas of the Sirmoor battalion, whose fire was so accurate that scarcely an enemy dared show his head over the parapet.

Generally speaking, trench work is more disliked than any other duty, but at Bhurtpore it was otherwise, at least so Sir Thomas Seaton tells us in that most amusing of books, "From Cadet to Colonel." He says that he and his comrades liked nothing better, for two reasons: one, that the officers of the regiment had an opportunity of all assembling together for breakfast; the other, that every afternoon a little interlude was played, which served much to diminish the monotony of camp life. At nine o'clock, when all was quiet, they used to leave their companies in charge of the native officers, and repair to the appointed spot in the parallel, where they would find a table placed across

the trench and covered with every delicacy. There they would seat themselves, laughing and joking as if death or mutilation were not announced by every sound, while shot, shell, and bullet occasionally came whizzing, screaming, and whistling over their heads. One morning a shot struck the further end of the table, and, smashing some crockery, covered all the party with dust, but fortunately inflicted no other damage. On another occasion, Lord Combermere, passing by the spot in his daily inspection of the trenches, saw the joyous gathering. Strictly speaking, of course, the officers of the 35th Native Infantry ought to have remained with their companies; but Lord Combermere was not a man to strain discipline, and well knew where with safety it might be a little relaxed. He uttered no startling rebuke, administered no emphatic interrogatories, never meant to be answered, but turning to an aide-de-camp asked—

"What officers are these?"

"The 35th, my Lord."

"Comfortable dogs! Let 'em alone," said the genial veteran, and rode on without interrupting the merry party.

The other reason for the popularity of trench duty was that every afternoon, when the fire of the place slackened, some natives used to come out for the purpose of picking up shot. Snatching a stake from the *chevaux de frise*, two or three officers would rush in pursuit of them. Frequently did the hunt prove

successful, when the prey was brought in and questioned as to the state of the place.

On the 5th, four of our mines were actually in the counterscarp. Some of our miners, while at work suddenly met face to face with two of the enemy who were trying to countermine them. The astonishment must have been great and mutual, but our men recovered first from their surprise, and made their two opponents prisoners before they could escape. They also seized the enemy's gallery, eighty feet in length, and turned it to their own purposes. The breaches being expected to be shortly ready, all the arrangements for the assault were explained to the colonels of regiments. It deserves to be noted that six hundred dismounted men of the cavalry volunteered to form an escalading party. They were taken from the different regiments in the following proportions: eighty from the 11th Hussars, the same number from the 16th Lancers, two hundred from Skinner's Horse, and forty from each regiment of Native Cavalry. The men were to wear boots instead of shoes, and to be armed with lance or sword, and pistol.

On the 6th it was decided that the results of the breaching batteries were not such that reliance could be placed on them alone. Lord Combermere, therefore, resolved to give time for the action of the mines. The north gun-battery was this day armed with two eighteen-pounders.

At four on the morning of the 7th, the engineers sprang a mine under the north-east bastion, but owing to the chamber not being sufficiently deep in the escarp, and the smallness of the charge, but trifling effect was produced. A brilliant instance of devoted gallantry was here given by the jemadar of sappers employed to fire the mine.

This gallant native, finding that the portfire was too damp to catch fire, and scorning all considerations of personal safety, applied the match to the hose itself. The consequence was that before he could get beyond the influence of the mine the explosion took place, and the unfortunate man was frightfully burned. He was carried back to camp, where he lingered in great agony for a few days, but his last hours were comforted by the well-earned promotion which the Commander-in-Chief bestowed on him. The natives were much touched by this act of Lord Combermere, and loudly proclaimed that it was good to have a general who thought less of pice than of acts of gallantry. The right breach being reported practicable, orders were given for the assault to take place on the following morning. On the 8th of January, mines Nos. 3, 4, and 5 were exploded, blowing in the counterscarp, and an excellent descent into the ditch was thus formed. A battery for two additional guns was constructed on the right of the left breaching battery, and the craters of the exploded mines were crowned with forty yards of sap,

by which means a complete command of the ditch was obtained. It had been fully expected that the assault would have taken place this day, but the Commander-in-Chief determined to defer the attempt, for the following reasons: 1st, he had received information that the right breach had been strongly countermined and retrenched; 2nd, the left breach was still impracticable; 3rd, the counterscarp opposite the left breach was still unapproached; 4th, the assault of a single breach would have cost an immense sacrifice of lives, while failure might have been the signal for a general insurrection.

In order to ascertain the exact effect of our fire and the nature of the obstacles to be overcome, two reconnoissances were made during the night. Captain Irvine, of the Engineers, accompanied by a native sapper and a Sepoy, ascended the right breach. On his return he reported that, though the footing was bad, still it was practicable.*

A little later, Captain Irvine, in company with Lieutenant Reilly, of the Engineers, examined the counterscarp of the left breach, and found that instead of twenty feet, as had been anticipated, its height was no less than thirty feet. It was already known that, even if reached, the breach could not have been ascended.

The result of these reports was a determination not to place the chief reliance on the breaching

* Lieut.-Colonel Stark, of the horse artillery, and his adjutant, had ascended it the previous night.

batteries, but to make mines the chief feature of future operations. Lieutenant Forbes had submitted to Lord Combermere, before he left Calcutta, a scheme for a combination of breaching batteries and mines, in which the latter were, however, to play the principal part. He now sent in to the commanding engineer a plan based on his former memoir, which plan was, with some slight modifications, adopted and carried out. The principal points urged by Lieutenant Forbes were the necessity of, 1st, a deep and heavily charged mine at the angle of the bastion; 2nd, the establishment under the right gun breach of a subsidiary mine, so disposed as to improve the ascent and destroy the enemy's countermines; 3rd, the formation opposite to this breach of a mine for blowing in the counterscarp.

An unfortunate accident occurred this day, which, but for the firmness of the commanding officers of native regiments and the tact of Lord Combermere, might have led to a very serious mutiny. A Sepoy of the 15th Native Infantry, having been badly wounded, was carried to the field hospital. The doctor tried in vain to bleed him in the usual manner, and failing, opened the temporal artery. This expedient produced no good effect, and the man shortly after died. His mother, on seeing the corpse, and observing the wound in his temple, declared that to the latter his death was owing, and broke forth into loud shrieks of grief and despair. His comrades, catching the in-

fection, repeated her accusation, and paraded the body through the lines, exclaiming as they went, "See here! This is the way we are cut up in hospital!" Great excitement ensued, and the Sepoys loudly expressed their dislike to be, as they termed it, "dissected alive." The firmness of the commanding officers checked the mutinous contagion, and Lord Combermere, by a judicious measure, completely prevented further evil consequences. He made a personal inspection of all the hospitals, and received the assurance of every patient that the medical treatment he had undergone had been invariably humane and considerate. The desertions among the native troops, which, in the course of the previous four days, had amounted to no less than sixty, now ceased altogether. Whether this improvement was produced by the cessation of the deserter Herbert's influence, or by Lord Combermere's visit to the hospital, it is impossible to say.

Early on the morning of the 9th, a shot from the place struck one of five tumbrils standing near the trenches, and caused their explosion, setting fire also to a vast quantity of engineers' stores, and killing five Sepoys and wounding as many more. The enemy at once opened fire from every gun they could bring to bear, and caused several casualties among the men employed in putting out the conflagration. The day was occupied in completing and arming the batteries last constructed, improving

the lodgment on the counterscarp, constructing an additional approach, erecting an additional two-gun battery, making another opening for the counterscarp by a mine, and pushing on the mines. At night it was determined to dislodge the enemy from a scarp gallery which our sappers had previously seized, but from which they had been compelled to retire. Captain Taylor, of the Engineers, Sub-Conductor Richardson, and ten sappers, volunteered for this perilous duty. Entering the ditch by the openings caused by mines Nos. 3, 4, and 5, the little party cautiously approached the mouth of the gallery, carrying with them 350 lbs. of powder. On coming near to the spot, they heard the enemy's miners conversing merrily together inside, happily unconscious of the fate which awaited them. Forbearance, however, can find no place in that most ruthless of all modes of warfare, mining. The powder was laid, the hose fired, and in an instant the gallery, with all its occupants, ceased to be. On the following day, the 10th, General Nicholls, anxious to discover what operations the enemy were carrying on in the north ditch at the right breach, sent a party, consisting of one havildar, twelve Ghoorkas, and his own four orderlies, to examine. They managed to reach the foot of the breach without being discovered, when a guard of the enemy, suddenly making a rush from behind an adjacent parapet of cotton bags, escaped through a scarp gallery, though not without suffering some loss from the fire of the Ghoorkas.

One of the party now coolly ascended the breach in full view of the enemy, and, miraculous to relate, returned without injury to his comrades, who then retired, without the loss of a man. For his gallant conduct, the havildar in command was at once promoted.

A remarkable instance of the faith placed by the natives in the word of a British officer was this day afforded. A chief in charge of one of the gates came out and remained for some time in conversation with Major Fraser, who had promised that he should not be molested while so doing.

The abattis before-mentioned was extended, the approaches pushed on, and a gun placed in a position to enable it to oppose the fire of two collateral batteries which had recently been causing some annoyance.

A flag of protection was this day hoisted for the guidance of such of the inhabitants as might choose to leave the town. About seventy-two of the garrison had, during the preceding twenty-four hours, either surrendered or endeavoured to escape.

Hired miners, paid at the rate of four rupees a foot, had been for some days employed in excavating under the ditch and mining the scarp, which by this time they had pierced, having completed already 101 feet. On the 11th of January the approaches were continued, two additional galleries of descent were constructed, and the crowning of the counterscarp in a fresh place was effected.

Lord Combermere having observed a party of the

enemy employed in mining in the ditch, sent sixteen Ghoorkas of the Sirmoor battalion, under a naick,* to dislodge them. The Ghoorkas managed to get into the ditch without being perceived, but before they could reach the mouth of the gallery of a mine at which the enemy were working they were discovered. The Bhurtporeans numbered sixty, but this disparity did not appal the gallant Ghoorkas. They at once fired on the enemy, who fled hastily down the ditch and through the adjoining gate, leaving three of their number dead on the ground. On his return the naick was for his gallantry promoted on the spot by the Commander-in-Chief.

During the 12th the mines were pushed on with unabated vigour, one being commenced under the long-necked bastion, and another under the north-east angle of the fort. The first entered direct from the ditch, the other by a gallery running from a shaft sunk in rear of the counterscarp.

Another brilliant enterprise was carried out this day. It had been ascertained that a parapet of cotton bags had been thrown by the enemy across the ditch, about forty yards to the right of the right gun-breach. Early in the morning, Captain Irvine, of the Engineers, accompanied by a party of Ghoorkas under Lieutenant Spottiswoode, entered the ditch, and found that the parapet in question had a trench in rear of it, and was connected with

* Native corporal.

a gallery leading completely through the ramparts, thus enabling the enemy to enter the ditch at pleasure and watch our mining operations in safety. In consequence of Captain Irvine's report, it was determined, under cover of the darkness, to destroy the gallery. At ten o'clock that night, Captain Taylor, of the Engineers, wearing a Lascar's cap and a drab great-coat, and accompanied by Captain Irvine, headed the party destined for this dangerous service. He had with him twenty men of the 14th Regiment, under Captain Bertrand, twenty Ghoorkas, and a few sappers, carrying bags of powder, sand bags and a mantlet, intended to block up the mouth of the gallery, and thus give cover from the enemy firing down it. The two engineer officers led the way, and were some distance ahead, when, on approaching the parapet, they found it occupied by the enemy. The man on sentry at the mouth of the gallery fired off his matchlock, but missing, struck Irvine a violent blow on the shins with the butt end of his piece. Taylor then closed with him, and our men hurrying up at the sound of the shot, in the confusion, and deceived by his dress, mistook Taylor for a Bhurtporean, and attacked him with their bayonets. The unfortunate officer shouted out, "I am Captain Taylor, of the Engineers;" but before he could make himself understood he received no less than fourteen bayonet wounds. Both the 14th men and the Ghoorkas now began firing, which they had been strictly enjoined not to do, and the sappers

dropped their loads. Finding it impossible to restore order, Captain Irvine commanded a retreat, and the party withdrew, carrying with them Captain Taylor, who, strange to relate, ultimately recovered from his wounds.

It was intended to make another attempt that night, but the enemy were too much on the alert, and the enterprise was deferred.

About one thousand five hundred of the enemy came out this day with a view to attacking our trenches, but not liking the preparations made to receive them, soon withdrew.

The 1st Bengal Fusiliers arrived this day after a forced march of thirty-six miles: which, when the nature of the climate is considered, must be looked on as a remarkable achievement. On their arrival, the cavalry volunteers were told that their services would not be required in the assault. On the 13th one thousand eight hundred and eight shot and shell were fired, and the mines were still further advanced. The following morning Captain Irvine, who, warned by the confusion on the previous occasion, determined this time to make the attempt by daylight, proceeded to destroy the enemy's scarp mine. He first posted a company of the 14th, all but ten men, in the crowning of the counterscarp, with orders to keep up a heavy fire on the ramparts. With these ten men and forty sappers, one of whom carried a mantlet and the others a sandbag each, he left the trenches about eight A.M.,

and reached the entrance of the gallery without being seen. The enemy then began firing down the gallery; but the mantlet having been placed at its mouth no loss ensued. The sandbags were laid down; all of the party, except Subconductor Richardson and five men, who remained with Captain Irvine, returned to the trenches for powder. Whilst they were absent half the sandbags were built up against the mantlet. The party returned in a few minutes with one thousand pounds of powder, which were then deposited in rear of the wall thus made, and the remaining sandbags piled up in rear of the whole, all but a few men being sent back to the trenches. The portfire was now lighted and the mine exploded, destroying the gallery and forming a small but practicable breach. The whole operation only occupied a quarter of an hour, and though a heavy fire was kept up from all the adjacent ramparts the casualties—with the exception of a mortal wound inflicted on one private—were trifling, consisting only of the contusions received by Captain Irvine and Subconductor Richardson, from the stones and logs that rolled down on them. Lord Combermere testified his sense of the coolness and gallantry displayed on this occasion by promoting Mr. Richardson to the rank of Conductor, and a jemadar, a havildar, and two Sepoys to that of subahdar, jemadar, and naick respectively. Mr. Richardson was also praised in general orders; and Captain Irvine received a letter of thanks from the Adjutant-General.

A weak sortie was made in the course of the morning against the left trenches, but the enemy was easily repulsed.

On the 15th the batteries continued firing as usual, and expended 1466 rounds of ammunition in the course of the twenty-four hours. The last shot, shells, and powder in the Agra Arsenal arrived this day. On the 16th the batteries fired somewhat more heavily, discharging 1894 shot and shells. About four in the afternoon a mine was fired under the long-necked bastion with good effect, and immediately afterwards was performed the most dashing of all the brilliant feats with which the history of this siege so richly abounds. It is impossible to improve on the words of one who witnessed, perhaps shared in, the exploit. We therefore extract from Stocqueler's "British Soldier" the inspiriting narrative there given. We must premise, however, that the narrator's memory seems to have failed him on one point, namely, the precise date of the event, which occurred, as we find from other sources, on the 16th, instead of the 17th of January:—

"Some days previous to the assault a report was current in camp that the left breach had been fortified by the enemy in so formidable a manner as to render it impregnable. This naturally excited some anxiety amongst those destined to try the fortune of war at this breach, and although full credit was not given to this account of the native spies it was generally be-

lieved that the Bhurtporeans had taken advantage of the ample time allowed them to cut trenches inside the breach, or make other defences of sufficient importance to check the headlong onset which should characterize an assault. The nature and extent of these defences remained unknown until the day preceding the storm, at which period Major-General Nicholls, sharing the universal desire to ascertain the exact nature of the obstacles to be overcome, expressed a wish to have the fact determined by actual inspection. This could only be effectually done by daylight, and by a party either of sufficient strength to make a good lodgment, or one so small as to steal up a breach unperceived. The latter would, of course, be exposed to imminent danger, but might hope, with Fortune's favour, to bring back the desired information. The distance to be passed over in the passage to the breach was totally devoid of cover; the height and difficulty of the breach itself rendered it an adventure of extreme peril, only to be undertaken by spirits of daring, boldness, and intrepidity.

"The General's challenge did not remain unanswered. His aide-de-camp, Captain C——,* with a noble gallantry which every soldier must appreciate,

* Captain Carmichael, of the 59th Regiment. He was Brevet-Captain and Adjutant of H.M.'s 59th Regiment, but during the siege acted as aide-de-camp to General Reynell. For his gallant conduct Lord Combermere, some months later, gave him a company in H.M.'s 54th Regiment.

at once volunteered to gain this important information or perish in the attempt. In pursuance of this intrepid resolution, he proceeded to the advanced trench, where the stalwart grenadiers of the 59th, and a party of Ghoorkas of the Sirmoor battalion, were on duty. A few words explained to the Europeans the nature of the enterprise. A call for volunteers was unnecessary; the men simultaneously sprang forward, eager to share the adventure; and, such is the spirit of the British soldier, considerable difficulty was experienced in reducing the party to the requisite number. Selecting five or six of those nearest to him, Captain C—— proceeded to the zigzag, where the little Ghoorkas, perched like spiders watching for flies, were laudably dissipating the tedious hour in the amiable recreation of 'sniping,' and short was the grace allowed the unfortunate Jaut whose curiosity placed his caput within range of a Ghoorka fusil. These gallant little fellows required no urging; they met the call as cheerfully and fearlessly as their European brethren in arms. Four or five only were permitted to share in the perilous errand.

"After a short delay, consumed in fixing flints and other necessary precautions, the party, headed by Captain C——, who had been joined by Captain Davidson, of the Bengal Engineers, stole quietly out of the trench. It was mid-day, and no object afforded concealment to the intrepid party during their progress to the foot of the breach, a distance

of fifty yards. The whole of this space was enfiladed by a well-manned bastion on the left, while the bristling bank of spears and bayonets glittering on the top of the breach gave ample testimony how well it was tenanted. The progress of the little party was regarded by their comrades in the trench with mixed feelings of admiration, and with eager and breathless anxiety. It was every moment expected that the slumbering foe would arouse himself and settle the fate of the little band with a shower of grape. Most fortunately, the intervening space was cleared, and half the ascent of the breach itself gained ere they were perceived. During the tough struggle over the masses of mud and stone, which increased the difficulty of the almost perpendicular breach, a little Ghoorka was observed to spring forward and extend his hand to the engineer captain, who did not disdain the mountaineer's assistance. A few seconds brought the whole party to the summit. The Bhurtporeans were suddenly startled, and a tremendous commotion was perceptible among them. Doubtless they believed it was the head of an attacking column. Without allowing them time to recover from the surprise, the whole party, at the distance of a few yards only, delivered their fire. Allowing a few moments for the smoke to clear away, they then took a deliberate survey of the interior of the fort, and even had the audacity to pelt the enemy with dirt and stones, until the Bhurtporeans, shaking off their astonishment,

rushed forward in a body to punish the temerity of the intruders. Their object attained, the party now plunged down the breach with the rapidity of lightning. An immense rush of Bhurtporeans followed them to the top of the breach, and the destruction of the gallant fellows was deemed inevitable. Their friends in the trenches, however, watched their exploit, and covered their retreat. The moment the little band commenced their descent two hundred muskets rose above the parapet of the trench; the first crowd of the enemy were literally swept from the face of the earth before their levelled matchlocks could send the messengers of death. Their places were immediately supplied, but their successors fell so quickly before the heavy and well-directed fire of the covering party, that the adventurers, to the surprise, yet the heartfelt delight of all, regained the trenches with the loss of only one Grenadier, and he, poor fellow, was so near shelter that he literally dropped into the trench. The whole affair was of the most exciting description. While covering the retreat the party in the trenches, scorning concealment, stood with half their bodies above the parapet, and when the necessity for the exposure terminated, the order to cease firing and come under cover was obeyed with evident reluctance. It was high time, however; for the Bhurtporeans, exasperated at their own loss, the escape of the party, and the impudence of the attempt, kept up such a tremendous discharge of all arms, matchlock, ginjal,

cannon, &c., that for two hours not a man's head dare appear above the trench, unless he designed to be drilled like a colander. The most mercurial spirits, therefore, deemed it advisable to ensconce themselves quietly with their backs to the trench, while bullets incessantly rained over their heads.

"The result of the gallant adventure was that Major-General Nicholls acquired a knowledge of the enemy's defences. They were found to be sufficiently formidable, but by no means impregnable, and British hearts and bayonets on the following morning amply proved the correctness of the estimate."

The late General Mundy tells us, in the journal which he kept during the siege, that "on our men firing up the gallery European voices were heard swearing in the mine, supposed to be English renegades—a surmise, however, not supported by any discovery after the capture of the citadel."

On the 16th, five thousand pounds of powder were exploded, with perfect success, under the left gun breach.

On the 17th, the mine under the angle of the north-east bastion, or cavalier, as it was termed, having been completed, was charged with ten thousand pounds of powder—with one exception, the largest charge ever used by our engineers—and had a train of three hundred feet leading under the ditch. The exertions of the men employed in constructing this enormous work had been judiciously stimulated by the promise

of one thousand rupees—one hundred pounds sterling —to each of the principal miners in the event of the explosion proving successful. In order, also, to call forth the energies of all the miners employed in different places, the engineer officers, for several days preceding the storm, had been in the habit of subscribing sums, which were divided among all the men on being relieved, according to the amount of work each had performed. The amount thus privately given was subsequently repaid on behalf of the Government by Lord Combermere. In addition to the large mine, there were two others of lesser size.

In the afternoon a curious phenomenon occurred. The sky became suddenly overcast, and a whirlwind arose, quickly involving the trenches and ramparts in a black cloud of dust, which did not clear away for several hours. Had everything been ready for the assault it might have been made with every chance of success, for the garrison could not have seen a dozen yards before them.

This day it was reported to Lord Combermere that the mines would be ready by night, and private orders were accordingly issued to commanding officers of corps to prepare for an assault the following morning. The arrangements for the storm, and the narrative of its successful execution, we shall give in another chapter. Before, however, bringing this to a close, we shall annex the various dispatches from Lord Combermere, written from the 26th of December, 1825, down to

the day before the capture of the city. We have deferred inserting these till this time in order not to break the thread of our story. We trust that, with such a clue as we have given to the tangled operations of the siege, our readers will be able to follow the correspondence with a more intelligent comprehension of the events it describes than without some assistance they could have done.

"Camp Murwarra, 28th Dec., 1825.

"SIR,—For the information of His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, I have the honour to report that about two hundred of the enemy's horse left the Uttal Bund between eight and nine o'clock last night, and after feeling the picquet on the Anah road, fell back under the walls of the fort until eleven o'clock, when they endeavoured to force their way by the Koombeer road, and between the villages of Murwarra and Bussie. They were obliged to retire in the direction of the fort with the loss of thirty or forty men killed, fifteen wounded, and one hundred and seven prisoners; ten or twelve succeeded in forcing their way through a part of the camp.

"I regret to add that Captain Chambers, commanding the 9th Light Cavalry, with Captain Palmer and Lieutenant Brooke, have been wounded. Captain Palmer severely, by a sabre cut on the arm and leg.

"I have, &c.,

W. SLEIGH,

"Brigadier-General, Commanding Cavalry.

"Lieut.-Colonel Watson &c."

"Head-quarters, 29th Dec., 1825.

"My Lord,—I have the honour to acquaint your Lordship that the engineers were employed from the night of the 26th inst. (the date of my last dispatch) until the morning of the 28th inst., in forming the approach to, and constructing a battery bearing on, the north face of the north-east angle of the town, at a distance of about two hundred and fifty yards from the walls, and on the same afternoon the battery was armed with four 18-pounders, and eight 24-pounders. Last night a second parallel connecting the two advanced batteries was commenced, and is now completed.

"The next work intended is to run a trench to the southward, and erect a battery bearing on the curtain to the southward of the large northern bastion.

"I beg to acquaint your Lordship that, on the evening of the 26th, a small party of the enemy's horse effected their escape from the town. An attempt having been again made by about two hundred horsemen on the night of the 27th, they were attacked by our picquets, and nearly all were either killed or taken prisoners. I regret to observe that three officers were wounded on this occasion, though otherwise our loss was trivial.

"Enclosed I transmit, for your Lordship's information, Brigadier-General Sleigh's report of the affair.

"I have likewise the honour to enclose a return of the casualties in this army since the 26th inst. inclusive.

"I have, &c.,

"COMBERMERE.

"The Right Hon. Lord Amherst."

"Head-quarters, 2nd Jan., 1826.

"MY LORD,—I have the honour to acquaint your Lordship that, since my dispatch of the 29th ult., the engineers have been employed in the following posts:—

"By the morning of the 30th an advanced battery for two 8-inch howitzers was constructed, commanding the whole of the northern face of the north-east angle of the town, and the ditch in front, with a trench connecting it with the advance parallel; likewise the grand battery of twelve guns was augmented to sixteen.

"By the 21st a battery for ten guns was constructed in front of the battery before Kuddum Kundee, connected by a trench with the advanced parallel, and the sap was commenced on the counterscarp of the ditch on the north face.

"By the 1st January a mortar battery was constructed to the left of the ten-gun battery, and a similar one was commenced on the extreme right; the sap on the counterscarp was also extended fifty yards, and from thence the gallery for a mine towards the ditch on the north face was commenced.

"Since that day these works have been in progress for completion, and I trust that by to-morrow morning everything will be prepared for commencing the intended breaches.

"A battery of four 8-inch mortars is in preparation on the west side of the town to play on the inner fort in concert with the batteries on this side.

"It would seem that the enemy are determined to reserve to the last their means of defence, as our operations hitherto have never been materially interrupted; our loss consequently has been extremely small, though I regret to have to report the death of First Lieutenant Tindal, a promising young engineer officer, who was killed in the trenches yesterday.

"I have the honour to enclose for your Lordship's information a return of the casualties in the army since the 29th ult. inclusive.

"I have, &c.,

"COMBERMERE.

"The Right Hon. Lord Amherst."

"Head-quarters, 5th Jan., 1826.

"MY LORD,—I have the honour to acquaint your Lordship that since my dispatch of the 2nd instant the artillery have been actively employed in breaching the curtains to the right of the north-east bastion and to the southward of the long-necked bastions on the left of our approaches. The ditches in front of both curtains have been found dry, and, from the

ruggedness of the counterscarps, offer less obstacles than I had reason to expect. Owing, however, to the extreme toughness of the walls, they have with difficulty been made to yield to our shot; but I trust that in the course of three or four days, at farthest, everything will be prepared for our storming the town.

"The engineers have been employed in driving the galleries of the mine, extending the sap in front of our batteries, and in executing the necessary repairs to the batteries, also in constructing a small battery in front of Jugenah gate, to destroy the defences on our right.

"I beg to enclose a return of casualties to the —instant, and

"I have, &c.,

"COMBERMERE.

"The Right Hon. Lord Amherst."

"Head-quarters, 11th Jan., 1826.

"MY LORD,—I have delayed some days addressing your Lordship in the hope that I should have been enabled to report the result of an assault on the town of Bhurtpore; the breaches, however, have not yet been rendered practicable.

"2. It having been ascertained that the batteries were not sufficient effectually to break the walls, a mine was commenced on the evening of the 6th instant in the escarp of the ditch on the northward face to improve the breach; the engineers, however,

fearing a discovery should they continue their operations during the day, sprang it at daylight on the following morning, when not sufficiently advanced to have any material effect on the wall.

"3. A second attempt was made, when our miners were driven away, having been countermined from the interior before they had entered many feet. This mine was subsequently blown in by us, having discovered that the enemy were keeping watch in it.

"4. Brigadier Aubury having represented to me that it was his decided opinion that the breach was not sufficiently easy to authorize his reporting it practicable, I was induced to delay the assault, waiting the result of two mines which he is now driving into the curtain from the sap and under the ditch. Much as I must regret this unexpected delay, I feel consolation in a hope that the place will eventually be stormed with comparative facility to the troops.

"5. The mines under the counterscarp of the ditch in front of the right breach have been sprung with success, and similar ones are nearly ready in front of the left breach.

"6. A serious accident occurred on the night of the 9th instant by the blowing up of several tumbrils in rear of the old mortar-battery in front of Buldeo Singh's garden, setting fire to a number of cotton bags collected there, and destroying about 20,000 lbs. of ammunition. I am happy, however, to state that the loss in lives was not so extensive as might have

been expected, only eight Sepoys and some few labourers having been killed. The explosion was occasioned by a shot from the fort passing through one of the tumbrils.

"7. I beg to inform your Lordship that Doorjun Sal having sent a message offering to come over to my camp and declare Bulwunt Singh rajah, he was informed that he would be received in camp, but that hostilities would not be suspended until the town and fort should be unconditionally surrendered; since which no serious propositions have been received from him.

"8. I beg to enclose for your Lordship's information a return of casualties which have occurred since the 5th inst.

"I remain, &c.,

"COMBERMERE.

"The Right Hon. Lord Amherst."

CHAPTER III.

DISPOSITIONS FOR THE ASSAULT—JUDICIOUS PRECAUTIONS TAKEN BY LORD COMBERMERE—STATE OF THE TROOPS—EXPLOSION OF THE MINE—ASSAULT OF THE BREACHES—SUCCESS OF THE STORMING PARTIES—EAGERNESS OF LORD COMBERMERE TO ACCOMPANY THEM—FIERCE RESISTANCE TO THE RIGHT COLUMN—DREADFUL DEATH OF SOME OF THE ENEMY—SUCCESS AND LOSS OF THE LEFT COLUMN—LORD COMBERMERE SUMMONS THE CITADEL—ITS SURRENDER—ATTEMPTED ESCAPE OF DOORJUN SAL—HIS CAPTURE—POLITICAL EFFECT OF THE FALL OF BHURTPORE—PRIZE MONEY—LORD COMBERMERE'S OFFICIAL DISPATCH—LETTERS FROM LORD AMHERST—FINAL OPERATIONS IN THE BHURTPORE TERRITORY—OFFICIAL LETTER TO SIR HERBERT TAYLOR—FURTHER CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE GOVERNOR GENERAL—RESTORATION OF THE YOUNG RAJAH—OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE—SETS OFF FOR CALCUTTA—REPORT ON THE FORT OF ALLYGHUR—LETTER RESPECTING PRIZE MONEY.

CHAPTER III.

The dispositions for the assault were very judiciously made. There were no volunteers from different regiments for the storming parties, no small detachments told off for forlorn hopes, but every one fought amidst his comrades, and under the eye of his own captain, who knew each individual in his company, and whose voice and person were alike familiar to his men. As far as possible, even regiments were kept entire, and the perfect control maintained by the officers over their men during the excitement of the storm may be attributed to this wise arrangement. We have on other occasions seen to our cost the baneful results ensuing from the adoption of a different method, and may in this particular, as in many others, learn an important lesson from the course pursued by Lord Combermere in preparing for the storm of Bhurtpore.

The assault was ordered to be made by two principal columns, which were further subdivided into six lesser bodies. The direction of the principal attack, entrusted to Major-General Reynell, was to be carried out in the following order:—On the ex-

treme right the Jungeenah gun breach was to be stormed by Lieutenant-Colonel Delamain, who had under his orders a column composed of two companies of the 1st European Regiment, the 58th Native Infantry, and one hundred Ghoorkas. The centre, or main breach, was allotted to two brigades acting under the personal direction of General Reynell. The leading brigade, Brigadier McCombe's, was to be headed by the grenadiers of H.M.'s 14th Regiment, followed immediately by a spiking party of artillerymen. This brigade was composed of four companies of H.M.'s 14th Regiment, the 58th Native Infantry, and one hundred Ghoorkas of the Nusseeree battalion. Brigadier Patton's brigade, which was to follow Brigadier McCombe's, consisted of four companies of H.M.'s 14th Regiment, five companies of H.M.'s Native Infantry, and the 6th Regiment of Native Infantry.

The leading brigade was ordered to turn to the right along the ramparts, as soon as it had crowned the breach; the other brigade to the left.

The second principal assault was to be directed by General Nicholls, and was divided into four columns; one, under Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson, was intended to escalade at a re-entering angle to the left of the main breach. Colonel Wilson's command consisted of two companies of the 1st European Regiment, the grenadier company of the 35th Native Infantry, the light company of the 37th Native Infantry, and

100 Goorkhas. This column was to be preceded by pioneers carrying six ladders. It was to enter the ditch with the main column, and then turn to the right. General Nicholls's main attack was to take place at the left mine breach, and to be effected by Brigadier Edwards, at the head of seven companies of H.M.'s 59th Regiment, the 31st Regiment Native Infantry, and 100 Goorkhas of the Sirmoor battalion.

The order of attack was as follows:—the two flank companies of the 59th Regiment leading, immediately in rear of them six short ladders, carried by pioneers; then the Brigadier and five companies of the 59th; and last of all, the 31st Native Infantry, which was to enter the town, and advancing parallel to the 59th to occupy any houses or positions from whence a flank fire might be brought to bear on the flank of the latter. On gaining the summit of the breach the seven companies of the 59th were to turn to their left. The Goorkhas were to enter along the counterscarp and keep down the enemy's fire.

Another attack was to be made on the gun breach in the adjoining curtain by the three remaining companies of the 59th, accompanied by pioneers carrying ladders and followed by 100 of the Sirmoor battalion. To this column was also attached a body of sappers, provided with tools for breaking through walls, barriers, &c., and twelve men carrying ropes with

nooses, which were to be slipped over the upright beams in the parapet, and thus to act as hand-ropes. The 100 Goorkhas were ordered to occupy the houses nearest to the ramparts.

The support of General Nicholls's attack was formed by Brigadier Fagan's brigade, composed of the 21st Native Infantry, 35th Native Infantry, and 15th Native Infantry.

Brigadier Fagan was directed to keep two of his regiments below the ramparts, on the town side, and one on the ramparts themselves, the latter corps being followed by sappers with tools.

Every precaution which prudence or experience could suggest was taken by Lord Combermere. To avoid the danger of stones, &c., from the mines, the troops were ordered to take post in the third parallel, instead of the more advanced approaches, while to enable the attacking columns to advance promptly and without confusion, steps had been cut in the parapet of the trench. During the siege many experiments had been made with ladders of different sorts, and it was found that those constructed of bamboo were at once the lightest and the best. To prevent the escalading parties from losing their footing, these ladders were lined with stout canvas, stretched taut, and to render the men skilful in ascending and descending by them a regular course of escalading practice had been gone through. The 59th Regiment had been also trained in the use of hand-grenades, and even-

tually obtained considerable skill and confidence in the use of these missiles. A few had been used in Captain Carmichael's expedition on the 16th, and again on the day of the storm ten grenadiers of the 59th were provided with these weapons. On the latter occasion, however, the grenades had their fuzes fixed, but were not loaded. It seems that General Nicholls entertained a peculiar theory on the subject. He, however, offered the officer in command of the regiment his choice, and he decided against their being loaded. The General's remarks on this subject are worthy of being quoted. "A grenade with a *burning fuze* has almost the same moral effect in frightening the enemy as a loaded one, while your own people have no alarm. Loaded, the splinters often do as much mischief to those who use it, as to those against whom it is directed."

The storm of Bhurtpore is, we believe, the last occasion on which grenadiers have carried the missile from which they originally derived their distinctive appellation.

As we have seen above, no contingency was left unprovided for, and sappers with tools, artillerymen with spikes, followed close on the heels of the stormers, so as to be at hand when wanted, instead of coming up when their services were no longer required, as is often the case.

The mines to be exploded at the moment of attack were three in number, and were thus placed:—one

loaded with 10,000 lbs. of powder, intended to make the chief breach, was placed under the north-east angle of the cavalier mounted bastion; another was destined for the improvement of the right gun-breach; while the third, to blow in the counterscarp, was about midway between the two former. The explosion of these mines was to be the signal for the different columns to move to the assault.

At half-past four on the morning of the 18th the troops silently entered the trenches. Lord Combermere arrived soon afterwards, and personally inspected the dispositions for the storm. Quietly as everything had been conducted, the enemy appeared to suspect something, for from four to six they fired briskly, answered heavily by our batteries. From six to half-past seven the guns from the fortress slackened, though our fire was still kept up with such vigour that scarcely a head could be shown above the parapets. At half-past seven the suspicions of the garrison were again aroused, though nothing could be seen in our trenches; for our men were carefully prevented from letting a head or a bayonet appear, and no unusual sound was heard save an impatient hum from the stormers, eagerly awaiting the moment when they should be launched against the devoted fortress.

A little after eight, an engineer officer reported to Lord Combermere that the mines were ready. He at once ordered them to be fired. A few minutes passed, every pulse beat quicker, every eye was fixed on the

fortress, and earnestly did all watch the slight wreaths of smoke which, curling slowly upwards, marked the progress of the fatal spark towards the death-laden mines. At length, with a roar, the two lesser mines successfully exploded. Alarmed at the event, the garrison crowded the angle of the north-east bastion, and could be seen, dressed either in white or brightly coloured garments, some waving their swords in defiance, others beckoning eagerly for support. Every eye was now fixed on the great breach, and a moment, which seemed an hour, of almost maddening suspense followed. That interval was employed by an engineer officer in trying to bring back the men from the dangerously close approaches into which they had been pushed by those in rear, anxious to avoid the shot of the fortress, to which, from the elevation of the guns, they were more exposed than the troops in front. But brief time was afforded for the attempt. Ere it was more than begun, the bastion in front heaved, the ground shook beneath the feet of the storming columns; a violent concussion of the air seemed to split the firmament; and a dense cloud of dust and smoke arose, streaked here and there with bodies, limbs, stones, timbers, and masses of earth. Some of the débris, falling into our trenches, killed two Sepoys standing close behind Lord Combermere, struck down Brigadier McCombe, who was standing at his side, and killed or wounded Brigadier Patton, Captain Irvine, Bengal Engineers,

Lieutenant Daly, 14th Regiment, and nearly twenty men of the latter corps. For a few instants the sky was completely darkened by the cloud of smoke and dust which covered the whole scene as with a thick veil. When it cleared away, the grenadiers of the 14th and 59th were seen rushing impetuously up the steep faces of the respective breaches, and in a moment, notwithstanding a destructive fire of grape and musketry, the summit was gained, amidst the vociferous cheers of those who remained in the trenches. Lord Combermere could be with difficulty restrained from accompanying the foremost of the stormers, and Captain Dawkins, his aide-de-camp, was even compelled to employ a little gentle violence to keep him back. As soon as the leading sections, however, had passed, the Commander-in-Chief ascended the breach, fortunately untouched by the shower of grape and musketry which struck the ground all around him. As soon as he arrived at the top his flag was hoisted.

The grenadiers of the 14th had been bravely led by Major Everard, and with admirable order and steadiness they followed, though death gleaned many as they clambered over the huge masses of earth and the half-buried limbs and bodies of those of the garrison who had been slain by the explosion. Arrived at the top, Major Everard waved his sword, and the colours of the 14th were given to the wind. A mighty shout from the trenches greeted the sight, and encouraged the stormers in the fierce combat of

bayonet against tulwar which ensued. During the first minute the enemy had been too much paralyzed to make any serious opposition at the breach itself; but now recovering from their astonishment, the fierce Pathans who occupied the post hurled themselves furiously on the foe. A savage *mêlée* took place, but it was soon decided in favour of the British, and the main column, still led by the intrepid Everard, turning to the right, drove the enemy along the ramparts. This was not effected without loss, for the enemy resisted stoutly, making a stand at every favourable spot, their gunners particularly fighting with such devotion that at the close of the day they were found almost to a man lying dead, with their swords still firmly grasped, round the guns they had so well served. A heavy fire from the houses near the ramparts also produced many casualties, notwithstanding that portions of the supports—Native Infantry—had penetrated the town, and some of them had moved parallel to the storming party. The Sepoys gallantly supported their European comrades; the 35th Native Infantry in particular, as soon as they saw the 14th ascending the breach, could not be restrained, and without orders broke from the trenches and rushed to take part in the fray. Unfortunately, however, though brave, they, as subsequently at Mooltan and the other actions in the Punjab campaigns, lost their heads, and fired rather wildly. Lord Combermere was even obliged to send an aide-de-camp to restore steadiness among a Sepoy regiment in the town; and that officer was for some time in great danger from

the random and indiscriminate fire of the corps. Small parties also occasionally descended from the ramparts to drive off the enemy, who were annoying them from the adjacent houses. In several cases a vigorous resistance was made in some of the narrow lanes of the city, but it was speedily overcome. Major Everard soon reached the Jungeenah gate, yet not without hard fighting, the enemy's chiefs, who set a noble example of devotion, rushing sword in hand on our men, and there falling dead beneath our bayonets.

A moment later Major Everard was joined by Colonel Delamain's column. Colonel Delamain had won his way in at the extreme right breach with difficulty, but nothing could withstand the steadiness of his advance. A mine was fired, which blew up about twenty of the assailants; still no pause followed, and the enemy were driven on towards the gate. Here there was a steep and very narrow gorge, fully sixty feet deep, the only descent to which was by narrow flights of steps. Major Everard and Colonel Delamain arrived at the opposite sides of this gorge at the same moment, both driving their respective foes before them. On its very edge, the Bhurtporeans fought with the fury of desperation; but our men were not to be withstood, and first plunging their bayonets into the bodies of their opponents and then firing off their pieces, they pushed the hapless foe into the abyss below. Some, seeing the fate of their comrades, jumped into the chasm; but

even if they reached the bottom unhurt, they were buried before they could rise again by the bodies falling like hail from above. In about ten minutes the whole party, 200 in number, lay wedged at the bottom of this awful gulf—a helpless, groaning, bleeding, burning mass. Our men, by firing into their bodies, had set fire to the cotton padded clothes they wore, which, slowly smouldering, added the tortures of death by roasting to their other sufferings. Lord Combermere and his staff passed by this place about ten minutes afterwards, and found many of them still alive, waving their arms and entreating with piteous cries that they might be put out of their misery. A noble attempt was made to rescue them, though to do so was a service of no common danger; for their matchlocks, which had fallen with them, and their pouches, were exploding in every direction. Some three or four, less jammed in than the rest, were, however, extricated by the staff, but they had neither time nor means for further efforts, and were obliged to abandon the shrieking wretches to their dreadful fate. Two hours later an officer* of the staff repassed the same spot; he found nothing "but a confused mass of burnt and burning bodies."

The two columns then united, and pursued their course along the ramparts to the right, till the Kombheer bastion was reached. Here Major Everard ordered a soldier's red coat to be hoisted as a signal of

* Lieut. Mundy, aide-de-camp to Lord Combermere.

success, and sent off an officer with a small party to procure ammunition and reinforcements.

Soon after the junction of the two columns, Major Hunter, 41st Native Infantry, at the head of some Sepoys and Europeans, got by mistake on the wrong side of a wall which separated that quarter of the town from the ramparts. Following this up, they reached the bridge leading into the citadel. In their terror and confusion the garrison shut the gate before about a hundred of the fugitives could enter. Among these was Khoosial Singh, brother-in-law of Doorjun Sal, and warmly devoted to his fortunes. Major Hunter advanced a few paces in front of his men and offered him quarter; when with warlike fury, Khoosial Singh replied to the speaker by a terrific blow. Major Hunter put up his scabbard as a guard; but such was the stoutness of arm of the gallant Jal, so great the sharpness of his sword, that the scabbard was cut through as if it had been paper, and Major Hunter's left arm nearly severed. Our men then rushed on Khoosial Singh, who fell pierced with innumerable bayonet wounds, and with him died, in a few minutes, nearly the whole of his band. Skirting the ditch of the citadel, and with grim coolness firing at some geese as they passed, the detachment at length struck the ramparts again and rejoined the right column.

It is now time to follow the fortunes of General Nicholls's column, which had experienced scarcely

less opposition, and gained no less success, than their comrades on the right. The grenadiers of H.M.'s 59th Regiment led the assault, the band of that regiment playing, by the General's orders, the "British Grenadiers" as the stormers left the trenches. The breach was steep, the enemy's fire heavy, and men were struck on every side. Still undismayed, these brave men advanced steadily and in good order, without firing a shot till the summit was won. Then burst forth in all its splendour their martial fury; the bayonet and butt-end were wielded fiercely, and in a few moments the enemy sullenly gave way before the resistless determination of the assailants.

The bastion thus assaulted was connected with the rest of the fortifications by a long narrow neck, and our men, pushing rapidly on to the entrance of it, cut off many of the defenders of the bastion, some of whom, however, managed to escape by slipping over the walls. At the mouth of the neck a stand was made; but the enemy were soon forced back, some of them keeping along the ramparts to the left, and a larger portion descending into the town by a ramp. At that moment the 59th were relieved by the advance of Patton's brigade of General Reynell's division, headed by four companies of the 14th, under Major Bishop, who, turning to the left after entering at the north-east breach, fired on an outwork near the left main breach, by which General Nicholls's column

had been much annoyed. Major Bishop's party, and the remainder of Patton's brigade, seem about this time to have become amalgamated with the left main column, and need not be further noticed. Colonel Wilson's detachment, it may be remembered, had been told off to escalade a gun breach between the two mine breaches. Only Colonel Wilson himself and some twenty or thirty of his men, however, did so; the remainder, finding an ascent difficult, had turned back and gone up by the left mine-breach.

Colonel Wilson now collected his command, and fought his way through the town. After slaying at the Muttra gate a number of the enemy who were fleeing from the 59th, he remounted the ramparts, along which he proceeded till his ammunition was exhausted. A few words will dispose of the share borne by Fagan's and Adams's brigades, who, however, nobly bore their part in that day's work. As soon as Edwards's brigade had mounted the breach Brigadier Fagan followed them, and descending into the town cleared the houses adjoining the ramparts, so as to protect Edwards's right flank. Brigadier Adams, who commanded the reserve, entered by the Agra gate immediately after the capture of the breaches, and was employed in clearing the streets. At the Agra gate he was joined by the 21st Native Infantry from Brigadier Fagan's brigade.

The 31st Native Infantry of Edwards's brigade

seem also to have carried out the orders they received to clear the houses near the ramparts.

To return to the progress of the left main column. After issuing from the long neck which joined the bastion they had assaulted, they proceeded to follow the enemy along the ramparts to the left. Their progress was uninterrupted, in spite of the heavy fire, which in the space of ten minutes killed five officers and wounded as many more. It was at this time that Brigadier Edwards, while bravely leading his men along the narrow terreplein, received his death wound. General Nicholls himself was much exposed, and an officer was struck close to his side. The fortune of the fight had by this time plainly declared itself on the side of the British, and after about two hours' fighting, General Nicholls, having made half the circuit of the ramparts, found himself face to face with the right column, whose progress we have above detailed. The town was now our own, though desultory firing continued for some time longer; but the citadel still held out.

Let us, however, now accompany the gallant leader of this victorious army. After mounting the breach as described, Lord Combermere and his staff proceeded to the Jungeenah gate. From thence, after rescuing a few of the poor wretches who lay there roasting in their smouldering garments, and receiving intelligence of the success of the right column, he entered the town, and came out on the glacis of the citadel just after

the death of Khoosial Singh and the slaughter of his followers. Hearing that a white flag had been hoisted he sent Captain Macan, Persian interpreter, up to the gate of the citadel to parley. Receiving no answer, he dispatched an aide-de-camp to bring up two twelve-pounders. In the meantime, some of our field-guns, which had been dragged up to the breach, opened fire from the ramparts on the citadel, sending their shot into it with great precision. About three P.M. the two twelve-pounders had arrived, and everything was prepared for blowing in the gate, when a deputation came out with an offer of unconditional surrender. Lord Combermere sent for a battalion—he had only scattered detachments with him—to take possession of the citadel. This reinforcement arrived, when all fire having ceased from the citadel, and not a sound or a man being seen within, an attempt was made to find some one to open the gate. For some time not an answer could be obtained; at length one or two men appeared, and by a mixture of cajoling and threatening were induced to open the first gate, which stands in a quadrangular stone-work, with turrets at the angles. From this gate a bridge led across the moat—which had then twenty-five feet of water in it—to a second gate, in the citadel itself. This gate was also locked; but the man who had opened the first entrance climbed up near to the top, and then squeezing his body through an opening—for the gate did not shut quite close—descended on

the inside, and gave admittance to our troops, who at once hoisted the king's colour of the 37th Native Infantry, at sight of which a universal shout of triumph burst from everyone who beheld it. A regiment of Native Infantry was left as a garrison, and Lord Combermere returned to camp. Before he left the town he received the welcome news of Doorjun Sal's capture. That prince, finding between ten and twelve o'clock that the fortune of the day was going against him, hastened to the citadel for his wife and family. Collecting a vast amount of treasure, and taking with him his wife and two sons, and followed by a picked band of forty chosen horsemen, he resolved to cut his way out. At the Kombheer gate he encountered a small picquet of H.M.'s 14th, on whom his party fell fiercely, wounding six or eight, and thus opening a pathway for their master. Keeping close under the city walls for some distance, he entered a thick jungle, where he was joined by some more of his horsemen. He now spent some two hours in this jungle, seeking in vain an opportunity to escape, for every outlet from the place was well watched by our cavalry. At length, about half-past two, Brigadier Sleigh, having captured six or seven thousand fugitives, and seeing no more coming out of the town, dismissed the brigade. The men had scarcely dismounted when the riding-master of the 8th Light Cavalry reported that there was a body of the enemy's cavalry in front. Lieutenant Barbor was ordered to mount his troop

and gallop after a small body to the left, Colonel Gill, with the remainder of the regiment, pursuing a larger force which was making off on the right. Lieutenant Barbor soon came up with the smaller body, and accosting one of the party who seemed from his dress to be a chieftain of rank, demanded his sword. This was peremptorily refused, and Barbor, drawing his pistol, declared he would shoot him if he resisted. The pistol was cocked, levelled, Barbor's finger was on the trigger, and in another instant Doorjun Sal would have been a corpse, when some one exclaimed that it was the Rajah. On this Barbor returned his pistol, and Doorjun Sal, seeing the uselessness of further resistance, gave up his sword. With him were also captured his wife and his eldest son, a boy ten years old, who, riding behind a horseman, had a finger broken by a pistol bullet in the momentary *mêlée* which had taken place. The other son, a child five years of age, was carried off by a faithful adherent and escaped. Each of the horsemen who accompanied Doorjun Sal had from 1200 to 2000 gold mohurs, equivalent to from 1920*l.* to 3200*l.*, sewn up in the lining of his saddle.

Thus fell Bhurtpore, the capture of which, besides being an exploit of more than ordinary brilliancy, exercised over the politics of India and the fate of our rule in that country, an influence which can be scarcely exaggerated, but is now almost forgotten. Its importance was, however, recognised at the time.

Sir John Malcolm, on the occasion of a vote of thanks from the Hon. East India Company, said that "if the siege had failed, it would in all human probability have added to the embarrassments of the Burmese war that of hostilities with almost every state of India." The late Lord Metcalfe, when a member of the Supreme Council of India, placed on record his opinion that "the Burmese war produced an extraordinary sensation all over India, amounting to an expectation of our immediate downfall." It is not unlikely that our success at Bhurtpore had a favourable influence in bringing the negotiations with the Burmese to a satisfactory issue, and putting an end to the delays with which they strove to defer a definite signing of the treaty of peace. Negotiations had been opened at the close of 1825, but it was not till the 24th of February, 1826, that a definite peace was concluded with the court of Ava.

The loss of the garrison of Bhurtpore may be roughly estimated at 13,000 killed and wounded during the siege, of whom 4000 were slain in the assault. Of the remainder scarcely any escaped, except a few horsemen during the progress of the siege, Brigadier Sleigh alone having captured 6000 or 7000 outside the walls on the day of the storm. To show with what devoted bravery the garrison fought, it may be mentioned that the defence of the north-east bastion was entrusted to a corps of 800 Pathans. Of these only 70 were alive at the close

of the day, 300 having been blown up by the great mine, and the remainder having fallen beneath the bullets and bayonets of our men in the struggle which ensued. Two guns and 133 pieces of ordnance fell into our hands.

The casualties of the British were heavy, but not so severe as might have been expected, considering the strength of the fortress, the valour of the garrison, and the skill which the latter displayed in following every rule of war.

During the siege and on the day of the storm the total loss of the army before Bhurtpore amounted to 1050 killed, wounded, and missing, including 7 officers killed, and 41 wounded.

The amount of treasure captured was immense, realizing more than 480,000*l.* From this sum was deducted 21,900*l.* stamp duty; five per cent. for the two prize agents, amounting to nearly 12,000*l.* each, besides the share of their rank; 5000*l.* divided among the widows of the officers, and the widows and orphans of the European soldiers killed; and 500*l.* for mounting two brass field-pieces presented by the army to Lord Combermere.* Of the balance, Lord Combermere received one-eighth, amounting to

* These guns were on his return to England deposited at Woolwich till 1850, where, on being reclaimed, they were sent to Combermere. Here they now stand in a gallery lined with armour and every description of weapons. A brass plate attached to each of the guns bears this inscription:—"Captured at Bhurtpore. Presented by the British army to the Commander-in-Chief."

about 60,000*l.*; generals obtaining about 6,000*l.*; lieutenant-colonels about 1500*l.*; majors nearly 950*l.*; captains about 480*l.*; subalterns about 240*l.*; sergeant-majors about 13*l.*; sergeants about 8*l.*; corporals, privates, &c. about 4*l.*

Lord Combermere induced the Government to grant five per cent. for this money until its distribution. It is not a matter of surprise, therefore, that the troops all received their shares within three years of the capture.

On the morning of the 19th of January Lord Combermere, accompanied by his staff, entered the fortress and took possession of it in form. He then sat down to breakfast in the large hall of the palace, a regimental band playing "God save the King" in honour of the occasion.

Lord Combermere lost no time in dispatching a force to reduce the other insurgent cities within the Bhurtpore dominions. On the 20th he sent off a brigade to secure Biana, which made no attempt at resistance, and within the next two or three days every fortress in the district was occupied by British detachments. At one of these towns called Weer were found some remarkable gigantic pieces of ordnance, which are thus described by Sir Thomas Seaton in his work entitled, "From Cadet to Colonel":—

"On the walls of the fort at Weer we found some enormous iron guns, built up something in the style of our present Armstrongs, but with this difference, that

over the inner case of longitudinal bars forming the bore, iron hoops, not coils, were shrunk on, over which came a layer of longitudinal bars, moulded on parallel to the bore, and outside these another layer of hoops shrunk on. The diameter of these guns at the muzzle was enormous—something like three feet—and the bore was small. I should suppose they were about forty-pounders. I don't think any amount of powder would have burst them."

On the 24th Lord Combermere was able to report the complete subjugation of the whole of the Bhurtpore territory, and the return of the inhabitants to their usual occupations.

On the evening of the 5th of February the young Rajah, Bulwunt Singh, was formally reinstated by Lord Combermere and Sir Charles Metcalfe on the musnud, from which he had been temporarily driven, and on the 6th, the fortifications of Bhurtpore having been blown up, the army was marched towards the frontiers of Alwar. Some difficulties had arisen with the rajah of that state, and the written demands of the politicals having proved as usual mere waste paper without the support of an armed force, Lord Combermere was directed to enforce them. A mere demonstration on the part of the victorious general and his gallant army was sufficient, and quiet being restored the army broke up and the campaign ended. For the brilliant manner in which he had conducted it Lord Combermere was advanced to the

dignity of viscount, and received the thanks both of the Governor-General in Council and the two Houses of Parliament.

On the 20th of February Lord Combermere departed for Calcutta. On the road thither he, at the request of the Governor-General, visited and reported on the fort of Allyghur.

The question of prize-money is now, while these pages are passing through the press, receiving an amount of attention never before granted to it by the general public. The following letter, therefore, on the right of captors and the distinction between public and private prize, will probably be perused with interest by our readers :—

"Head-quarters on the Ganges, 30th March, 1826.

"My Lord,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your Lordship's letters in council of the 17th February and 10th March, relating to the property taken in Bhurtpore by the prize agents, and have not failed to call for the information therein desired.

"2. As some time must elapse before the returns can be laid before your Lordship, I beg to observe generally that the whole of the property both in the town and citadel, must be considered as having been taken possession of by the prize agents on the day of the assault, since, to prevent as far as practicable the indiscriminate plunder of the place, by which the

inhabitants would have severely suffered, and the troops would have ultimately lost the benefit which they had a right to expect from the general share of the plunder, guards were, immediately after the entrance of the troops, placed upon those places which were supposed to contain treasure or valuable property.

"3. It would be impossible to discriminate between the property of the state and the personal property of the then Maharajah, Doorjun Sal. The fact of Doorjun Sal having been in quiet possession of the throne, and acknowledged by all parties in the state as the maharajah, no individual either openly or secretly supporting the claims of Bulwunt Singh, naturally gave the former the full right to all the property in the fort, and deprived the latter of any claim which he might be supposed to have to it.

"4. Agreeably to your Lordship's instructions, I have directed a separate return to be made of all property taken from individuals; but this I believe to be very inconsiderable, owing to the inhabitants (knowing the penalty which by the customs of war they were liable to after the town was taken by assault) having claimed our protection, promising a handsome ransom to redeem their private property, which they subsequently evaded; though on our part such protection was afforded that I believe I may safely say that no town taken by assault, even in Europe, and belonging to an ally, as in Spain, ever escaped with so little injury.

"5. It is necessary to observe, that though it took some days to remove the treasure from the fort, nothing was taken away after Bulwunt Singh was made Rajah and placed on the musnud.

"6. The enormous treasure of the state, which by report is buried in the fort, and the jewels, of the reputed value of about thirty lacs, were never discovered. The treasure which was found, though in chambers the entrances of which were walled up, was chiefly in new bags, and from its appearance may be supposed to have formed the expense stores and lately placed there. Very few jewels came into the possession of the prize agents, except some which were found on the person of Doorjun Sal.

"7. In respect to the other fortresses in the Bhurtpore state, I beg to acquaint your Lordship that they were all taken possession of by us previous to the installation of the Rajah; having been unconditionally surrendered to the forces sent against them, some of them having been deserted by their garrisons; and as there was at that time in fact no Government, I should consider the whole Bhurtpore territory as being in the temporary possession of the British Government by right of conquest.

"8. As regards the fortress of Deig, I beg to observe that it was surrendered to us by Madhoo Singh, who, at the desire of Sir Charles Metcalfe and myself, removed his forces from thence into my camp; but no stipulation regarding the disposal of the fort

was either demanded by or made with him; nor indeed would he, it is to be presumed, have surrendered it, except to the British Government, as he has never ceased to press his claim to its being restored to him in sovereignty. The case of this fort is, however, different to the others, not having been in possession of Doorjun Sal. Against him only and his adherents, war has been declared.

"9. As regards the claims of the army to the value of the guns and warlike stores in the other fortresses, I beg to remark, that I should have considered it to have been my duty, in case of these garrisons having capitulated, to have demanded their surrender on principles of state policy. I should suppose, therefore, that the army now have the same claims as they would have had had the forts been surrendered by treaty. In that case I believe it to be the invariable custom of war to consider the guns, &c., as prize.

"10. The public chests and stores having been plundered in some of the forts by the garrisons and inhabitants previous to our taking possession of them, all the property which could be saved was secured by the prize agents, of which separate account has been kept.

"11. Property of the state to a very large amount in salt and grain outside the walls of the town was scrupulously protected; as I do not consider the rights of the army extended beyond the places actually captured, or to the private property of Doorjun Sal,

which could have been proved to have been removed from the fort.

"12. It will occur to your Lordship, that having commenced my march towards Calcutta previous to the receipt of your Lordship's letter, I have had no opportunity to communicate on the subject with Sir Charles Metcalfe; I have, however, the satisfaction of stating that, whilst at Bhurtpore, Sir Charles, in the private communications I had with him, appeared to consider the proceedings of the prize agents as regular.

I have, &c.,

"COMBERMERE.

"To the Right Hon. the Governor-General, &c."

CHAPTER IV.

ARRIVES AT CALCUTTA — LETTER FROM BISHOP HEBER — LETTER FROM LORD COMBERMERE TO HIS SISTER—DEATH OF BISHOP HEBER — LORD COMBERMERE DISCHARGES THE DUTIES OF GOVERNOR-GENERAL DURING LORD AMHERST'S ABSENCE — ARDUOUS NATURE OF THE TASK—LORD COMBERMERE'S STAFF —ANECDOTES—HIS HABITS—LETTER TO HIS SISTER—RECOMMENDS THE ABOLITION OF THE BODY-GUARD—ABOLITION OF FLOGGING IN THE NATIVE ARMY—PROPOSES INCREASE OF PAY FOR JEMADARS AND SEPOYS—RECOMMENDS THAT THE MILITARY AUTHORITIES SHOULD DEAL WITH SEPOYS COMMITTING MINOR OFFENCES—TOUR IN THE NORTH-WEST PROVINCES—CAWNPORE —LETTER OF INVITATION FROM THE NAWAB OF OUDH—VISIT TO LUCKNOW—HOSPITALITY OF THE NAWAB—SPLENDID DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS—AGRA — REVISITS BHURTPORE, MUTTRA, AND DELHI — SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN — VISIT TO THE GREAT MOGUL—LETTER TO MISS COTTON—THE BEGUM SUMROO— HER HISTORY AND ADVENTURES—MEERUT—TIGER HUNT— HURDWAR—SAHARUNPORE—LOODIANAH—ENVOYS FROM RUNJEET SINGH—ARRIVES AT SIMLA—LETTER TO MISS COTTON— SIMLA IN 1828—LORD COMBERMERE TURNS ENGINEER— RUNJEET SINGH'S ANXIETY FOR HIS HEALTH—JOURNAL OF A VISIT TO THE BORINDA PASS.

CHAPTER IV.

Soon after Lord Combermère reached Calcutta he received a letter from Bishop Heber. On his first arrival there in the preceding year he had felt great satisfaction at meeting his old friend, whose marriage to Miss Shipley, a connection of Lord Combermere's, if possible, increased the mutual kind feelings which existed between them. The Bishop was engaged during the spring of 1826 in a tour of inspection through the southern portion of the Madras Presidency, and hearing of Lord Combermere's triumph hastened to offer his congratulations on the occasion.

Letter from Bishop Heber.

"Chillumbrum, March 21, 1826.

"My dear Lord,—I hardly know whether to congratulate you or no on your return to Calcutta. You return, indeed, under very favourable auspices, and with an accession of reputation and success, such as few British generals in India have in so short a space acquired. But I am myself so fond of the upper provinces, and you had, I apprehend, such ample employ-

ment there for many months to come, that I cannot help regretting that your triumph was not to be enjoyed in the better climate and more interesting region where it was achieved rather than on the Meidan and in Park-street.* However, I cannot help founding on your return now the idea that you will find occasion to go to the north this year, and then, as my time for going northward will then have arrived, that I and my wife may possibly be allowed to join your party on the river.

"I need not say that I shall in such case gladly offer my services to you as chaplain.

"The fall of Bhurtpore appears to excite a considerable sensation in this part of India, where, remote as they are, its renown and supposed impregnable strength were much relied on by the native princes. I cannot but hope that it has by this time had a favourable effect on the stubborn court of Ummarapoora.

"An odd rumour has prevailed for some time that the Duke of Buckingham is coming out as Governor-General. He seems so unlikely a person in some respects that I feel inclined to believe that the appointment may be in contemplation. This report may have arisen from his being a relation of Charles Wynn's, joined to the objection felt by some of the directors to unite the offices of Commander-in-Chief and Governor-General. This latter feeling I cannot but hope that recent events have done away with,

* In Calcutta.

and that whenever Lord Amherst leaves the country there will be no need of sending a fresh governor from England. If the Duke of Bucks does come, in one considerable sense he will be the *greatest* man that the East has yet seen.

"I sincerely hope that you will have reached Calcutta before the intense heats commence. I myself, though travelling very quietly, and thus far with the advantage of a sea breeze, find it far hotter than is agreeable; and your rapid journeys through Behar and Bengal must, I fear, have exposed you to considerable inconvenience, as I know how little you are in the habit of sparing yourself. Were the season less advanced I should like my present march exceedingly. The country far exceeds my expectations; and the people and antiquities of the Carnatic, so far as I have yet seen them, are each in their way exceedingly interesting, and more thoroughly and appropriately Indian than anything in Hindostan.

"I trust that your last accounts of Lady Combermere are good. I rejoice to think that she can hardly have heard of the danger you are incurring before she would know of your triumph. That you may be restored to her ere many years are over, in undiminished health and with fresh honours from the King and country whom you have so ably served, is the sincere wish of,

"My dear Lord,

"Your much obliged and faithful

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

Shortly after the capture of Bhurtpore Lord Combermere, in writing to his sister, speaks of the bishop in the following affectionate terms :—

"Camp, near Nugur, Feb. 9, 1826.

"My dear Hester,—You will read with pleasure the account of my success in the short campaign which we have had. My sojourn in India need not be so long as I intended.

"The Bishop (Heber) is gone on a tour to Madras. His wife and family remain at Calcutta, where I shall proceed next month—a journey of only 850 miles. I shall miss Reginald much; we always took our morning rides together, and I saw a great deal of him while I was at Calcutta. He looks very unlike a bishop, generally wearing a black jacket. Amongst other plunder at Bhurtpore, I have got some beautiful old armour, which was taken one hundred years ago by a Bhurtpore rajah from Agra, and belonged to the famous Ackbar.

"Agra is better worth seeing than any place in India, being the Rome of the East, and containing treasures for an antiquarian greater than I ever saw collected before. The Taj is grander than anything you can imagine; views of it are to be procured in London. The famous Etameid Doulah is also a great curiosity. I have not had letters from England lately, and yet ships are reported daily.

I hope that you like my improvements at Combermere.

"Believe me, dearest Hester,

"Your affectionate Brother,

"COMBERMERE.

"To Miss Hester Cotton."

In April, 1826, Bishop Heber was seized with an apoplectic fit, brought on by bathing while overheated. His loss was deeply felt at Calcutta; for not only was he remarkable for every Christian virtue, but the charm of his manners and his great literary attainments—of which he had given proof in many published works—rendered him an ornament to any society fortunate enough to number him amongst its members.

It was Lord Combermere's painful duty to announce to Mrs. Heber the sudden death of her husband. Regret for the loss of such a man should have been a life-long sorrow; but Mrs. Heber proved the mutability of some human affections by giving the amiable Heber for successor a Greek called Valsimarchi.

Soon after Lord Combermere's return from Bhurtpore he was required, by the departure of Lord Amherst for the Hills, to fulfil the duties of Governor-General as well as those of Commander-in-Chief. He remained absent for nine months, while Lord Combermere inhabited Government House at Calcutta and Barrackpore, and represented the Governor-General

in all matters requiring immediate attention. Lord Amherst meanwhile passed the interval visiting remarkable parts of India, and in recovering in the cool climate of Simla from the languor caused by a long residence in the plains. Lady Amherst, persuaded by her doctor, whose patients at Calcutta were clamouring for his return, to quit the Hills, arrived at Subathoo—about nineteen miles from Simla—while the cholera was raging there. The unfortunate doctor immediately fell a victim to the disease, and several of the attendants also died of this plague, which first visited Simla at that time, and then passing through the valleys of Hindostan, penetrated into Russia on its way to our islands, where it was imported through Sunderland in 1831.

During this double tenure of office the amount of work accomplished by Lord Combermere was enormous. Not only did he perform the civil and social duties of the Governor-General, but also attended to the requirements, discipline, and distribution of an army of 270,000 men scattered over all India. Such toil might well have appalled a hard-working minister transacting business in the bracing climate of England: how much more formidable would it have appeared to him, if these labours were to be performed in the close and depressing atmosphere of Calcutta! Yet the hardy soldier, clear-headed and methodical, not only found leisure to discharge his own duties, but even occasionally to come to the assistance of ex-

hausted secretaries. Nor was this all; by a systematic distribution of time he contrived to write by every mail to many members of his family, and to send minute instructions for the management of his estates, and in particular of his home-farm in Cheshire.

While thus representing the Governor-General in his official capacity, he was not unmindful of the requirements of hospitality, and frequently entertained the heads of departments as well as the leading members of Calcutta society in a style which reflected great credit on the aide-de-camp who was entrusted with the superintendence of his household. Lord Combermere's staff was composed of young men of great promise, talent, and energy, in whom their chief took a most paternal interest, and whom he ever treated with the most genial indulgence. Alas, Lord Combermere lived to see nearly all the members of this happy circle precede him to the grave, although, from the great difference of their ages, he might reasonably have expected that they would have attended as mourners at his own burial.

Never was there a more joyous party than that which welcomed the numerous visitors to Lord Combermere's hospitable board. The whole atmosphere which surrounded the Commander-in-Chief was redolent of jokes and fun. Great was the amusement extracted from the various phases of Oriental life, which, to some of those present, possessed all the

charm of novelty. With peals of laughter, the young aides-de-camp told the story of the old barber, who, proud of his extremely limited acquaintance with English, always addressed Lord Combermere as "My God," considering this appellation equivalent to "My Lord." Equally did they chuckle over the answer of a black nurse, who, being asked whose were the five fine children she was escorting, answered flippantly, "Kinnersley and Co.'s, sahib."

Neither the press of business nor the constant hospitality of Government House interfered with Lord Combermere's regular habits. Warned in early life, when first proceeding to Madras in 1796, against the indulgence of the thirst induced by the heat of the climate, Lord Combermere, as Colonel Cotton, resisted all temptations to indulge in the beverages with which Europeans destroy their digestion in India.

On his second visit to India, he observed the same abstinence, and his immunity from the numerous diseases which decimate Europeans in that country may be chiefly attributed to a regimen and mode of life suited to the climate and suggested by common sense. He rose every morning at five o'clock, and rode out with the aide-de-camp on duty, who was mostly little pleased with this early exercise. At seven, breakfast was ready, after which meal till four o'clock in the afternoon, the Commander-in-Chief attended to business. At four o'clock, he dined with the victimized

aide-de-camp, again dissatisfied with the very simple fare of his chief, but making amends for this enforced abstinence at the more sumptuously furnished repast of seven o'clock, when the staff enjoyed an excellent dinner. At this meal, which was Lord Combermere's supper, he ate a little rice and drank some wine and water. He then drove in an open carriage till eight o'clock in the evening, except on those days when he entertained. On such occasions forty or fifty persons were summoned to partake of the *burra khana*, or state feast, which was repeated every fortnight.

In the morning rides Lord Combermere was often joined by agreeable companions, amongst whom Sir James Weir Hogg was one of the most valued. The subsequent career of that gentleman has fully justified the high opinion which Lord Combermere entertained of him at that time.

How fondly Lord Combermere clung to thoughts of home, how eagerly he longed to hear from his family, may be seen in the following letter to his sister.

"Barrackpore Park, Sept., 1826.

"Not a line have I had from you, my dear sister, since I arrived in India. By what conveyance do you send your letters? Charles Wynn would, I am certain, forward them to me if you send them to him. Mrs. Heber has heard from Bodryden that you were well. What a loss poor Reginald was to us, and indeed to

everybody here! Mrs. Heber dined with me last week, on her way up the river; she is gone with her children a hundred miles away for change of air during the summer season. I believe that she means to set out for England next December, being anxious to arrive in England before the spring. There never was any one more regretted than poor Reginald, and never was there any one so perfect. Mrs. Calveley writes to me constantly; she is the only relation, except my own family, from whom I ever hear. You must excuse a short epistle, as I am a good deal occupied, having the duties of governor-general, as well as those of commander-in-chief, to perform.

"Believe me, my dear Sister,

"Yours most affectionately,

"COMBERMERE.

"To Miss Cotton."

During his tenure of the office as commander-in-chief of India, Lord Combermere was ever most active in trying to bring about reforms in the army for the welfare and efficiency of which he was responsible. In 1826, the Court of Directors issued orders for certain reductions in their native forces. Lord Combermere succeeded in persuading the local government to suspend the execution of this measure, which he deemed excessively objectionable. In compensation, however, he proposed that a saving should be effected by the abolition of the Governor-General's body-guard:

a mere costly piece of state ostentation, which added nothing to the real strength of the army, and whose escort duties could easily be fulfilled by the squadron from one of the regiments of native cavalry intended to be reduced.

In the following year, animated by a similar zeal for the welfare of those native troops whose gallant conduct at Bhurtpore had secured both his admiration and esteem, he issued, under the date of March 19th, 1827, an order that no native soldier should in future be sentenced to corporal punishment, except for the crime of stealing, marauding, and gross insubordination—crimes which rendered the individuals guilty of them unworthy to remain in the ranks of the army. This order, though well meant, was by no means received with universal approbation by the officers of the army.

A few weeks later, we find him advocating the claims of Jemadars and Sepoys of long and faithful service to an increase of pay.

A further proof of the sleepless care with which Lord Combermere watched over the interests of the army, is afforded by a correspondence extending through three years, on the subject of the jurisdiction of the ordinary tribunals over offenders belonging to the native troops. It had been the custom of magistrates in India, whenever a European soldier was brought before them accused of any trivial offence, to deliver him up to his regiment to be punished by

the military authorities. The contrary practice prevailed as regards Sepoys. Lord Combermere pointed out that young civilians were in the habit of coming to very hasty decisions on imperfect evidence, and were frequently apt to award, for comparatively trivial crimes, sentences of hard labour in irons, on the roads, to native soldiers, who returned to their corps feeling utterly disgraced by the ignominious punishment they had undergone. He proposed that the Sepoys should in this respect be placed on the same footing as their European comrades, and that unless guilty of heinous offences, which would of themselves ensure the discharge from their corps of those guilty of them, they should be handed over to be dealt with by native courts-martial. He added that, should Government fear undue leniency on the part of such tribunals, the courts might be composed partly of European officers. His representations received the serious consideration of Government, but whether any change in the existing system ultimately ensued we are not in a position to state.

Nor did the training of the soldier less than his social position and welfare, attract the attention of the hard-working Commander-in-Chief. The antiquated manœuvres of Dundas had been just superseded by the improved system of Sir Henry Torrens, and Lord Combermere exerted himself with great success to secure conformity of drill among the widely scattered regiments under his command.

On the 1st of November, 1827, Lord Combermere quitted Calcutta on a tour of inspection in the upper provinces, and on the 29th of November arrived at Cawnpore.

In that mournfully celebrated city he passed a busy week: the mornings being spent in reviewing regiments and brigades, the evenings in attending the dinners, balls, and plays with which the residents of the station celebrated the Commander-in-Chief's brief sojourn. Ere continuing his inspections, he determined to take the opportunity of being in the vicinity of Lucknow to pay the Nawab a visit at his far-famed capital, where, moreover, there was a regiment of native infantry, serving as a guard to the Resident, to be inspected. Accordingly, on the 6th of December the Commander-in-Chief's camp crossed the Ganges and entered Oude. Some idea of the retinue with which Lord Combermere, in common with other commanders, both before and after his time, travelled, may be formed, when the reader is told that the camp contained five thousand souls, and that one of Lord Combermere's aides-de-camp, a single man, managing, as he informs us, on the most economical principles, had three tents, two elephants, six camels, four horses, a pony, a buggy, and twenty-four servants, besides mahouts, camel-drivers, and tent-pitchers.

The letter of invitation from the King of Oude to the Commander-in-Chief is an amusing specimen of the extent to which Oriental hyperbole was carried,

even so lately as twenty-eight years ago. This royal epistle is written on a long piece of parchment, ornamented with stars and circles of gold leaf, and was tied with golden cord and tassels. Annexed are some of the most curious passages in this extraordinary document.

"My desire to see your glorious countenance you will understand, after intimating to your most highly exalted, excellent, and powerful Lordship the anxious wish which I cherish of an interview, arising from the warm friendship which I entertain for your renowned Lordship and the English nation. Unbounded praise be to God! though whose divine aid I enjoy the blessings of health. And I sincerely hope that by the favour of the Almighty your Excellency's health and condition are also flourishing.

"From the day that the melodious report of your Lordship's most auspicious approach reached your friends' ears, from the hour that the amber-breathing zephyr which bore the joyful intelligence of your Lordship's daily approximation gratified my friendly senses, God knows how sincere a desire for a meeting has circumambulated the mansion of my heart. As it is proverbial, that 'there is a road uniting the hearts which no other than a friend knows,' your Lordship's heart can best witness to this fact; hence the garden of friendship, ever in blossom, which extends between this state and the English Company, will continue flourishing to eternity. From the rains

from heaven it is now fresh and verdant, and in the same manner may it continue from day to day to increase in fertility and luxuriance, &c. &c.

"Lucknow, December, 1827."

At the first halting place out of Cawnpore, Lord Combermere was met by a deputation from the King with tents, elephants, horses, and servants, for the accommodation of the illustrious guest, and two marches further on a member of the royal family came to receive him with great pomp. On the 11th, Lucknow was entered in state, amidst every circumstance of Oriental magnificence, the King himself, attended by a splendid retinue, coming two miles out of the town to welcome the Commander-in-Chief. After a fraternal embrace, Lord Combermere was invited to seat himself in the royal howdah, in which he was carried through the streets of the capital, amidst a dense crowd, frantically scrambling for the handfuls of gold mohurs* which the King, Lord Combermere, and the Resident every now and then scattered as largesse to the eager multitude. Arrived at the palace, the king, attended by his courtiers, entertained the guests at breakfast. At the conclusion of this meal, His Majesty presented Lord Combermere with the royal portrait, set in diamonds and suspended by a string of pearls and emeralds. The King desired that this gift should be regarded as the insignia of an order, a token of royal favour, and a tribute to Lord

* A gold coin worth about thirty-two shillings.

Combermere's valour. He begged that it might be worn with his other decorations, and retained as a permanent memorial of his visit to Lucknow.

On Lord Combermere assuring the King that his kind wishes could not be carried out, for the diamonds and pearls must be at once surrendered to the Company, Nusser-ood-Deen desired the Resident (Mr. Ricketts) to apply for an exception to be made to the usual rules in favour of this present. A letter was accordingly written to the authorities by Mr. Ricketts, expressing the King's wishes. An answer in due time arrived, which, while insisting on the established practice, still gave Lord Combermere permission to retain the diamonds surrounding the miniature during his stay in India. On his departure from Calcutta, they were given up to the Company, but Lord Combermere retained the painting, and caused it to be placed in an appropriate Oriental setting. This portrait must have been a very flattering likeness of the original, for it resembled so closely the very handsome young prince who accompanied the Queen of Oude to London and drove about in a yellow carriage with a sort of crown on his head, that it seemed as if painted expressly to represent him.

Lord Combermere spent five days in Lucknow, occupying himself in dining with the King, and in breakfasting with him both at the Residency and at the palace, visiting places of interest in the neighbourhood, inspecting a regiment of native infantry,

and in witnessing combats of wild beasts—a barbarous sport for which the city was at that time famed. The dinner given by the King to Lord Combermere was followed by a magnificent display of fireworks. As soon as the meal had come to an end the guests were conducted through numerous suites of an old Oriental palace, to a balcony overhanging the river Jumna. The scene was like fairy land, or some realization of an Eastern tale. The spectators with wonder beheld what seemed to be an island of light in the middle of the stream, on which were grouped a bevy of nautch girls, moving gracefully to the sound of distant music. The glittering dresses of these nymphs sparkled in the illumination thrown upon them from concealed lights, casting an azure tint over the whole.

Soon from the opposite side of the river a blaze of red fire burst upon the dark background of the starless sky, when splendid fireworks darted in all directions above the dancing groups, leaving them in comparative obscurity within the dimmed lustre in which they stood. These explosions past, their sinking sparks fell like a shower of fire upon the dancers, still undulating in the cold blue light. Suddenly a flight of fire-balloons, floating upwards over the city, revealed temples and palaces and mosques with gilded minarets, which glimmered for an instant through the momentary brightness, and then disappeared within the darkness of the night; while from the water arose delicious perfumes of which the

fragrance, softened by the tepid air, seemed to come from the freshest flowers, instead of the cunning art of the perfumer. The Commander-in-Chief and his aides-de-camp felt as if they had been suddenly awoke from a dream when the spectacle ended.

On the 16th of December the Commander-in-Chief departed from Lucknow, and on the 8th of January, 1828, reached Agra, where he remained only three days, visiting the Taj and other places of interest, and inspecting the garrison. It may be remarked that, according to the testimony of a king's officer who was present at the review, the native troops performed their evolutions with much more steadiness than the European regiments.

From Agra Lord Combermere marched to Bhurtpore, reaching that scene of his recent triumphs on the 13th of January. Though only two years had elapsed since the siege, the place, with the exception of the fortifications, presented few signs of the fearful bombardment under which it had suffered. The inhabitants seemed to have recovered their former prosperity, and were even cordial in the reception they gave their conqueror. After partaking of a dinner given in his honour by the young rajah, Lord Combermere started for Muttra, at which place he arrived on the 17th. The following day a review of the troops quartered there was held, and in the evening he gave a dinner to all those who had been present at the siege of Bhurtpore. Three days later he continued

his journey to Delhi, arriving there on the 1st of February. Five days were devoted to seeing all the remarkable sights of that famous city, dining with different princes and rajahs, inspecting the troops in garrison, and paying a visit of ceremony to the King. The Resident of Delhi at that time was Mr. Trevelyan, now Sir Charles Trevelyan; and we learn from the late General Mundy's sketches in India that the young civilian proved himself a most able and courteous cicerone to the officers of the Commander-in-Chief's staff. Among Lord Combermere's entertainers on the occasion of this visit was Nawab Shumshah Deene.* The amiable Commander-in-Chief, ever ready to act as a peacemaker, gladly seized the opportunity of reconciling the Nawab's three younger brothers, amongst whom some difference regarding the division of their deceased father's property had arisen.

The state visit to the Great Mogul is described with great spirit by Captain Mundy, and the scene must indeed have been one giving equal cause for melancholy reflections and laughter. Accompanied by the Resident and the staff, all mounted on elephants, Lord Combermere arrived at a gate in the palace, where a very low arch obliged them to dismount. As there appeared an evident intention to compel him to walk, Lord Combermere got

* It is thus written by Captain Mundy, but we imagine it should rather have been written Shunsheer-ood-Deen, or "The Sword of Faith."

into his palanquin, and was thus carried as far as the quadrangle, in which the hall of audience is situated. Passing the great red curtain which veiled the door, everyone, according to etiquette, made a low obeisance in honour of the Emperor, who, however, was not yet in sight, being seated in an inner room. At the entrance of the corridor leading to the presence, the Resident and his assistants took off their shoes and hats. Lord Combermere, however, who had previously obtained a concession in favour of himself and his staff, was not required to perform a similar ceremony. After the usual interchange of *nuzzurs*, or offerings of money, the Emperor placed a turban on the head of the Commander-in-Chief, who was then led off to be clothed in a dress of honour. In a few minutes he returned, attired in a robe and tunic of spangled muslin. The staff were then compelled to submit to a similar infliction, and soon re-entered the presence dressed in the most incongruous and ludicrous manner. Every officer appeared in loose flowing robes of silver muslin, while round the cocked-hat of each was wound a *puggree*, or turban, of the same material. They, as well as their chief, offered additional presents in recognition of the distinction bestowed upon them. At the termination of the audience the heralds proclaimed aloud the titles which His Imperial Majesty had bestowed upon Lord Combermere. Among these were "Champion of the State," "Sword of the Emperor," and "Lord of the World."

On the 6th of February Lord Combermere quitted Delhi to continue his tour; and passing by Kurnal on the 19th reached Sirdhana. During the march he wrote to his sister, Miss Cotton, giving her an account of his tour, and of the honours he had received from the King of Delhi.

"Camp Kurnaul, Feb. 14, 1828.

"MY DEAR HESTER,—Thanks for your letter of the 29th August, just received; you ought to have received one from me which I wrote in August, but ships are much longer on the homeward than the outward passage, frequently five or six months going to England. What gave rise, I wonder, to the report that I should return home this year? I never intended leaving India before November next. It is now probable that I shall not embark till November, 1829.

"I have been on a tour of inspection ever since the 1st November, which I shall finish in April by going to the Himalaya mountains, there to remain during the hot months. I have visited the Kings of Oude and Delhi, the latter—the Great Mogul—conferred on me the high titles which have never been given to a European, except Lord Lake. His Majesty presented me with a dress, turban, robes, a sword, shield, &c., all of which were put on me in his presence. I have got the patent of creation, and will send you a translation to show how I am Rustrum Jung Bahadoor!

in short, next in rank to the noble house of Timour! Report lately sent me to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant. I wish His Majesty would equally send me there as successor to my friend Lord Wellesley. Had the rumour been well founded it would have been confirmed by this time.

"Lord Kilmorey is certainly a most wonderful man, to make a tour on the continent at eighty. I hope to find him stout and well at my return, and that he will continue to be my neighbour at Shavington for years to come, though we cannot expect to keep him very long.

"Next week I am going into the famous tiger hunting country, and hope to have good sport. At Lucknow the King of Oude amused us with elephant fights, tiger and bear-baiting. Deer-hunting with tamed tigers; after breakfast we had quail fighting on a table. The King gave me his miniature set in diamonds, and on taking leave he buckled on me a sword, the hilt and scabbard of which are studded with precious stones. The magnificence of his court is not to be described, his jewels are splendid. His Majesty one day told me that since he ascended the throne, only two months since, he has added one hundred thousand pounds' worth of jewels to those he inherited. I said that he possessed more than any monarch in the world, to which he replied, 'Yes, but each king, on coming to the throne, should add his *mite* to the stock.' He then showed me his

crown, which is richer than our monarch's. He has, besides his many palaces, five or six country houses, quite English, with English furniture and pictures. In one of these near the river was hung up a view of Dynas Bryun. I showed it to Colonel Cunliffe, my Commissary General, who was as much surprised as I was at seeing it; pray tell the Cunliffes of this. Ask Charles Wynn if he has received a very curious and handsome Bhurtpore book, which I sent him by Colonel Watson. Let me know how he likes it; it is much prized by all oriental scholars in Calcutta. I wish that you had learnt Persian or Hindostanee instead of Welsh. I have got a shield and sword to send to Charles Wynn: will you announce them to him?

"The view from my tents of snow-topped mountains is indescribably grand; they are seventy miles distant, and appear close over us. The highest peak is 23,000 feet above the level of the sea. The climate here is delightful; we are 1100 miles from Calcutta, which is now beginning to be very hot. Adieu, my dear Hester.

"Ever your most affectionate

"COMBERMERE.

"To Miss Hester Cotton."

Sirdhana was the residence of the Begum Sumroo, one of the most extraordinary women India has ever produced. Lord Combermere first met her

when proceeding to take the command of the army destined for the siege of Bhurtpore. She earnestly entreated to be permitted to assist in the capture of that place with her miniature army, having probably the expected prize-money in view. Lord Combermere politely declined the proposed reinforcement, alleging in excuse that his camp was so much crowded that he had already been obliged to refuse the aid of several other native chiefs who had equally proffered their services. Towards the end of the siege she suddenly appeared in the British camp, attended by her body-guard, and accompanied by her step-son, young Dyce Sombre, then a boy, gaudily attired in a court page's costume. Pitching her tent just behind that of the Commander-in-Chief, she perpetually pestered him to allow her ragged retainers to take part in the operations. Lord Combermere persisted in declining this valuable aid, but many courtesies, notwithstanding, passed between him and the aged Amazon, who frequently dined with him. A curious but strong friendship sprang up between these two warriors of opposite sexes, Lord Combermere probably not becoming aware till afterwards of the many deeds of blood and violence which had stained the Begum's earlier career. Eventually this friendship was carried to the extent of Lord Combermere promising to act as guardian to her adopted son, who on her death was to proceed to England for the purpose of obtaining

permission to inherit such of her possessions and property as were not to revert to the Company. Putting the lad's hand into that of the Commander-in-Chief, she made the latter swear that he would befriend young Dyce Sombre, at the same time declaring that so great was the regard and admiration she entertained for the conqueror of Bhurtpore, that she looked on him as her son, and destined for him an equal share, with her earlier adopted child, in her vast possessions. Although the Begum forgot her promise, Lord Combermere fulfilled his, as will be seen further on in these memoirs.

The Begum pushed her sentimental friendship for Lord Combermere so far as to send him her picture, and insist on a return of the compliment.

The history of this woman is one of the most striking and romantic. Her first husband was a German adventurer, named Reinhard, belonging to the electorate of Cassel, who, in the earlier part of the last century, came out to India as a carpenter in a French man-of-war. He appears to have been for several years employed on land in the south of India. From thence, proceeding to Calcutta, he enlisted in one of the European companies maintained by the Honourable East India Company. Within a few days he deserted, and after trying his fortune under several native chiefs, eventually entered the service of Mir Cossim, the Nawab of Bengal, and obtained the command of two battalions of Sepoys,

as well as great influence with his master. When in 1763, Mir Cossim—furious at the capture of Monghyr, his capital, by the English—ordered all the prisoners taken at Patna to be put to death, it was to Reinhard that the task was confided. The dastardly deed was performed, it is said, not only with punctual obedience, but even with alacrity, by the pitiless renegade, whose dark complexion, and perhaps gloomy manner, procured for him, from his French comrades, the *sobriquet* of "Sombre," corrupted by the natives into "Sumroo." When Mir Cossim's affairs seemed utterly desperate, Sumroo suddenly surrounded with his troops the Nawab's tent and demanded their arrears of pay. Mir Cossim pleaded want of money, but offered to give him his discharge on condition that he should first surrender all the arms in his possession. Sumroo insolently replied that these now belonged to the men who held them, and forthwith deserted with all his troops to Shujah Dowlah, the Nawab-vizier of Oude. The English soon followed up Mir Cossim, who, as well as Sumroo, had taken refuge with Shujah Dowlah, and established themselves on the frontiers of Oude, with a view to extorting, by this demonstration, the surrender of the fugitives. An insubordinate spirit had moreover arisen among the troops, some three hundred of whom had marched off in a body to Benares. Sumroo, prompt to profit by the opportunity, attacked the English camp near Patna, but

was repulsed with great slaughter. The battle of Buxar compelled the Nawab of Oude to yield to their terms. He declined, it is true, to surrender Mir Cossim, as such an act would be contrary to the laws of hospitality, but offered to let him escape, when, shorn of all means of defence, he might easily be captured. As for Sumroo, he said, that being at the head of a large body of troops, it would be difficult to seize him. Mir Cossim therefore proposed that he should invite Sumroo to an entertainment, and there murder him in the presence of any Englishman who might be sent to verify the fact of his death. Unscrupulous as were our countrymen in India at that time, this offer was yet at once declined. Sumroo, having probably obtained some inkling of this negotiation, fled to Rohilcund, where he extorted his arrears of pay by surrounding the zenana of the Nawab of Oude which happened then to be in that province. Sumroo then entered successively the services of the rajahs of Bhurtpore and Jeypore, being at last dismissed by the latter owing to the remonstrances of the English. Leaving Jeypore he proceeded to Delhi, and received employment from the prime minister, who discharged him four months later, for fear of offending the English. He was, however, immediately taken into service by Nujjuff Khan, the Shah's favourite general, and at that time all-powerful at Delhi. Nujjuff Khan, appreciating the military qualities of Sumroo, bestowed on him the jaghire of

Sirdhana for the maintenance of a body of troops, which eventually amounted to five battalions of Sepoys, a body of Mogul horse, 200 European officers and artillerymen, and 40 pieces of artillery, besides irregular forces raised as occasion might require. He married a beautiful woman, who is said by some to have been the daughter of a decayed Mogul noble, by others to have been a Cashmeree dancing girl, and converted her to the Roman Catholic faith. At his death she succeeded him in his jaghire and the command of his army, managing both so well, that, in the midst of surrounding disorders, she preserved her territory almost unmolested. About the year 1782, Shah Alum, the then king of Delhi, had fallen under the tyranny of Scindiah, who, while allowing him to retain his title and a nominal sovereignty, in reality reduced him to the condition of a vassal. The Begum was too wary to attempt any resistance to the powerful Mahratta, and, indeed, even managed to secure his confidence, but, to her credit be it spoken, never forgot her fealty to her liege lord. Scindiah not only allowed her to retain her jaghire, but even increased it; and when, in 1788, he marched against the Rajah of Jeypore, he entrusted the guardianship of the western frontier to the Begum's charge. Gholam Kadir Khan, the Rohilla chief, took advantage of Scindiah's absence to seize on Delhi and make a prisoner of the Great Mogul, whose eyes he put out, and whom he otherwise treated with every barbarity. As soon

as the Begum heard of the Rohilla's capture of Delhi, she immediately hastened there with her troops, and prepared to defend the king. The usurper, fearing her resolute character, offered her marriage and an equal share of power. She contemptuously refused to listen to the overture, and unmindful of a threat of immediate hostilities, opened fire with her guns on the usurper. Unfortunately she was not supported, and the king was captured and blinded, as we have before said.

The warlike exploits of this heroine would fill a volume. She used to lead on her troops to battle in person; and her intrepidity and presence of mind even in the midst of the greatest carnage was most remarkable. At the battle of Assaye, four or five of her battalions were the only portion of Scindiah's army that left the field unbroken, notwithstanding repeated charges of our cavalry, in one of which Colonel Maxwell was slain at the head of the 23rd Dragoons. So courageous, so successful, so apparently exempt from all the dangers of a battle-field was this woman, that the inhabitants of Southern India declared her to be a witch, who destroyed her enemies by throwing her chadar at them, chadar meaning grape-shot as well as a woman's garment.*

In the year 1795, when already an elderly woman, she determined, contrary to the advice of her friends,

* The chadar is a long sort of sheet worn by the women of India over their heads and the upper part of their bodies.

on contracting a second marriage. The successor of Sumroo—Le Vaissaux by name—was like him a foreign adventurer, and held a commission in her army. She soon had reason to repent this choice. Le Vaissaux, though a man of talent, possessed a stern and haughty disposition, and before long his harshness provoked a mutiny amongst the troops. These induced Zaffer Khan, a son of Sumroo, though not by the Begum, to seize on the jaghire; and so well had the conspirators contrived their plans, that, no resistance being possible, Le Vaissaux and his wife sought safety in flight. They travelled in separate palanquins, and had not gone far when they were overtaken by a body of the mutineers. In the confusion which ensued the two palanquins became separated. All at once Le Vaissaux heard loud cries for assistance proceeding from the direction in which he knew his wife was. The next instant one of her favourite slaves rushed up with horror depicted in every feature, and bearing in her hand a shawl dabbled in blood. He asked what was the matter. "My mistress has stabbed herself," was the reply. Unwilling to believe his ears, Le Vaissaux repeated his question, and again received the same answer. On this he drew out his pistol, deliberately placed it to his mouth, fired, and fell back in the palanquin a corpse. It is said that this act of devotion was the result of a mutual agreement they had made not to survive each other. As

for the Begum, the instant she learnt that her husband was no more, she, notwithstanding her supposed mortal wound, sprang from the palanquin and made an impressive appeal to the soldiers. It was, however, spoken in vain; for she was at once conducted back to Sirdhana as a prisoner. It seems that she had only inflicted a slight flesh wound on herself, sufficient, however, to produce a copious flow of blood; and it is asserted that her motive was, by her pretended death, to induce her husband to destroy himself. Probably she was not only weary of the union, but hoped that, by getting rid of him, she might remove the most serious obstacle in the way of recalling her troops to their allegiance.

As we have seen, she failed to attain this object, and betaking herself in adversity to a man whom in prosperity she had dismissed from her service—the celebrated George Thomas,* she induced him to interest Scindiah in her behalf. He did so effectually, and the Begum was re-established in her former position at Sirdhana. For several years she constantly followed the Mahratta standards to the field, but at length, becoming convinced of the ultimate triumph of the English, determined to secure her possessions by a timely submission. She came to this resolve shortly after Lord Lake had broken the power of Scindiah at Delhi, but before the victory of Laswarree had definitely established British supremacy in

* Afterwards Rajah of Hurrianah.

Northern India. Her overtures were therefore cordially received, and she was invited to the British camp. Carried in her palanquin straight to the reception tent, she was there welcomed by Lord Lake, who had just finished dinner. The adhesion of the various petty chiefs was at that time deemed an object of great importance. Lord Lake was therefore delighted at the submission of a person of so much capacity and consideration as the Begum. Inspired with these feelings, as well as by the wine he had drunk, he gallantly received her with an embrace and a kiss. The dismay of her attendants was unutterable at witnessing this affront, even more insulting to a native than it would be to a European lady. She, however, was equal to the occasion, and prevented any ill impression by turning round to her suite, and saying, with ready tact, "The salute of a padre* to his daughter!" As the Begum professed Christianity, this explanation was admitted, though it must be confessed that the jolly-looking, red-coated English general did not bear any very close resemblance to a clergyman.

The terms granted by the Indian Government to the Begum were the confirmation of her position as a semi-independent princess for life, with the proviso that, at her death, the chief part of her jaghire—the whole of it being worth about 100,000*l.* a year—

* All ministers of religion are termed *padre* by the natives of India.

should revert to the Company. With these conditions she seemed satisfied, and ever remained a faithful subject of the British.

The character of this remarkable woman was a curious mixture. To strong notions of loyalty to her engagements, much abilities, unbounded courage, were united great superstition, an unforgiving disposition, deceitfulness, and the most unscrupulous disregard of human life. On one occasion a female slave, having been discovered in an intrigue with the Begum's husband, she ordered her to be buried alive! The beauty of the victim excited universal sympathy, and fearing an attempt to save her, the Begum caused a carpet to be spread over the grave, and lay there sleeping and smoking her hookah till all rescue became useless.

The above details of the Begum's history are mostly taken from Captain Mr[illegible]dy's work. He thus describes her appearance in [illegible]8:—"In person she is very short, and rather *[illegible]onpoint*; her complexion is unusually fair, her features large and prominent, and their expression roguish and acute. Her costume consisted of a short full petticoat, displaying a good deal of her keeneab trousers, from under which peeped a very tiny pair of embroidered slippers. Of her hands, arms, and feet, the octogenarian beauty is still justly proud. She wore on her head a plain, snug turban of Cashmere, over which a shawl was thrown, enveloping her cheeks, throat, and shoulders;

and from the midst of its folds her little grey eyes peered forth with a lynx-like acuteness." With this Amazon the Commander-in-Chief dined on the day of his arrival at Sirdhana, having previously visited a beautiful little Roman Catholic chapel which she was building, on the model of St. Peter's, at Rome.

The next morning Lord Combermere marched to Meerut, where he spent eight days reviewing the troops and receiving every species of hospitality. On the 28th he continued his tour in the direction of Rohilcund. He had not proceeded more than one march when news was brought into camp of the presence of some tigers in the neighbourhood. Such an opportunity was not to be neglected, and the Commander-in-Chief, with his eager staff, hastened in search of them. The whole party were mounted on elephants, the animal on which Lord Combermere rode being a famed *shikaree*, or hunter, thoroughly trained to the dangerous sport in which they were bent. At length the tiger was found. A loud "Tally-ho!" followed by a shot from one of the sportsmen, announced that the game was afoot. Of this the latter soon gave sufficient evidence himself; for with a loud roar he charged the line of advancing elephants, which were thirty in number, some being beaters. Every animal turned tail at once, and fled in terror across the plain, except that on which Lord Combermere was seated, which remained, standing

as firm as a rock. Against him the tiger directed his charge, but having been wounded by the first shot was unable to spring on to the elephant. Lord Combermere, thus left alone, fired away the contents of all his barrels, though without apparent effect. The tiger, however, retired growling into the bushes. The first person to come to the Commander-in-Chief's assistance was Captain Mundy, who had succeeded in turning his elephant before he had gone very far. Finding Lord Combermere deprived of all means of offence, he handed him a double-barrelled gun, and the two sportsmen fired four more shots at the tiger. The latter, attempting again to charge several times in rapid succession, fell from sheer weakness, and a few more discharges finished him. Lord Combermere, having stood quite alone exposed to the fury of the monster, was awarded by acclamation the honours of the day.

Visiting Hurdwar and Saharunpore on his way, the Commander-in-Chief arrived on the 24th of March at Sirhind, in the Pattialah territory, where he was met by the rajah. An interchange of civilities took place between them—among the presents given by the rajah on this occasion being a complete suit of chain-armour, with casque and gauntlets of steel, inlaid with gold, a sword and shield, a bow and arrows, and a dagger. These Lord Combermere was allowed to retain; and they may now be seen in the armoury at Combermere, side by side with many other

weapons obtained during his residence in India. One of the most interesting articles in this collection is a dagger, presented to the Commander-in-Chief by Huree Singh, and said to have once belonged to the celebrated Govind Singh Goorod.

From Sirhind Lord Combermere continued his journey to Loodianah, where he was met by an embassy from Runjeet Singh, bringing as presents two fiery black chargers, richly caparisoned, and a handsome collection of all the national weapons. Lord Combermere was most anxious to see the celebrated ruler of the Punjab; but the envoy, though profuse in assurances of his sovereign's esteem, said not a word of an invitation to his court, the wily monarch being very jealous of English visitors.

On the 28th of March Lord Combermere left Loodianah on his road to Simla, which place he reached the beginning of April.

Soon after his arrival he received two letters, both of which must have afforded him considerable gratification: one being a complimentary address on the capture of Bhurtpore, from his numerous friends at Barbadoes, who had previously congratulated him privately, the other from Sir John Jones, the celebrated writer on sieges.

It may interest our Anglo-Indian readers to learn that at the time of Lord Combermere's visit grain sold at Loodianah for 160 seers the rupee!

Lord Combermere would seem to have corresponded

regularly with his sister Hester, though but few of his letters have been found.

The following relates to his petition to be allowed to prefix the name of Stapleton to that of Cotton:—

"Simla, in the Himalaya Mountains,
"July 23rd, 1828.

"My dear Hester,—Although I wrote to you not long ago I must do so again, to thank you for your letter of the 6th of March (received yesterday), and to beg that you will explain to the Stapletons why I took the name so dear to us all; I cannot do so more clearly than by the petition which Sir George Naylor has sent in for me to the king—a copy of which I enclose. Shipley certainly inherits the bulk of the property, but then Bodrydden came to the Stapletons by marriage with a Conway. Nevis and St. Kitts is on the old Stapleton estates; I have three-fourths of them, and should therefore assume the name of Stapleton.

"Sir A. Clark is right in thinking that I do well to remain here till I have accomplished one of the objects for which I made so great a sacrifice.

"You may expect to see me walking into your cottage in March or April of '30. I have requested that my successor, Lord Dalhousie, should be at Calcutta in the October of next year. Ask the Green Cottons if they can secure for me any of the old family pic-

tures that were at Bellaport; and can you get me any of our Stapleton ancestors' portraits?

"Dear Hester, your very affectionate,

"COMBERMERE."

"To Miss Cotton."

Lord Combermere, during his five months' residence at Simla, inhabited a house belonging to Captain Kennedy, the political agent at Sabathoo for the Hill states. The house, though enlarged by the previous tenant, Lord Amherst, beyond its original dimensions, which were only those of a summer residence for Captain Kennedy, a bachelor, was not sufficiently extensive to contain more than the Commander-in-Chief, his surgeon, and one aide-de-camp. The rest of the personal staff were therefore compelled to build houses for themselves; indeed, Simla had only been founded two or three years, and the sounds of axe and chisel resounded on every side, announcing additions to the very few houses already in existence. Anglo-Indians of the present day will smile at being told that Captain Mundy spoke with exultation and pride of there being *sixteen* ladies at that Hill station in the hot weather of 1828.

Little occurred to vary the regular routine of Lord Combermere's life during the next few months; his hours of work were devoted to the transaction of business, while his hours of leisure were occupied by local improvements. Every visitor to Simla recollects

a conical hill called Jako; but probably few know that they owe the excellent road round it to Lord Combermere's engineering skill. Every morning before breakfast, and every evening about sunset, the Commander-in-Chief was to be seen superintending the operations which were carried on by 200 Hill-men. Any one who has ever resided in the Himalayas knows the difficulties of road-making in those mountains, where the roads have to be cut out of the sides of almost perpendicular hills, and every step in advance must be obtained by blasting the huge rocks which continually obstruct the engineer's progress. In addition to this road, Lord Combermere caused a pine-wood bridge to be made over a steep ravine which obstructed the circuit of the place, and a large stone tank to be constructed beneath it, to obviate the great scarcity of water. The bridge is to this day called Combermere Bridge. While directing these operations, Lord Combermere frequently encouraged the labourers by himself wielding the pickaxe: but he could not induce his young aides-de-camp to imitate his example. They declared that road-making was no part of their business, and anything but an agreeable amusement.

During the Commander-in-Chief's stay at Simla he still cherished the hope of receiving an invitation to Lahore, but the suspicious sovereign of the Punjab carefully avoided giving the slightest hint of a desire for an interview. Very distrustful of Lord Comber-

mere's motives, and greatly fearing some sudden aggression on the part of the British, Runjeet Singh used every month during the Commander-in-Chief's residence at Simla, to send an envoy, attended by a large retinue, and bearing presents, ostensibly charged with anxious inquiries after Lord Combermere's health, but really ordered to ascertain if any assemblage of troops near the frontier betokened an invasion of the country of the Five Rivers. Lord Combermere in vain assured the ambassador that he enjoyed invariable good health, and that if any alteration should unfortunately take place he would take care to acquaint Runjeet Singh. The wily chief was not, however, to be baffled, and declaring that he required the testimony of his own envoys as to the blessed fact of Lord Combermere's well-being, continued to send messages of inquiry as before.

At the end of September Lord Combermere made an excursion into the interior for the purpose of visiting the Borinda Pass. During this journey he kept a journal, a copy of which he transmitted to Lady Combermere in England.

Lord Combermere's Journal.

"At last the rains are over and we set off this morning at five on our snowy tour. The weather is fine, and the climate very delightful, like October weather in Ireland. The distance of this place of encampment from Simla is fourteen miles, up and

down very steep mountain roads. I walked great part of the way.

"Our party consists of the political agent, Finch, Captain Archer (steward of the household), the doctor, and self, and about 300 persons in attendance, servants to carry our tents, luggage, &c. Dawkins, Mundy, and Baron Austen take another route, as the difficulty of getting supplies is great.

"The rest of my staff remains at Simla. The Rajah of Bussire (whose territories we shall pass through in a few days) accompanies us.

"*Ludjoo, October 1st.*—This day's march was more fatiguing than yesterday. Nothing can be finer than the scenery, particularly at this season. The mountains are under cultivation in steps and patches to their very tops, and the crops now being ripe are seen to the greatest advantage. The cottages are very numerous; they are built of stone, with roofs of the same, and are far better than those of Ireland or Wales. They consist of two stories: one for the cattle, and the upper one for the family. The peasantry are fine, stout people, very much like natives of the Pyrenees; the men wear brown cloth jackets and trowsers, and a round cap very like that worn in the highlands of Scotland and in the Bas Pyrénées. The women are warmly clad, their petticoats and jackets like those of the Swiss, and their hair plaited in the same way.

Fago is 8000 feet above the level of the sea, and 1000 feet higher than Simla. We descended this

morning 4300 feet, crossed a most delicious mountain stream, and ascended 2000 feet. The Rajah, whose village (a capital) is a few miles from hence, has been to pay his respects to me. His Highness's offering (nuzzur) consisted of a pheasant and a pot of honey. He is a fine, handsome man of about fifty, with a beard almost a foot long, his dress plain, except his earrings and bracelets, which were very dandified. His son, a youth of twenty, came with him; both these Hill chiefs march with us to-morrow.

"*Bagnee, October 2nd.*—Accompanied by our royal attendants, we marched at six this morning and have ascended 3800 feet. The view from hence is enchanting, as we are upon a ridge, the valley on each side of which is upwards of 4000 feet below us, while a great part of the sides of the hills is covered with cedars of enormous size and evergreen oaks. The underwood of holly and the snowy range form a magnificent background. The thermometer in my tent was at fifty-two in the middle of the day; it seldom gets above seventy. At Simla, in a verandah, it seldom rose above sixty-two in the middle of the day. Seven marches more will bring us to the Borinda Pass, but we shall be able to take our ponies about four or five marches beyond this place. The last day will be rather fatiguing, as we shall have to walk upon snow up to the top of the pass, which is nearly 18,000 feet above the level of the sea.

"*October 3rd.*—The scenery on this day's march was

grand beyond description. We set out at half-past five, and ascended a very steep, rocky hill, covered with evergreen oak, cedar, holly, nut-bushes, wild raspberries, &c. We reached the summit just at sunrise, and were delighted with the magnificent prospect of rich valleys, stupendous mountains, some covered to their tops with well-cultivated fields, some with forests, others ragged and bare, and to crown the whole the lofty Himalayas, covered with snow. For about three miles of the march we traversed the finest cedar wood I have yet seen. The road through it was tolerably level, and the openings now and then seeming cut by Webb for ornament, with trees of immense size in the intervals. The green road we passed over was covered with strawberry plants of a foot high. Some of the cedars measured fifteen feet in the girth, and the yew trees were of prodigious magnitude. After passing through the forest, we began to descend into a lovely valley, in which the village where we are stands. The Rajah of Boulsir, who has been with us two days, took his leave this morning, and the Rajah of Joorbul, whose territory we shall enter to-morrow, paid his respects to me after breakfast. The nuzzur he presented consists of a pot of honey and a bag of deer-skin containing milk; but I hear our friend means to offer me a *cuckery**—a short sword, not unlike a Scotch dirk—when I

* Pronounced Kookrie. This is the heavy curved knife, much used by the Ghoorkas both in war and the chase.

approach his capital, near which we are to encamp to-morrow.

"*Camp near Drora, October 4th.*—I thought that nothing could have exceeded the grandeur and beauty of the scenery upon yesterday's march, but this morning I was quite enchanted when day broke. We had by that time ascended a mountain, the elevation of which is 10,300 feet above the level of the sea. We moved along the ridge at this level, about three miles. The views from it on all sides were really splendid. The high peaks covered with snow, called Gungootie and Jumnootie, were in sight; from the first of these rises the famous Ganges, and from the latter the river Jumna has its source. Upon this ridge the petty Rajah of Durmootie and his son met us. Their nuzzurs consisted of some young red partridges, alive. I am going to pay a visit this evening to the Rajah, whose palace is near the village of Drora, about a mile from camp. It appears to me a very handsome building. His Highness's minister has promised to keep him sober for the occasion, for he had not recovered from the effects of opium yesterday. The inhabitants of these mountains are Hindoos of very high caste; they never drink spirituous liquors, but smoke themselves into a state of stupid intoxication. Most of the natives have the goître, and I observe that their voices are affected by it.

"*Camp near Sara, October 5th.*—I was rather disappointed on visiting the Rajah of Judbul yesterday

evening. His palace is a large one, but though it looks well at a distance, it is devoid of the rich carvings and ornaments with which the Hindoo buildings usually abound, and the interior was dismal and bare. The Rajah never gave me the cuckery! This palace is situated on a small, high mound, three sides of which are washed by a picturesque river. Above, a fine cedar wood towers over it, opening here and there to display the rough outlines of enormous rocks. It is altogether the most romantic spot a poet could imagine. The road to this encampment, which is at the confluence of the Panbul and Judbul rivers, is along the side of the mountain on the left bank of the Judbul, and more level than any road we have yet seen in these mountains. We crossed several fine ravines and mountain streams. Along the side of them were large alder trees. The leaf is longer than that of the English alder, but the bark and shape of the tree are precisely similar. Parts of this fine valley put me in mind of the Rhine, but this is much wider. The encampment is 6500 feet above the level of the sea. We are near the palace of the Rajah of Sara's widow, to whom I paid a visit. She is a good-looking woman of about fifty, very fair, and her features quite European. This spirited princess, in the year 1823, went to Calcutta, 1300 miles off, to represent her grievances to the Governor-General, and returned with the loss of half her territories, for which the Honourable Company gave her a pension.

She is aunt to the Judbul Rajah, with whom she has for a long time been on very bad terms, in consequence of a disputed boundary. The political agent will settle that to-day, but not the jealous feelings that subsisted so long, as it is impossible in these cases to satisfy both parties.

"The ruins of an old fort, which stand upon an island in the Panbee, add much to the beauty of the scenery. Her Highness's palace is very small and plain.

"*Camp of Koroo, 6th October.*—This morning's march was along the right bank of the Panbul river, the scenery much the same as yesterday, and the road more level, there being only two or three ravines and rivers to cross. We are now in the territory of the Rajah of Bussahir, whose capital, Rampoor, is about five marches from hence. He is the richest, and was the most powerful of the Hill chiefs. The rajah gooroo (chief priest) lives here. He waited upon me after breakfast. His nuzzur was a plate of raisins and a ——*. I am going to his temple this morning.

"This place is only 5200 feet above the level of the sea. After to-morrow we shall have to ascend a very steep mountain, to the elevation of 11,300 feet. The ponies and mules will be left here, and we shall walk to the Borinda Pass, five marches from hence. We shall return here in ten days, and then go home to Simlah by a different route from that by which we came.

* The original word cannot be deciphered.

"*Camp near Bussahir, October 7th.*—Our march this morning was along the right bank of the Panbul river; the road less hilly than I expected. The valley narrows much as we are approaching the source of this delightful stream, which becomes very rapid here, and passes over and through enormous rocks. The houses and costumes differ from those in the states through which we have passed, and the inhabitants of this valley are dark and ill-favoured.

"At Booroo yesterday evening the high priest of the Bussahir state accompanied us to his cathedral. His Holiness is about the size of the Duke of Bucks. He walked before me (and sometimes I made him run), preceded by a man with a magnificent silver stick. The temple, although the largest, is not the handsomest I have seen. It is a square building, surrounded by a veranda, which was crowded with young priests and fakirs; there were also several pilgrims from different parts of India. The fakirs had nothing on but girdles, and were covered from head to foot with ashes. Their hair had never been cut or combed; it had been plaited many years. We were admitted into one apartment only, which looks into the quadrangle which serves for a straw-yard. The temple (surrounded by verandas) is on the upper story, while the lower one is filled with cattle; the hill people use nothing else for agricultural purposes, and never kill them: If a man commits murder it is considered a common misdemeanor, but if he kills a cow he suffers death. The English are obliged to attend to the religious customs of these extra-

ordinary people, and John Bull grumbles much at not being allowed to taste roast beef during many months' sojourn in the mountains.

"*October 8th.*—This day's march was short, and varied but little from that of yesterday. I visited a village on the other side of the Panbul, which I crossed by a very narrow bridge, consisting of two enormously long fir trees laid upon others which were fixed on either side of the river. This is the usual bridge over the mountain streams, which are too rapid to ford. I was surprised at the priests allowing me to see one of their idols; it was of brass, and covered with very long hair, plaited like the fakirs. This god was seated in an open palanquin, at the top of one of the temples, where a dozen priests and fakirs were seated round the deity, smoking their hubble-bubbles.

"The inhabitants of this village have their land, belonging to the Bussahir rajah, rent free; but I fancy the priests and fakirs take large tithes from them for the support of the gods, not forgetting themselves. The people did not appear more comfortable than those of other villages, and the throats of the peasants were much larger than lower down the river. The priests told me that it was in some measure occasioned by their drinking the river water, which comes from the snow, but they attribute it more to the use of water from a well in the village. The married women wear round each leg, just above the ankle, an enormous bangle, weighing upwards of fourteen pounds: they cannot appear in public with-

out them. The parents of a woman, instead of giving their daughter a marriage portion, receive as large a sum as the husband can afford to give (from ten to a hundred rupees). In Scotland, I believe, it was, and still is perhaps, only necessary for a man to call a woman his wife before witnesses to become legally her husband: in these highlands it is sufficient to establish a marriage if the parties eat salt out of the same dish. It is not necessary for the bride to be consulted; if the man can pay the number of rupees that the parents demand, it is a match. Hence probably arises the custom of putting on the heavy fetters immediately after the marriage ceremony, in order to prevent the lady running away from her spouse.

"We were met here this morning by the other party, including Dawkins, Baron Austen, and Mundy; they are on their return to Simla, and leave us to-morrow.

"*October 9th.*—What a lovely valley we have marched through this morning! We crossed several tributaries (which descend in the finest cascade I ever beheld) from the lofty mountains on each side of the Panbul river.

The inhabitants of this village differ in features and colour from those of the districts through which we have passed. Some are fairer than any we have seen, and some are very dark. They are more like their neighbours the Chinese Tartars. The villagers came out *en masse* to meet "the Lord," and asked the political agent (who went into the village)

what sort of a being the lord was. They were rather surprised and disappointed at seeing a man, as dark as some of their own tribe, dressed in jacket, waistcoat, and trousers made of *putoo*—a cloth manufactured in their own mountains.

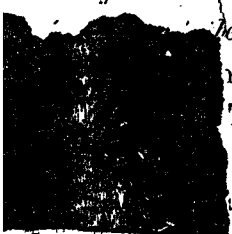
"The view from my tent is grand beyond description. The valley is not wide here, the mountains are very high, and wooded in parts within a third of their tops, which are covered with snow from November till July or August. Here we have the elm, beech, horse-chestnut, ash, and all European trees of very great size. To-morrow we shall reach the last village; from thence to the Borinda Pass we have two marches through an uninhabited country.

"*Camp, October 10th.*—The march was fatiguing this morning, but most interesting and grand was the scenery. The river in places runs between very high mountains, the valley very narrow, and the rocks overhanging the river so precipitous that we were obliged to climb over them. In some places a sort of path has been cut round the rock several hundred feet above the river; it was nervous looking down to the torrent below. The fall of the river is so great that there is a continued sheet of foam. On the opposite side the rock is almost covered with large cedars and all sorts of shrubs. This is the last village on this side of the pass, and to-morrow we shall encamp at the edge of the forest, within six miles of the Borinda Pass. The next day we shall go to the top of it, and return

to our encampment in the evening. Last night there was a fall of snow, and all the tops of the mountains were covered with snow. All sorts of European trees grow here to a prodigious size; the horse-chestnut, elm, birch, walnut, pear, and apricot trees are in abundance. The fruit is now ripening, and is excellent; the grapes are quite delicious. The hills are full of bears, wolves, leopards, jackals and monkeys, &c. &c. We have not yet seen any alive. We passed on the road a huge bear, which the peasants of this village killed yesterday. In going up one of the hills (almost perpendicular) I was obliged to have two peasants to drag me, and one to push behind. I visited the temple where the two gods are kept yesterday evening, and offered them a sheep. The priest made them a speech, and besought the deities to vouchsafe us a prosperous journey to and from the pass. The gods accepted the offering, and the sheep's head was struck off at one blow. The head was placed before the gods, and the body taken into the temple and immediately cut up and dressed for the [illegible]. The acceptance of the sheep by the deities was [illegible]ed by the animal shaking itself immediately after the priest's oration; this was effected by one of the peasants sprinkling some cold water over the sheep's back, and putting some into its ear. There was a loud murmur of satisfaction when the gods had accepted my offering. During this ceremony a band played, consisting of two most horribly loud

and shrill instruments, resembling serpents, two tom-toms (drums), and a pair of kettle drums. At the distance of a mile this music would have had a good effect. The gods were carried each by two men, upon two long bamboos, on the centre of which the deities were seated; the men were dancing the whole of the time. These idolaters have no form of worship. They make sacrifices and offerings to their gods whenever they want anything; the head man of the village acting generally as high priest upon these occasions. The inhabitants of Pecca and this village are small and very unhealthy-looking people; they very much resemble their neighbours on the other side of the great Himalaya mountain, the Tartars.

"We are to-day 11,800 feet above the level of the sea. The thermometer at five this morning was at 46° in my tent. We shall ascend 2000 feet to-morrow, and 3500 more to the top of the pass the next day. We shall be obliged to return by the same route as far as Boorao, to reach Simla by a different road to that by which we came.



...e Foot of the Borinda Pass, October

...nery upon this morning's march was ... The pass is now in sight, and appears ... clear of snow, but the tops of the ...ch side of it are never free from it.

"*October 12.*—This morning after breakfast we set out for the pass, and were about two hours getting to the top of the mountains on the right of the pass,

which is 1000 feet above it. In ascending this rugged and precipitous mountain we passed a very fine waterfall, and above it we found a large lake, covered with ice and snow, of very great depth. This is the source of the Panulber River. The climbing up from this to the top of the peak was most arduous, but the view from it was more extensive, grand, and wonderful than anything I have ever yet beheld. We saw into Chinese Tartary on the right, and had a view of the highest Himalaya mountains, supposed to be the highest in the world; on the left, we looked down upon the richest valley possible. Looking back, we saw the mountains near Simla, the distance from which, as we had marched, is 120 miles, but in a straight line, perhaps, eighty. The cold on the peak was intense, and we were glad to descend to the Pass, 1000 feet lower. After eating our cold meat, and drinking "The glorious and immortal memory" in some whisky brought there for the purpose, we returned to the direct road, if it may be so called. The thermometer at one P.M. was below freezing point.

"*Camp near Pecca*, 13*th October*.—Up[illegible] I went to visit the priests and [illegible] (temple), to thank them for having [illegible] such delightful weather; tho' a good deal of snow had fallen during the night, the day was beautifully clear, and we could not have seen the pass to greater advantage.

"The priest was delighted, and communicated our thanks to the two deities, to whom I presented another sheep.

"14*th October*.—The rajah of Bussie and archbishop met us here this morning. The nuzzar of the former consisted of bags of musk, two stuffed animals, one a wild goat of extraordinary size, and very long and extraordinary shaped horns; the other a deer. His highness gave me also some excellent honey.

"At Jubal we left the road by which we came from Simla. The palace of the rajah here is picturesque, and the country through which we passed this morning very mountainous, well wooded, and beautiful. We marched on the left bank of the Garee river about eight miles, and then crossed by a most extraordinary and picturesque bridge towards Simla."

CHAPTER V.

LORD COMBERMERE LEAVES SIMLA ON A SECOND TOUR OF INSPECTION —HANSI—COLONEL SKINNER—SKINNER'S HORSE—THE SUTTEE QUESTION—MEERUT—DINES WITH THE BEGUM SUMROO—MORADABAD—FUTTEHGUNGE—BAREILLY—A STRANGE MANNER OF MARCHING PAST—FUTTEHGHUR—HAKIM MENDEZ—GWALIOR —ETIQUETTE—UNPLEASANTNESS OF SPURS AT A DURBAR—BANDA AND ITS NAWAB—ALLAHABAD—EMBARKS ON THE GANGES —SAILS DOWN THE GANGES AND BURRAMPOOTER—DINAPORE—DACCA—CHITTAGONG—CROSSES BAY OF BENGAL—POOREE—THE HALF-BATTA QUESTION—ITS HISTORY—LORD WILLIAM BENTINCK COMMUNICATES WITH LORD COMBERMERE ON THE SUBJECT—LORD WILLIAM BENTINCK'S CONDUCT—DANGEROUS DISCONTENT —UNPOPULARITY OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL—LORD COMBERMERE'S CONDUCT—LETTER DESCRIBING IT TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON—LORD COMBERMERE'S LIFE AT POOREE—PROCEEDS TO CALCUTTA—LOSS OF HIS PRIZE-MONEY—EMBARKS FOR ENGLAND—COLONEL SKINNER'S FAREWELL—LANDS AT MADRAS —THE CAPE—ST. HELENA—ASCENSION AND THE CARGO OF TURTLES—HOME AT LAST—LETTER FROM THE BEGUM SUMROO TO LADY COMBERMERE.

CHAPTER V.

IMMEDIATELY after his return from the excursion mentioned in the last chapter, the indefatigable Commander-in-Chief quitted Simla for another tour of military inspection, and visiting Subathoo, Puttialah, and Jheend, at each of which places he made but a short stay, arrived on the 11th of November at Hansi. There he remained two days, riding over to Hissar, to inspect the Company's stud-establishment, and reviewing Skinner's Horse, at that time commanded by the celebrated soldier of fortune to whom they owed their name. After the review, the corps proceeded to the practising-ground for the purpose of exhibiting their individual skill with spear and matchlock. Their prowess in these two exercises called forth the warm admiration of the spectators. The matchlock performance is thus described by Captain Mundy:—

"A bottle is placed on the ground, or suspended from a gibbet, and the column of mounted marksmen is formed up at right angles with the spectators; at a signal from the officer, one of the party gallops forth at full speed, with his matchlock supported

across his bridle-arm, darting past the object at the distance of fifteen or twenty yards; just as he passes, the rein drops from his hand, the matchlock is raised, makes a short horizontal sweep, the ball is sped, and the bottle flies, or *should* fly, into a thousand atoms; a loud shout of applause proclaiming the cavalier's success. Captain Skinner smote two bottles in his two first careers."

Continuing his journey, the Commander-in-Chief arrived at Delhi on the 20th. He stopped there but two days, one of which he employed in inspecting a regiment of native infantry, and the other in paying a private visit to the Great Mogul.

About this time he received a private letter from Lord William Bentinck, who in the preceding July had landed in India, to succeed Lord Amherst as Governor-General.

The object of the Governor-General's letter was to obtain Lord Combermere's opinion on the question of the abolition of Suttee, in so far as it might affect the native army.

In a matter so important, in which a mistake might produce such serious results, a hasty decision was unadvisable. It was not, therefore, till the 19th of April, 1829, that Lord Combermere wrote to the Governor-General, fully concurring in the policy of abolishing a rite the existence of which was a shame and reproach to a Christian government. "Were

I," he states, "to be guided by my own judgment, founded on some experience and opportunities for observation in other countries, or were I to rely on the opinions of those whom on questions more peculiarly dependent on the actual scene of my public duties I must necessarily consult, I should anticipate nothing hazardous in the silent but immediate prohibition of the practice."

On the 25th of November Lord Combermere reached Meerut, where he remained but three days, spending his mornings in reviewing the troops, and the evenings in attending the balls and dinner-parties with which the station celebrated his presence. Among his entertainers was his old friend the Begum Sumroo, who possessed a house at Meerut, in addition to her residence at Sirdhana. Captain Mundy tells us that at this dinner, which was served in the European fashion, the Begum sat smoking a splendid hookah, and in high good humour, bandying jokes and compliments with Lord Combermere, through the medium of an interpreter.

Pursuing his march by Moradabad towards Bareilly, Lord Combermere passed through Futtehgunge, where some thirty-five years previously General Abercrombie, at the head of a British force, and supported by 30,000 of the Nawab of Oude's troops, had won a hardly-earned victory over the Rohillas.

At Bareilly, which the Commander-in-Chief reached

on the 11th of December, he made but a short stay. Whilst there he reviewed Dongan's Irregular Horse, witnessing afterwards their warlike sports, in which, though not quite equal to Skinner's Horse, they displayed great expertness. A curious circumstance in connexion with this review deserves mention. When the regiment marched past, instead of being preceded by a band, a body of mounted singers chanted to the accompaniment of kettle-drums verses in honour of the Commander-in-Chief. Doubtless they sang how this great warrior, this Rustum Jung, had come to the far-famed fortress of Bhurtpore, which although it had resisted even the illustrious "Lord Leeke Sahib," instantaneously crumbled into dust at sight of the auspicious countenance of Lord Combermere Sahib. At Futtehghur, which was the next place of any importance in Lord Combermere's route, he was entertained by the celebrated Hakim Mendez, formerly vizier of Oude. During his tenure of office he had amassed enormous wealth, which he managed to carry away with him into retirement.

After reviewing two regiments of Irregular Cavalry Lord Combermere continued his journey towards Gwalior, the capital of the far-famed Scindiah, whose throne was now filled by a minor.

The neighbourhood of this city was reached on the 2nd of January, 1829, when a halt took place for the purpose of settling the etiquette to be observed on

this occasion. There were great difficulties in the way of coming to an arrangement, for the capital had never before been visited by a personage of such high rank as Lord Combermere. All the artifices of what may be termed gentleman ushers' diplomacy were exerted to induce the Commander-in-Chief to take off his shoes when within a certain distance of the throne; but Major Macan, the Persian interpreter, declared that neither Lord Combermere nor any other English gentleman would submit to any other forms than those required at the court of his own sovereign. After much argument the point was yielded, and Lord Combermere and his staff went, as one of the latter aptly terms it, "booted and spurred like soldiers." The Mahratta, however, had his revenge, for the only seats at the grand durbar were saddle-cloths—articles of furniture characteristic of the warlike camp life of the nation—on which the English officers, with tightly-strapped trousers and long sharp spurs, found it impossible to contrive a comfortable posture.

After spending a few days, passed in dining at the palace, witnessing a Mahratta tournament, inspecting the fort, and paying a visit to the favourite wife of the late sovereign, when the old lady conversed with Lord Combermere through a curtain, he departed on his return to the presidency.

Travelling through Bundelcund Lord Combermere

arrived on the 28th of January at Banda. He had been met on the borders of the Banda territory by the Nawab Zoolficar Ali, who had escorted him to the capital. This chief, who was strongly bitten by Anglomania, gave a dinner to Lord Combermere and his staff, making a particular point of the ladies of the party being present. On Lord Combermere's arrival, he welcomed him on the threshold with a regular French embrace, and led the way into a well-furnished drawing-room. The dress of the Nawab was curious in the extreme. Being a great sporting character, and a regular attendant at the Cawnpore races, where he annually lost large sums of money, he thought it necessary to wear a pair of top-boots. His head-dress was an embroidered velvet skull-cap, on his nose was a pair of English silver-mounted spectacles, while a richly-laced shawl-coat, buttoned in the English fashion, completed this incongruous costume.

Allahabad was the next place of note visited, and there, about the middle of February, Lord Combermere, with his suite, embarked on board budgerows.*

On the 28th February Boglipore was reached, and there the Commander-in-Chief landed to inspect the

* Large native boats, with a sort of house built on their deck. These were formerly much used by Englishmen, when proceeding to and from Allahabad and Calcutta by water. They are now seldom employed; steamers first, and afterwards the railway, having supplied their place.

3rd Buffs, resuming his journey almost immediately after he had performed that duty. From thence he continued his voyage, visiting Dinapore, Dacca, and other places of importance in his route, and inspecting any troops which might be quartered at them.

On the 15th of March he entered the Burrampooter. At length, after following that river to its mouth, he inspected Chittagong, and from thence crossed the Bay of Bengal to Pooree, on the Kuttack coast, arriving at his destination about the middle of April, 1829. There, fanned by the sea breeze which tempers the otherwise insupportable heat of that part of India, he sat down to write to Government the result of his tour.

It is now time to refer to a matter which, though to-day almost forgotten, created at the time a most dangerous feeling of discontent in the Company's army, embittered the last year of Lord Combermere's residence in India, and ultimately induced him to resign his post of Commander-in-Chief before the expiration of his full tenure of office. We allude to the half-batta order, batta being an allowance intended to provide for the expense of marching and field equipment, &c.

The history of the question is briefly this. In 1796 the officers of the Company's army, being in a very dissatisfied, or rather mutinous state, sent delegates home to represent their grievances to the King's

Government and the Court of Directors. The latter, after conferring with these officers, wrote a dispatch to the Indian Government, to the effect that, having now *permanently* fixed the allowances on a scale which might be considered equitable and liberal, they expected that their officers would return to their duty. The allowances in question were full batta to the troops above Benares, double full batta to those in the field or acting as a British contingent in Oude—from the revenues of which province they were paid—half-batta to all others. Under the rule of the Marquis Wellesley double full batta was abolished, and the whole army was placed on full batta, an allowance at the same time being granted in lieu of the quarters which Government had hitherto maintained for officers. At length the joint-stock sovereigns in Leadenhall-street, finding the Indian debt daily increasing, seeing their military power firmly established, and convinced of the loyalty of their army, thought they might afford to slight the instruments by which their magnificent empire had been won. Twice did they send out orders to place all regiments below Benares on half-batta, and twice did the local government refer the matter back again for further consideration. At length their financial difficulties became more and more pressing, and they determined to enforce retrenchment at all risks. It is believed by many that Lord William Bentinck received his appointment as Governor-General on the express condition of reducing the

salaries of the Company's servants, and especially of re-establishing half-batta for regiments stationed below Benares. Be that as it may, soon after his arrival he received a dispatch from the court of directors, containing an imperative command to carry out the latter measure at once. This niggardly act was speciously veiled under the thin disguise of a wish to equalize the allowances of the three presidencies. The order was most unjust, cruel, and foolish, from whatever point of view it is considered. The saving was exceedingly paltry, being estimated at less than 20,000*l.* a year, while the hardship and consequent discontent might be expected to be considerable.

The theory was, that within 200 miles from Calcutta the cost of European goods was small in comparison with the price further up country, and consequently living cheaper. This argument, though founded on a truth, was quite erroneous. European articles were, it is true, comparatively cheap near Calcutta, but all indigenous articles of food, servants' wages, houses, cost of forage, &c., were out of proportion dear. As an example we may state that at Loodianah grain was sold at that time at 320lbs. the rupee, while at Calcutta its cost varied between 30 and 60lbs. the rupee. It was urged also by those whom we may term the abolitionists, that above Benares officers were frequently exposed to be sent into the field, and therefore were compelled to keep their

camp equipment always ready, while such was not the case in the lower provinces. This again was incorrect: officers in the latter part of the country were almost on a par with their more distant companions in that respect, for though, perhaps, not quite so often exposed to actual hostilities, they were constantly being sent on detachment and escort duty. Thus it will be seen that the hardship about to be inflicted on them was very grievous. That discontent was to be expected could not be doubted; for the officers, whether correctly or erroneously, certainly considered that they had entered the service as much under a covenant as the civil servants, and, moreover, that the dispatch of 1796 implied a distinct compact. Their pay and allowances were, it is true, larger than those of any other army in the world, but it was precisely this large emolument which had tempted them to make a lifelong sacrifice, such as was demanded from no other army, and if their receipts were large, so also were their expenses. There can be no doubt that then, as now, much extravagance prevailed in India, but from the best testimony we learn that the pay of the junior ranks was not considered to be more than sufficient—if, indeed, it was sufficient—to keep up the position of a gentleman. The Adjutant-General of the Army and Sir Charles Metcalfe, who had seen much of military men, declared that the majority of the officers of the army were in debt, and implied that they were not so from their own fault.

Lord William Bentinck, though himself a soldier,

seems to have had little sympathy with his brethren in arms, and to have shown an amount of insincerity and subservience to the directors anything but creditable to his character. In the autumn of 1828 he caused a letter to be written to Lord Combermere, then at Simla, informing him that the order had arrived, and though he, the Governor-General, considered it most unjust, and likely to cause discontent in the army, yet that his orders were imperative, and that he could not avoid carrying them out. He added: "State this to Lord Combermere, and let him know that—as a safety-valve,—I should recommend his allowing the officers of the native army to memorialize the honourable court of directors, and that I will forward and recommend to the favourable consideration of the honourable court such as are couched in proper and respectful terms."

To this startling communication Lord Combermere replied on the 11th of December, pointing out in strong terms the hardship and impolicy of the measure, and begging that its execution might be suspended till reference could be made to the directors. The remonstrance, however, came too late. Without consulting him who was responsible for the discipline of the army, likely to be seriously affected by the measure, without advising with him as to the best manner of announcing it, or of carrying it into effect, Lord William Bentinck, eager to please his employers, had already issued the decree. The obnoxious order

appeared about the end of November, 1828, and the consternation and ferment among the officers at once became most alarming. Meetings were held at different stations for the purpose of considering what should be done, delegates were appointed to represent the hardship of their case in England, memorials, some not unnaturally couched in extra-official language, were drawn up, anonymous letters flooded the newspapers, and everything betokened the greatest excitement. The fears of the Sepoys were also awakened: they dreaded that the scissors of retrenchment would soon be applied to their own pay as well as to that of their officers, and so great was their discontent, that at a word from the latter the whole Bengal army would have risen. It was even proposed by some of the hot-headed attendants at the meetings to work on the Government through the Sepoys; but the idea was at once scouted. Shortly afterwards, the Sepoys, becoming convinced that the officers alone were to be mulcted, began to swagger about and display an overweening confidence in their own value, which was extremely hurtful to discipline.

Personal feeling towards the Governor-General was very bitter. Officers turned out of his way if they saw him coming, would not call on him, neglected his balls, even refused his invitations to dinner. He appeared much hurt at this social ostracism, and exerted himself with some tact, and a certain portion of eventual success, to mollify the

hostile sentiments of which he was the object. Such was the blind fury of the sufferers from the Directors' meanness and the Governor-General's subserviency, that they even overwhelmed Sir Charles Metcalfe with abuse. That eminent civilian was scarcely less distinguished as a warrior. At the capture of the fortress of Deig he had been amongst the stormers on the breach; he had accompanied Lake and Wellington in their victorious campaigns against the Mahrattas; and at Bhurtpore had been no stranger to the enemy's fire. He was the intimate friend of the gallant Malcolm, had associated much with officers of the army, and had been affectionately termed by them the soldier's friend. Now all this was cancelled by an erroneous impression that he had supported the Governor-General in carrying out the hateful measure which was to diminish the hard-earned pay of those to whom it was due that an Anglo-Indian empire existed. The suspicion was unfounded; both he and Butterworth Bayley (like himself a member of the Supreme Council) had recorded their unfavourable opinion of the half-batta order. Both felt that they could not refuse to carry out the stringent instructions of the Court of Directors; but each recorded his opinion that the reduction was a cruel, unjust, and impolitic measure. Lord William Bentinck may, perhaps, be forgiven for supposing that he had no option but to carry out the orders of the home authorities, seeing that so eminent a man as Sir Charles Metcalfe was of the

same opinion; but he cannot be pardoned for writing a minute insulting to the army, and at variance with his previously expressed sentiments to Lord Combermere respecting the justice of the measure.

In the meantime Lord Combermere's position was one of great difficulty and delicacy, yet, in our opinion, he came out of the ordeal with credit. How he bore himself during these trying circumstances, may be best seen in the subjoined rough draft of a letter written by him soon after his return to England to the Duke of Wellington:—

"My Lord Duke,—I have the honour to acquaint your Grace that having learnt on my arrival in England that the Honble. Court of Directors of the E.I. Company had disapproved of my conduct whilst Commander-in-Chief of their army, I addressed to the chairman a letter requesting information on the subject, and have received the accompanying letters and enclosures in reply.

"As no direct charges are here brought against me, I have put together the accusations which appear to be inferred in their letter to the Bengal Government, and which it would seem are the grounds on which the Court would have adopted the extreme measure of 'superseding me in the command of their army, had I not already resigned.'

"1st. (Par. 4.)—That I advanced an opinion that it was contrary to justice, and inconsistent with the

implied condition of their service, to reduce the allowances of their army.

"2nd. (Pars. 9, 10, 11.)—It is implied that I sanctioned the publication of my sentiments on the subject of this order, as conveyed in a private letter addressed to Captain Benson, Secretary to the Governor-General.

"3rd. (Pars. 11, 12.)—That I did not use my influence to allay the irritation which had been excited by the execution of the orders in question; that I might have prevented the growth of much dissatisfaction attributed to the order; that I did not censure the terms of disrespect in which the memorials were addressed; and finally, that I sanctioned the reasoning adopted in the memorials, and communicated to the army that it would afford pleasure to the Governor-General in Council if the Court should be induced to reconsider their orders, for which last act they hold me personally responsible.

"4th. (Par. 14.)—Is a censure that I, in conjunction with the two other members of Council, suggested that, if the equalization of allowances at the three presidencies was desired, it would be preferably effected by raising the lower to the higher rather than reducing the higher to the lower.

"I will proceed to reply to these charges.

"In regard to the 1st, that I advanced an opinion that the order was contrary to justice, I must acknowledge that I did, and do consider it objectionable on

those grounds, and that I stated that opinion to the local government in Bengal, of which I was a member.

"To explain this part of the subject it will be necessary to take a cursory view of the history of the allowance termed 'batta,' granted to the Bengal army.

"About the year 1796, the Company's army was in a state of extreme dissatisfaction, and delegates were sent from India by the army to communicate with His Majesty's ministers and the Court of Directors on the subject of these grievances. After conferring with these officers as individuals, arrangements were made, and the Court, in their letter to the Bengal Government notifying their resolutions, stated that, 'having permanently fixed the allowances on a scale which must be considered equitable and liberal, they expected their officers to return to their duty.' This, therefore, unlike all other arrangements for the pay of an army, assumes the character of a compact, the army having yielded submission in consideration of these allowances, which they supposed to be permanently fixed. The allowances granted were, half-batta at stations below Benares, full batta at the others, and double full batta to the troops in the field, and, which was then considered the same, those quartered in the Oude territory, but who were paid by the Nawab. Under the government of the Marquis of Hastings an alteration took place: double full batta was totally discontinued, but the whole of the army were allowed full batta. At the same time an allowance in lieu of

lodgings was granted, the Government selling the quarters which they had previously kept up at the half-batta stations. By both these arrangements Government derived extensive pecuniary advantages, but the army was satisfied, having received a compensation for the allowances withdrawn, beneficial to them generally as regarded the allowance of full batta at all stations, though the latter measure has proved the source of great embarrassment by obliging officers to borrow money at a high rate of interest for the purchase of their quarters. I consider that sufficient has now been adduced to prove that there was an agreement in the year 1796, that heretofore compensation has been granted for any alteration, that an allowance of greater expense to the Government was actually given up by the army for securing full batta at the stations previously on the reduced allowance.

"I have thus stated the grounds on which I formed my opinion, whether or not it may be correct I must leave to superior judgment; I formed it honestly, and after full consideration.

"The second charge is not directly brought against me. The private letter to Captain Benson was, no doubt, written by Colonel ——, the Adjutant-General, the prescribed organ of communication between the Commander-in-Chief and the Government, and through whom the Governor-General always asked my private opinion when he desired it. I was naturally obliged to reply in the same manner, and therefore, as the

letter never was in my possession, I was relieved from securing it from disclosure—a responsibility which would have fallen upon me had it been written by myself or by any of my personal staff. I must, however, acknowledge that such *confidential* correspondence could only have been made public through means the most unjustifiable. I was neither privy to its publication nor had I any reason to suppose that my private opinion could have been known to any one not authorized from his official situation.

"The third implied charge is of the most serious tendency, and being of a negative nature, is somewhat difficult to repel. The opportunities which offered for my repressing the manifestation of dissatisfaction were not many; but I can safely affirm that I allowed none to pass without taking advantage of it. For example, when the officers at one of the stations requested permission to meet for the purpose of sending a delegate to England, I informed all the general officers of divisions that I most strongly objected to such a proceeding, and prevented it. On another occasion, when some officers had shown a want of respect to the Governor-General, although it was only communicated to me privately, I strongly censured their conduct, and they offered that explanation to the Governor-General which was considered sufficient by him. Again, I marked my disapprobation of intemperate language even in an anonymous writing in a newspaper, by discontinuing my subscription to the paper, which

measure was afterwards made public. I admit that I did not endeavour to suppress the memorials, 1st, because I had been informed through my military secretary, who was in Calcutta, that the Governor-General wished the officers to state their cases openly, as a means of calming their agitation; 2nd, because I did not conceive the officers could in common justice be prevented expressing their supposed grievances. In regard to the terms of disrespect which it is asserted were allowed to pass uncensured, I desired that any memorial couched in disrespectful language should be brought to my notice, and some were returned to the parties on that account; if, therefore, any containing such expressions were forwarded, it was contrary to my orders and wishes. Considering the circumstances of the case, I could not but expect that the language would be strong, but I was not aware that it was disrespectful.

"If the Honourable Court is of opinion that an address from me to the army would have produced any benefit, I must fairly acknowledge that I did not anticipate any but a contrary result from such a measure. The army had committed no censurable act, and they performed their duty. It would not have availed my telling them that they were not justified in arguing as if an 'unalterable compact' had existed. I could not convince them that they were not labouring under a grievance when they found themselves about to be deprived of, in some cases, the necessaries

of life, and in all, the luxuries which usage had rendered nearly as requisite to them. I could not inform them that it was a sacrifice required of them for the exigencies of the State; the saving was too small, and would only be effected to the full amount after four or five years. Besides, had such been the cause of reduction, a more equal demand would have been made, and all would, I am satisfied, under such circumstances, have willingly borne their share. It appeared to me that the only course to be pursued was to permit the officers to represent their case, and recommend them to wait patiently the orders from England, which alone could definitely settle the question.

"The only direct charge which has been brought against me is the publication by a circular letter of the Governor-General in Council's favourable wishes towards the memorialists. I must maintain that I was forced to notify to the parties concerned the result of their application to the Government, and that I could only have done it in the words of the letter to me, a course which had ever been pursued in cases where references had been made to Government.

"As regards the fourth charge, I did not intend to recommend that the allowances of the Madras army should be raised; I did not enter into the question of the necessity of an assimilation of allowances. The question of right has been, to my mind, most satisfactorily and unanswerably settled by the Court itself, in a letter (about the year 1812) replying to the me-

morials of the Madras officers, wherein it was stated, 'that the scale of allowances established for Bengal could not influence the scale allowed for Madras; that they always had differed, and that, as the officers of each establishment had accepted their appointments with a knowledge of such difference, it never could be urged by the Madras officer as a hardship that he received less than the Bengal officer.' I knew that, owing to the financial embarrassment of the Government, one measure was impracticable, but I considered that the other measure was equally so, from policy, if not from justice.

"Having thus given the grounds on which I formed my opinion, I have only to add that though it must afford me regret to have failed in obtaining the approbation of the Court of Directors, I can most conscientiously affirm that the failure was not owing to a want either of zeal, or of a most earnest desire to advance the interests of their service. In this particular case I was impressed with the opinion that the measure was impolitic, that it must cause great dissatisfaction, particularly dangerous in their army, where the soldiers are governed solely by the personal influence of their European officers, and that the advantages to be gained, whether the saving of expense or silencing the demands of the Madras officers, would not compensate for the evils which must follow the measure.

"Having thus laid before your Grace the grounds on

which I formed my opinion, and which, as a member of the Supreme Government at Bengal, I stated for the information of the Court of Directors, agreeably to what I considered my duty, and with that prudence which, as appears by one part of their letter, they desired, I have only to observe that I deny in the fullest and most explicit manner all the other allegations with which the Court has charged my conduct.

"But as I consider that any public servant against whom such charges could be brought, with the least foundation of justice, must be totally unworthy of being placed in any office of trust and confidence, I request your Grace will take a favourable opportunity for laying before His Majesty these papers, with a humble expression of my sentiments thereon."

As may be inferred from the preceding letter, the consequence of the discontent caused by the half-batta order was, as regards Lord Combermere personally, that the directors would have superseded him in the command of their army, had he not, as he had long intended, sent in his resignation at the close of 1829, and thus anticipated their purpose.

To resume the thread of our narrative. We left the Commander-in-Chief enjoying the sea-breeze at Pooree, on the coast of the Bay of Bengal. He remained there till the end of June, passing his time in making an excursion to the neighbouring temple of

Juggernath, in forwarding reports on his recent tour, in writing an official letter regarding Suttee, and in causing the Adjutant-General to write another on the pay, condition, and improvement of the army. In the latter a wide range of subjects is included: bazaars, transfer of Sepoys accused of petty offences to the military authorities, education of the Sepoys, their clothing, and an increase of pay after long service. Every paragraph of this paper gives evidence of the deep and unwearied interest he took in that profession to which he had not forgotten he owed title, fame, and honour.

At the end of June Lord Combermere departed for Calcutta. Travelling by land, he stopped at Cuttack on the road, and took the opportunity of inspecting the 39th Regiment of Native Infantry, which composed the garrison of that station. On the 11th of July he arrived at Calcutta, where he continued to reside during the remaining six months of his stay in India.

About this time he began to be seriously apprehensive as to the safety of his Bhurtpore prize-money. This amounted to no less than 60,000*l.*, and he had placed the whole of it, together with the savings from his handsome pay as Commander-in-Chief, in the hands of Alexander and Co., bankers, of Calcutta. After he had done so, he was warned of the risk he ran, but having promised the friends and relations of Mr. Alexander in England that he would give the firm his custom, he allowed his money to remain in

their hands. After a time several failures occurred in banking houses with which Alexander and Co. were connected, and their credit thereby suffered. On this Lord Combermere directed his money to be remitted to England, but was induced to change his mind on its being represented to him by the firm that his withdrawal of confidence, at a time when all Calcutta banks were regarded with suspicion, would occasion a run upon the house which must infallibly cause its ruin. Alarmed by subsequent reports, he repeatedly required that his money should be transferred to England, but each time was persuaded to relent by the urgent entreaties of the firm and strong representations that their credit was unimpaired. At length, just before his departure for home, he insisted on the entire amount being remitted to England, and received a promise that it should be paid into the London branch of the firm. When he embarked Mr. Alexander accompanied him down the river, repeating this assurance. Not long after, Alexander and Co. failed, and Lord Combermere lost nearly the whole sum, receiving a certain portion only in the shape of a consignment of indigo, which gave him a great deal of trouble, and deteriorated to half its original value while waiting in store for the market to recover from a sudden depreciation.

The intelligence of Alexander's failure reached Lord Combermere just before the commencement of a play in which he was to act with his children for

the amusement of the tenants at Combermere. He made no sign, not communicating the unpleasant intelligence just received till the next morning at breakfast, when his family and the guests assembled were annoyed and distressed at the tidings, and equally astonished on learning that one who was such a sufferer by this disaster should have been able to control his feelings so successfully that not one of the party perceived any change in his usual cheerful manner.

On the 6th of January, 1830, Lord Combermere started for England, attended by the good wishes and regrets of a host of friends, including the whole army. His four years' tenure of office had been illustrated by a brilliant feat of arms, to the joy occasioned by which there was no drawback, save that caused by the death of the brave men with whose blood it had been purchased; and, owing to his military skill, even that had not flowed copiously. His courtesy, his kindness of heart, his desire to search out and reward merit wherever it might be found, and his constant attention to the interests of the soldier, whether Sepoy or European, officer or private, secured him the warm affection of the army, and entitles him to be ranked, with Sir Charles Napier and Sir Hugh Rose, as one of the three best commanders-in-chief India has ever known. Lord Combermere determined on proceeding to England round the Cape instead of by the overland route, which had then only recently

been established. He never ceased to regret this decision, but at the time, the temptation of making the voyage in the *Pallas* frigate, commanded by his old friend Lord Adolphus Fitz-Clarence, was too strong to be resisted. He was conveyed down the river to where the *Pallas* lay at anchor, in the *Hooghly* steamer. The Governor-General, Lady William Bentinck, and many other friends, who had accompanied him thus far on the journey, now took their leave. Colonel Skinner, with his son, Captain Skinner, and two rissaldars* of his regiment, however, did not quit the Commander-in-Chief until he had been two days at sea, when a steamer brought them back to Calcutta. The rissaldars had never seen the sea—the vague and generally dreaded Kala pani of the natives of India—before, and their delight when out of sight of land was excessive. They were particularly pleased with the order and neatness of everything in the frigate, while Jack Tar, much amused by these wondering and bearded strangers, could hardly refrain from saluting them with knowing winks when at sunset they prostrated themselves on deck and performed the evening prayer.

Colonel Skinner had much reason for the gratitude which he thus sought to express towards Lord Com-

* The highest native officers in a cavalry regiment. They correspond with the subadars, or native captains, in a native infantry regiment; but in an irregular regiment they are generally personages of high rank and private means.

bermere, who had, indeed, proved himself a good friend to the gallant soldier. Colonel Skinner had originally held a command in the Mahratta service, but had afterwards transferred his sword to the British. Under Lord Lake he had done good service, and had been recommended by him for the honour of the Bath. This, however, was denied him, and it was not till after Bhurtpore that the Commander-in-Chief's persevering solicitations obtained for the old soldier this much coveted reward, and the insignia of the honour not having arrived when Lord Combermere left the country, he insisted on presenting Colonel Skinner with his own, not wishing, he said, to leave India without seeing him invested.

On the 14th of January, after a pleasant sail of five days, the *Pallas* anchored off Madras, the Governor of which, Mr. Lushington, invited Lord Combermere and a party from the *Pallas* to meet himself and several friends at dinner. Next day Lord Combermere reviewed four regiments of native infantry, embarking towards nightfall, and only reaching the ship after an hour's buffeting with the waves. Not many days after sailing from Madras, Lord Combermere's orderly, who had served with him for many years, died from the effects of drinking. He was the fourth of his followers who had died during his four years' stay in India, for three aides-de-camp, Colonel Kelly, Captain Stapleton, and Captain Dougan, who had all

left England with Lord Combermere, never returned to their native land.

After calling at the Cape and St. Helena, the *Pallas* reached the Island of Ascension, where she only remained a few hours, to take on board a supply of turtle, some for the captain's table, and others to be conveyed as presents to friends in England. Each monster was called after the person for whom he was destined, or otherwise distinguished in some way from his fellows. When those that were intended to be used on the voyage had fulfilled their duties, Captain Fitz-Clarence used to send messages to Lord Combermere, that Lord Shaftesbury looked puny, that the Duke of Wellington was growing thin, or the Duke of Clarence getting pallid, and that the invalids had better in turn be put *out* of their misery, and *on* the dinner-table. With such care for the health of his turtles few of them remained, under the jolly captain's care, to be presented to those for whom they had been destined in England.

On the 30th of April the *Pallas* anchored at Spithead, and the pleasant and prosperous voyage was brought to a close.

Only a few days before Lord Combermere's arrival in England, Lady Combermere had been astonished, and somewhat puzzled, by the receipt of a letter from the Begum Sumroo, written in Hindustani on a piece of parchment, decorated with gilt stars and tied with gold cord. The following is a translation :—

"Kurnāl, near Meerut, 27th February, 1830.

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—Since your noble husband has permitted me to call him son, I feel I shall be pardoned if I address you by this kind appellation. Your most kind and welcome letter, written from the French capital on the 29th of June last, reached me several days ago, and I am made happy by the pleasing sentiments of consideration and regard which it contains.

"'The praise of the virtuous is ever gratifying, and the encomiums of the good and great fill the heart with satisfaction and joy.'

"Ere this letter reaches you, the delight of your heart, my much respected friend Lord Combermere (for whose safety I daily offer up my prayers) will have arrived in England. God grant that he may escape the dangers of the sea! His name is as famous in Hindostān for justice and generosity as that of Noushirwān, and for bravery as that of the hero Roostum.

"His Lordship will have told you how much I value your friendship, and how highly flattered I shall be by your continuing to write to me.

"I must now tender my grateful thanks for the highly-prized present you have so kindly made to me. The pictures of your Ladyship and of your sweet children have been delivered by Sir Jasper Nicolls; and as I had previously possessed myself of the like-

ness of your amiable and gallant husband, I account myself truly fortunate in this addition to my treasures, for I have now around me the portraits of your delightful family.

"When I looked on the beauty of your Ladyship, as delineated by the painter, the thought struck me, how well the accompanying diamonds* would correspond with the brilliancy of your complexion. Accept then, dearest lady, a pair of bracelets, as a slight token of my esteem, and wear them for my sake.

"I shall now conclude by entreating that you will retain me ever in your recollection, and with sincere wishes for your health and happiness, and an earnest prayer to the Almighty that your children may flourish around you, that your daughter may continue to grow in knowledge and in beauty, and that your son may follow the footsteps of his brave and noble father, and in his turn deserve the praises of the world, and the regard and rewards of his sovereign, I beg to subscribe myself,

"Your Ladyship's

"Grateful and affectionate friend,

(The signature cannot be deciphered.)

* A pair of diamond bracelets, of no great value.

CHAPTER VI.

ARRIVAL IN LONDON — THE LATE GENERAL MUNDY—LORD COMBERMERE JOINS HIS FAMILY AT LEAMINGTON—SEPARATION FROM LADY COMBERMERE—APPOINTMENT AS COLONEL OF THE 1ST LIFE GUARDS—ORIGIN AND DUTIES OF THE OFFICE OF GOLD STICK—ANECDOTE OF WILLIAM IV.—THAT MONARCH'S REGARD FOR LORD COMBERMERE—UNACCOUNTABLE CONDUCT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON—APPREHENSIONS OF THE PEERS RESPECTING THE PASSING OF THE REFORM BILL—LIFE AT COMBERMERE — LORD COMBERMERE'S MANAGEMENT OF HIS ESTATE—HIS LIBERALITY TO PLEASURE PARTIES AND TOURISTS —CONSIDERATE CONDUCT OF LORD HILL—BHURTPORE TREASURE —LADY COMBERMERE'S DEATH — MARRIAGE OF LORD COMMERE'S ELDEST DAUGHTER — LORD COMBERMERE'S MARRIAGE —HIS AIDES-DE-CAMP—TENANTS' BALL AT COMBERMERE.

CHAPTER VI.

On his arrival in London, Lord Combermere parted with great regret from his friend and aide-de-camp, Captain Godfrey Mundy. The amiable disposition, gentlemanlike manners, and remarkable talents of this young man, had rendered him extremely popular with the rest of the staff, and secured the esteem and affection of his chief. To the end of his life Lord Combermere entertained the strongest regard for Godfrey Mundy. Extremely skilful, both with pen and pencil, he employed his leisure hours in giving to the public the result of varied experiences and adventures in many parts of the world. Among the books he published the two best known are "Our Antipodes," and "Sketches in India," which both received a large share of public appreciation. To his "Sketches in India," as well as an unpublished journal of the siege of Bhurtpore, we are indebted for much information respecting Lord Combermere's life as Commander-in-Chief in the East Indies. Unfortunately, Godfrey Mundy did not possess physical strength equal to the demands made upon it by his energetic mind. During the worst part of the Crimean war he was private

secretary to his cousin, the Duke of Newcastle, and the arduous labours which he then underwent completely shattered his health, never very robust. He was subsequently appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Jersey, and his friends hoped that in the greater rest and quiet attainable in that office, he might yet recover comparative strength. Their confidence was unfortunately illusive, although at first he seemed somewhat to rally. In the spring of 1862 he wrote to Lord Combermere, expressing the hope of seeing him in London shortly, and asking his old chief to present him at an approaching levee. The two friends were never destined to meet again, for after a short illness General Mundy expired in London—a victim to official toil and energy of mind, unsupported by vigour of body.

From London Lord Combermere proceeded to Leamington, where he joined Lady Combermere, his sister Miss Cotton, and his children. It was soon after this meeting that he and his wife, by mutual consent, separated for ever. The cause of their disunion could not be ascertained; it was an occurrence, like many others of the same description, without any ostensible cause. Incompatibility of tastes and habits may latterly have estranged this couple, once so attached, and perhaps the independence which each had enjoyed during Lord Combermere's stay in India unfitted them for the mutual concessions required in married life. Lord Combermere now placed his eldest

daughter under the care of his excellent sister, Miss Cotton, who resided mostly at Combermere Abbey, except during the London season, which, with Lord Combermere, they passed in town. The younger girl did not for a few years leave her mother, who had occasional interviews with the other children, to all of whom she was devotedly attached.

Lord Combermere had been appointed to the colonelcy of the First Life Guards in 1829, and after his arrival in England entered on the duties of his office at Court as gold stick. Probably there are few people who are aware of the origin of this rather absurdly designated post, and fewer still who can guess what may be the duties of its occupants. The office was first instituted on the occurrence of the Rye House Plot, when Charles II. ordered that one of the commanders of the troops of Life Guards should always attend him on every state occasion and watch over his safety. The practice has been continued down to the present time. On all occasions of state ceremony a colonel of the household cavalry is entrusted with the defence of the monarch's person, commanding for the time the two regiments of Life Guards and the Blues.

On his arrival in England Lord Combermere paid his respects to the Duke of Clarence, and not long afterwards had to appear in his new capacity at the Court of William IV. He was first ordered to attend His Majesty at Frogmore, where on arriving he found

that the two other colonels of the household cavalry, the Duke of Cumberland and Lord Cathcart, had received a similar summons, and were seated in a room on the ground floor, expecting an audience with the King. After waiting some time for his appearance a door from the garden opened, and William IV. entered, very much heated and seemingly in the full work of business. "I wish to see you, my lords," he began, "that you may be instructed in the forms of your office. Where is the gold stick that I desired to be brought here?" The Duke of Cumberland presented it. "Put it in a corner," said the King, "and attend to my directions respecting it. That gold stick is, I know, never to be found; you are always mislaying it, and one colonel accuses the other of neglect in transferring it on the proper occasions. Now, my lords, I understand etiquette better than any one, and shall therefore require that you never appear in waiting without the badge of office. Here are three gold sticks, my lords, one for each of you, and I hope that in future I may never have to complain of your forgetfulness." The three colonels were then dismissed, each bearing his own gold stick—and that given to Lord Combermere is now preserved as an heir-loom in the family.

The good-natured monarch always received Lord Combermere with the greatest kindness, inviting him constantly to dinner, and in every way showing that, as a king, he did not overlook the veteran whose

friendship he, as Duke of Clarence, had valued so much. Few sovereigns were so mindful of their former friends, and few welcomed them more cordially than did the warm-hearted Sailor King, who soon had an opportunity of proving to Lord Combermere the sincerity of his regard. As the gold sticks attend the sovereign at the Privy Council, it is usual to make them members, that they may remain near him while present at the council board. Lord Combermere was much surprised, therefore, when told by the King that the Duke of Wellington had objected to his nomination, and had given his unwilling assent only when His Majesty authoritatively insisted on the appointment. As this distinction was no unprecedented mark of favour, Lord Combermere could not guess the Duke's motive for objecting to its bestowal on him; nor was he less surprised afterwards to learn that the same illustrious personage had successfully resisted the desire of William IV. to raise him to the dignity of an earl.*

The passing of the Reform Bill excited the fears of many Conservative peers, whose most dire apprehensions Lord Combermere did not share, although disapproving of the measure which provoked them. The annexed letter expresses the feelings of some of the most timid of the alarmists. It was written by the father of the late Duke of Buckingham:—

* Lord Combermere's father had refused a peerage in the preceding century.

"Stowe, Dec. 23rd, 1830.

"My dear Lord,—I hope that you have not forgot the promise made to me to pass some time and take some shooting here. I am in hopes that the Duke of Wellington may be induced to pass his Christmas here. I wish that you will settle with him to meet here. We are quiet here, but we are all upon a volcano; and I see under the existing Government, even already, too many symptoms of an approaching eruption. However, we must be true to ourselves, and make as good a fight as we can. The difficulty is to prevail on the gentry and middle orders that it is their duty to defend their own homesteads; and that, instead of calling for the aid of the military, they should defend themselves.

"Believe me, my dear Lord,

"Yours very sincerely,

"Buckingham and Chandos."

Lord Combermere having now been actively employed in every part of the globe, with little interruption, for nearly forty years, considered that he had earned a right to some repose, and determined on settling at last on his much-loved patrimony, and turning his sword into a plough-share. Figuratively this employment of the old weapon sounds desirable, but actually it is never profitable. The steel may occasionally cut a soldier's way to fortune, while the plough in his hands never achieves the same success. Lord Combermere, *grand seigneur* in every act of his

life, left the unpleasant details of business to subordinates, who soon availed themselves of his confidence to their own advantage and his detriment.

A well-acted display of anger, however, sometimes startled the offenders when too reliant on their master's usual good-humour. Accustomed to direct and control others in his public life, he well knew how manner and tone enforce authority; and he occasionally found it necessary to affect the anger which others are so often unable to suppress.

When the ingratitude of those whom he had obliged was apparent to others, he himself never seemed to notice it, and if it was alluded to he always made some kind excuse for the delinquents. Neither did their unworthiness ever provoke the just refusal which to some even is so sweet a satisfaction, and if asked why he did not resent unkindness he would reply, that instead of following a bad example we should look on it as a warning not to act in a similar manner ourselves.

Lord Combermere was, of course, always a loser by his farm, where a herd of Ayrshire cows, numbering thirty, were remarkable for their good condition. It was perhaps less to gratify his own taste than to fulfil the duties of a useful landowner, that he maintained so large a stock of cattle. He wished to improve those of his neighbours, and took great trouble in introducing a good breed into the district. Entering with warm sympathy into the views of his tenants, he not only encouraged progress in every department,

but never raised their rents as the value of land increased, only augmenting those of newly arrived occupants. From a long acquaintance with mankind, he knew how prejudicial is the leniency that prepares a fault for to-morrow by overlooking one to-day; and he therefore required all to pay their rent regularly. Identifying himself thoroughly with the interest of these men, he not only promoted their advancement, but took a deep interest in their private concerns

Never was an estate better managed than that of Lord Combermere under the close supervision of its owner, who examined his books every month, and constantly visited his farms in turn. The property had descended to Lord Combermere in a very neglected state, the farm-buildings out of repair, the cottages even more dilapidated, but he has left the whole in perfect order. The cottages in particular standing in pretty gardens well-stocked with fruit and flowers, attest both the landlord's care and the tenants' appreciation of his kindness. At some of them resided old pensioners, or retired servants whom Lord Combermere visited every Sunday. He enlarged and beautified his park, opening the old woods that surrounded its romantic lake, the largest that stands in a private park in England. Many of the fine old oaks which bend over it must have attained the extreme age that Dryden assigns to our forest kings, when he writes—

"Three hundred years they grow,
Three hundred years they stay,
Three hundred years they droop,
And in three more decay."

Two veterans of Combermere must have stood there long before the pious Hugh Malbank and "Petronel his wife," bestowed the grounds on the Benedictine monks in 1133, for Sir Robert Cotton told his son when a boy, eighty years ago, that no one alive had seen these trees vegetating. Old oaks of fewer years stand by the water side, some still stately and erect, others bending towards the water with a fatal proclivity, that Lord Combermere anxiously watched in dread of losing his beautiful favourites. Pollarded trees abound there, mutilated for fuel by the monks centuries ago. On an island in the lake where once stood a chapel now moulder the ruins of its successor, a summer-house nearly concealed by ivy. Flights of wild fowl skim the water in which fish abound, and now and then from a heronry on a smaller island, starts forth a large bird on some predatory excursion to shallower waters.

Lord Combermere was worthy of this beautiful place, which he thoroughly enjoyed, rejoicing often in the pleasure it afforded to his poorer neighbours. Although a day was fixed for the admission of visitors, and boats provided for their fishing at Combermere, still none were sent away who wished to substitute some other for that named. Pic-nic

parties from the vicinity came for a day's pleasure in the grounds wherever they chose, and special trains occasionally brought from some of the manufacturing towns immense parties of excursionists. Lord Combermere never was better pleased than when these visitors left with the keepers or gardeners, who were ordered to attend on them, a grateful message expressing warm thanks for the day's enjoyment. Their sense of his liberality was further testified by the careful attention with which they ever abstained from encroachment or mischief.

Lord Combermere's court duties sometimes required his presence in London out of the season; but during Lord Hill's lifetime these were kindly assumed by him on ordinary occasions, as the office of Commander-in-Chief kept him constantly in town. This good-natured old comrade at other times relinquished *his* post of gold stick to Lord Combermere when any interesting spectacle, or new amusement was likely to be agreeable to the ladies of his family. Nor was the King less considerate when business detained Lord Combermere in Cheshire. The following letter shows how ready he was to grant the desired leave of absence.

"Windsor Castle, August 12, 1832.

"My dear Lord,—I have not delayed to communicate the contents of your letter of the 8th inst. to the King, who received it very kindly and ordered me to assure you that he is too well convinced of

your zeal, and your inclination to attend him as Colonel of the First Life Guards, to doubt your readiness to do so at this period. But although His Majesty is happy to see you at all times, this occasion did not particularly call for your presence here, and His Majesty considers that you are much more usefully and properly employed at home.

"The King was not ignorant that the state of your affairs required your close attention, and His Majesty regrets extremely that your private and domestic concerns should have been subject to such serious prejudice and injury, while you were so ably and meritoriously discharging most important duties in distant stations.

"His Majesty particularly desires that you will not consider it necessary to absent yourself from home when it may be inconvenient to you, and that you will not scruple to excuse yourself on such occasions, as Lord Hill's official duties render his attendance as gold stick a matter of no inconvenience.

"Your friend Finch is here in the character of aide-de-camp to Lord Edward Somerset. I have not seen him, nor shall I be able to attend the military show, as the gout has got hold of my foot.

"Believe me to be, with great regard, my dear Lord,

"Most sincerely yours,

"HERBERT TAYLOR."

At this time old discussions concerning the Bhurt-

pore prize money were revived at Calcutta. Various reports circulated, which excited public curiosity, while they more particularly interested the captors.

As we before stated, a belief that incalculable treasure was concealed beneath the fortress of Bhurtpore generally prevailed in the East. For centuries many other threatened states had, it was said, sent their stores to this stronghold of India for safety. Its sovereigns, belonging to a predatory tribe, were also supposed themselves to have amassed plunder which they dared not acknowledge, and knew not how to expend. The capture of such a place inspired the conquering army with unbounded expectations, which led them to look in all directions for the promised plunder. It was not, however, to be so easily discovered as they hoped.

Reports circulated that a regiment admitted into the fortress after its capture had found a large amount of rupees, which the men carried off in their musket barrels when leaving it. Their entry had been contrary to Lord Combermere's wishes, and no authentic confirmation of the rumour ever reached him.

Unfortunately, an injudicious selection of prize agents had been made, and the interests of the army may have suffered from this carelessness of their representatives, and perhaps measures were neglected which might have been better effected by more active officials. It was at first supposed that the famous treasure lay buried beneath one of the bastions of the

fortress. Then a report got abroad that the entrance through a trap-door to the caves where it lay buried was concealed, as we before stated, beneath the guddee or throne upon which the young rajah was seated when he insisted on receiving himself the Commander-in-Chief, while the prize-agents were examining the palace in search of the looked-for booty. This treasure is thus noticed in Mr. Fraser's memoirs of the celebrated Colonel Skinner:—

"The strength and reputed riches of Bhurtpore were celebrated, and almost proverbial, in Hindostan. Its imagined impregnability had been confirmed in the opinion of the natives by the repeated failures of the gallant army under Lord Lake. 'Oh, you may bully us; but go and take Bhurtpore,' was a common expression among the petty chiefs and refractory rajahs we had frequently to reduce. Of its riches the most wonderful tales are told; and, in fact, from the universal feeling of its security, Bhurtpore had become the depository of great treasures, sent there from a very remote period by other states in times of trouble and disturbance. The writer has heard it asserted by several persons, but particularly by a native of high rank and respectability, who was intimately acquainted, and, indeed, connected, with all the affairs of Bhurtpore, that, while besieged by Lord Lake, the rajah, being hard pressed for money to pay his troops, sent for the chowdry, or headman of the chumars (or skinners, a low and unclean caste), and

told him of his wants. The man inquired into the nature of his difficulties, and being satisfied of their reality, he took the rajah's people to a certain spot where, on digging, they found a store of three lakhs of gold mohurs (equal to 600,000*l.* sterling), and a number of brass guns.

"The rajah was very thankful; but expressing a desire to know whether, if wanted, this assistance could be repeated, the chowdry inquired what his daily wants might be. The rajah said about a lakh of rupees; on which the chumar replied, 'Fight on then, Maha Rajah!'"

In India in former times the rich natives used to bury their treasure in specie. The secret of their places of concealment was confided to the low and degraded caste of the chumars—the skinners of dead animals, scavengers as it were, of the community—whose very degradation, which forbade the hope of social advancement, removed all temptation for appropriating wealth which they would not be allowed to expend. The confidence reposed in these persons has given birth to an *esprit de corps* amongst them which has prevented the trust from having ever been violated. The only occasions on which they were permitted to discover and make use of this ancient treasure were in cases of great state difficulties, such as those above noticed; and such has been their fortitude and honour that, when force has been attempted, they have always suffered torture and death rather

than betray their secret, which, in fact, has something of a religious sacredness attached to it.

In 1833 Lord Combermere was applied to by General Sir Jeremiah Bryant on the subject of the Bhurtpore treasure. General Bryant had stated in a letter to Mr. Spring Rice that a native resident at Kurnaul was in possession of information regarding treasure concealed at Bhurtpore, in specie and jewels, said to exceed 30,000,000*l.* sterling, and that he was willing to give information which would lead to a discovery, if one per cent. on the treasure realized were granted to him, and his personal safety assured. His father had been the confidential servant through life to the successive Rajahs of Bhurtpore, and was entrusted by them with the secret of the places where their treasure lay concealed, the knowledge of which he had collected from the papers of his late father, and was, therefore, able to give in minute detail all particulars respecting it. As all treasure concealed in Bhurtpore at the time of the capture was deemed the property of the Crown, the assistance of His Majesty's Government was requested in the prosecution of the search for this hidden hoard, and to obtain the consent of the present Rajah of Bhurtpore, Mr. Spring Rice, to whom General Bryant had applied, considered that the best mode of proceeding would be to write direct to Lord W. Bentinck, begging that the matter should be investigated.

On being applied to, Lord William Bentinck, the

Governor-General, seemed decidedly adverse to interfere or assist the anxious expectants in their efforts to discover the miraculous treasures of Bhurtpore. Nothing more effective than writing was attempted by him, and so many difficulties appeared connected with the search, that all thought of it was ultimately abandoned, and the famous golden store may still lie buried beneath the ramparts of the celebrated fortress, to be exhumed by some future generation, or to lie there till the very name of Bhurtpore is forgotten.

Twice had Lord Combermere previously started from England with the intention of visiting Italy; and twice did circumstances intervene to thwart his project. He now, however, wished to show his eldest daughter, who had been presented at Court, and was an acknowledged reigning beauty in the London world, society in its foreign phases; and in September, 1833, they started for the continent with the intention of wintering at Rome and Naples. This time the tour was happily accomplished, and the winter passed away in agreeable society at Rome and Naples; the King, at the latter place, giving a grand review in the Campo Marzo in honour of Lord Combermere.

After remaining a short time at Naples, Lord Combermere returned for the holy week to Rome, where he witnessed the customary religious pageants of that season in the Romish church. While attending one of these, by some unaccountable misunderstanding, he

was placed in a procession with a palm in his hand to follow the Pope, and walked round St. Peter's before the wondering English spectators, who seeing him in such company, concluded that he had been suddenly converted to the Romish faith. Some of his old acquaintances looked grave afterwards, for Puseyism had not then come into fashion, nor had the religious epidemic appeared, which is now so prevalent amongst us.

It appears that, owing to indisposition after this ceremony, the Pope could not receive Lord Combermere, to whom the following letter was addressed on the subject :—

"April 6, 1834.

"Mr. Seymour presents his compliments to Lord Combermere, and begs to acquaint his Lordship that he has been requested by Lord Clifford and Cardinal Weld to express to him, on the part of the Pope, his concern at Lord Combermere having left Rome without his having seen him at the Vatican.

"It would have been, Lord Clifford states to Mr. Seymour, very agreeable to His Holiness to have made the acquaintance of a general to whom he feels himself so much indebted for the kindness shown by his Lordship and the troops under his command, to the clergy and convents of Spain and Portugal, during the peninsular campaign.

"Mr. Seymour begs to apologize to Lord Comber-

mere for this intrusion on his time, and will further request his Lordship to consider this communication as coming from Lord Clifford and Cardinal Weld."

In May Lord Combermere and his daughter returned to London, where we find him soon after, in 1835, presenting a complimentary address to Sir Robert Peel, from whom he received the following letter of acknowledgment:—

"Whitehall Gardens, April 11, 1835.

"My dear Lord Combermere,—I am much gratified by the address which you have transmitted, but let me add, without disparagement of that address, still more by the assurance that the course which I have pursued during the last four eventful months, has met with the approbation of one whose public career has been so brilliant, and marked by such devotion to the service of his country.

"Ever, my dear Lord,

"Most faithfully yours,

"Robert Peel.

"Right Hon. Viscount Combermere."

Sir Robert Peel always expressed great esteem for Lord Combermere. They often met in private life, when the able statesman's opinions were listened to with deference by his devoted adherent; while the anecdotes of his own early military life, related simply by the old warrior, who in those days was less averse

to detail them than in later years, excited the deepest interest in the mind of the minister. Lord Combermere's appreciation of his political leader's ability enhanced his zeal for the Conservative party, which was so ably headed. When, however, Sir Robert withdrew his opposition to the repeal of the Corn Laws, it may be imagined that this partial desertion from the standard of Conservatism shocked the old general, who with military fidelity considered it the duty of every leader to die rather than capitulate or desert his followers.

In January of 1837 Lord Combermere heard of his wife's decease. She had died at Dover of a short illness, aggravated by attending the funeral of her father, Mr. Greville, a few days previously. The suddenness of this blow afflicted her children severely, and Lord Combermere was also much shocked at the premature fate of one whom he had once loved so well. At the last, she generously absolved him from all blame or unkindness throughout their union, and lamented the years of happiness lost to both, by their unfortunate misunderstanding.

A few months later he received a summons to repair to Windsor, where his kind and constant friend, William IV., was lying at the point of death. On his arrival he was at once shown into the king's bedroom. The dying monarch held out his hand to Lord Combermere, and spoke a few words to him, but was not strong enough to bear the fatigues of a long

interview. Although the king did not allude to his approaching death, yet he evidently felt that it was not far distant.

In the June of 1837 Lord Combermere's eldest daughter married the late Marquis of Downshire's eldest son, the Earl of Hillsborough.* This match was agreeable to all parties, and more particularly to Lord Combermere, who rejoiced in his connection with a family of which the heads were so worthy of love and respect. Lord and Lady Downshire were universally esteemed. Each tempered the dignity of a courtly manner with the genial kindness of a warm heart, and both were amongst the last specimens of this happy combination which are daily passing away from amongst us.

A large gathering of relatives assembled for the wedding at Combermere, where the ceremony was performed by Lord Combermere's brother in the parish church of Wrenbury, which had in times past belonged to the abbey. Laurel arches, garlands of flowers, and less pretentious decorations in every cottage, decked the road to the village, where the assembled crowd greeted the bride with affectionate respect, and, at their departure, cheered the newly-wedded pair with hearty good-will.

In this year Lord Combermere sent his only son abroad. He had just left one private tutor, and was accompanied by another to Germany, where, after a

* The present Marquis of Downshire.

short tour, he visited Hanover. The King received him kindly, acknowledging his visit in the following letter to Lord Combermere:—

"Hanover, November 15th, 1837.

"My dear Lord,—Your son called upon me yesterday and dined with me. As he means to stay a month here, I have directed Colonel Hallorff, one of my aides-de-camp, to introduce him into the best society, which is the first thing, and I only regret that you do not allow him to stay here some months, for I could have attached him to a regiment of cavalry, and have him taught the rudiments of cavalry duty, which are well understood here.

"I have had a prodigious deal of very hard work, and begin to see my way, and to entertain hopes of saving the country from the hands of the inveterate radicals. I shall probably raise a hornets'-nest in England; but I had no choice; it was neck or nothing with us; so I have acted so as to maintain my rights. Let me know how all is going on. I fear that you will act pusillanimously, and not the bold and open course which in this evil is the best, and the only one to succeed.

"Your son I think a very fine youth, and he seems well-principled.

"Yours faithfully,

"Ernest."

In the autumn of this year young Cotton was

gazetted to a cornetcy in the 7th Hussars, and on his return from Germany joined the regiment at York.

In June, 1838, Lord Combermere attended the coronation of our beloved Queen, and acting as gold stick, rode beside her carriage in the procession to Westminster Abbey. He appeared at all the fêtes given on the occasion, being just relieved from great anxiety respecting his daughter, Lady Hillsborough, who had recently recovered from a dangerous and painful illness. He therefore, as usual, enjoyed with a buoyant spirit some quiet pleasures of the London season. Released from the necessity of accompanying his daughter to parties, he did not now frequent them, except when on duty at the Palace, or attending Her Majesty to some public fête. Sundays he mostly spent at Barnet with his unmarried sister, with whom his youngest daughter remained during the season in a pretty romantic cottage, which was on several occasions the retreat of newly married members of the family.

Lord Combermere often spoke of the first Privy Council which followed Her Majesty's accession to the throne, and dwelt with pleasure on the manner and appearance of the youthful Queen when she met the "reverend, grave, and potent signors" who composed it. The Duchess of Kent, entering the room, presented to them her youthful daughter, then a graceful, handsome, slight girl, appearing younger than her years, and attired in a close-fitting plain black dress. It

was a difficult position for one so youthful to sustain, when the Duchess retired and left her childlike Majesty to preside for the first time over her council. Quiet and self-possessed, however, the Queen listened to their discussions with the fixed attention which, even in common conversation, gives such a charm to her courtesy. Lord Melbourne was beside her while the business of the day was transacted, and when it was completed she retired with the dignity befitting her position, leaving an impression on those present which they can never have forgotten.

Early in the summer of 1838 Lord Combermere became acquainted with Miss Gibbings, the daughter and heiress of Robert Gibbings, Esq., and grand-niece of Lord Combermere's first commanding officer, when he joined the Welsh Fusiliers in Dublin. She was the intimate friend and favourite of some old and esteemed relatives of Lord Combermere's, who fully approved of his choice, when informed that he had selected her to be the guardian of his little daughter, and the companion of his later years.

The marriage took place on the 2nd October, 1838, privately, at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, from whence the bridal pair, averse to all display, drove to a friend's house to change their dress, and enter a travelling-carriage prepared for their journey into Cheshire. The next day Lord and Lady Combermere reached Birmingham, to which the railroad was not yet open from London. The morning after they

started by train to Whitmore, the nearest station to Combermere Abbey. A short distance from thence commenced the usual triumphal arches and floral decorations, which are always so abundant on such occasions in that part of England. As the bridal pair approached the gates of Combermere, they were met by a troop of mounted tenants, who, on reaching the principal lodge leading to the Abbey, ranged themselves at each side of the road. The carriage was stopped, and Lord Combermere, standing on its step, thanked them most cordially for their kind greeting. He hoped that the attachment which had bound the fathers of some amongst them to his family for a century would now be strengthened by the desire of his companion to serve and esteem them. He felt assured that she accepted this warm demonstration as an earnest of friendly feelings which she would be as ready to reciprocate, as they were willing to bestow. On his own part he thanked them again for this new proof of regard, and concluded by wishing them all happiness and prosperity. Through the two lines of horsemen drawn up outside the gates the carriage now moved on, passing through the entrance to that beautiful home where, for twenty-six years, the married pair enjoyed an amount of happiness such as is seldom so prolonged without intermission or abatement. On reaching the picturesque lake near which the Abbey stands, they found it brilliantly illuminated with the glow of a setting sun, shedding a golden light over the autumnal tints of the old woods, which

latter were repeated as by a mirror in the adjacent water. The bells which had once rung from the Abbey belfry, now removed to Wrenbury church, sent their silvery voices across the lake, to greet the married pair, and every augury seemed to promise a happy winter to the veteran's life.

During the winter of 1838 Lord Combermere had to deplore the loss of two of his dearest friends, General Sir John Elley and General Sir Samuel Hawker, who departed before the new year had arrived. Most of his aides-de-camp were called away from the battle of life, while their veteran general still continued to fight it, warned, however, by these bereavements that death is an enemy to whom at last the bravest soldier must succumb. Baron Osten, General Finch, Lord Somers, Colonel Dawkins, General Mundy, Colonel Archer, all much his juniors, dropped one by one into the grave, leaving him, still full of life, and enjoying to the utmost his good fortune and health. Few men have passed through an ordinarily prolonged career so prosperously, while his, extending far beyond the usual limits of human existence, was singularly exempt from the allotted proportion of evil.

The winter was spent at Combermere Abbey, where all the members of the Cotton family, and several other connections, assembled to be introduced to the new hostess, who, however, escorted by Lord Combermere, spent a week with her parents, at Brighton, in January.

Just before the time when they were to pay a second visit to Brighton, in November of 1839, Lord and Lady Combermere were summoned there by an express informing them of the sudden death of Mrs. Gibbings. After a melancholy sojourn of ten days, they returned to Combermere Abbey, bringing with them Lady Combermere's father, whose great age rendered the constant care of his daughter desirable. Now, he was not only to enjoy the happiness of her companionship, but to be the object of dutiful attentions from his son-in-law, which were never allowed to be interrupted by the calls of business or the engagements of society.

Lord Combermere's son's majority was to have been celebrated in the winter of this year, but owing to Lady Combermere's bereavement all festivities at the abbey were postponed for some time. In March Lord Combermere assembled his children and relations to attend the deferred tenants' ball. Although dancing, twenty-five years ago, was not so much practised by farmers' daughters as now, they then enjoyed their laborious country-dances more than their grown-up children do the valse or the polka. Most of the performers that night danced until the dawn, taking as much exercise in the time as would serve modern fashionables to supply all the solemn paces of an entire season of London quadrilles.

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CHAPTER VII.

LORD COMBERMERE'S VISIT TO NUREMBERG—THE KING OF BAVARIA —ANECDOTE OF LORD LONDONDERRY—GREAT REVIEW—BRUSSELS—THE COURT OF KING LEOPOLD—LORD COMBERMERE GOES TO LONDON—RETURNS TO THE CONTINENT—SPENDS THE SEASON IN LONDON—TOUR THROUGH GERMANY, THE TYROL, AND SWITZERLAND—FRANKFORT AND ITS SOCIETY—CHRISTENING OF THE PRINCE OF WALES—HOLLAND—LONDON—DOMESTIC HABITS—EXTRACTS FROM HIS LETTERS—PRESENT TO THE QUEEN—CORRESPONDENCE—LOUIS NAPOLEON—THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH —LONDON SOCIETY—LETTERS FROM LORD LONDONDERRY—LETTER FROM THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE—SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS—REVOLUTION OF 1848—ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON—THE CARLIST PRINCES IN ENGLAND—COUNT MONTEMOLIN'S LOVE AFFAIR—HIS SUBSEQUENT CAREER —LETTER FROM LORD LONDONDERRY.

CHAPTER VII.

In 1840 Lord Combermere's only son was ordered with his regiment, the 7th Hussars, to Canada. He was accompanied on board the vessel in which he sailed from Portsmouth by his father, who was deeply grieved to part from him. On returning to London Lord Combermere made a resolute effort to appear happy; but however determined was the struggle a close observer could perceive his inability to enjoy the amusements of the London season, then at its zenith.

In July Lord Combermere resolved to spend some months abroad, and although very desirous to give his young daughter the advantages of a winter in Italy, he yielded to his wife's entreaty that their journey should terminate at Brussels rather than extend further at that time, her invalid father's age and infirmities disqualifying him for much exertion. He and Miss Cotton, with her governess, were therefore established in the Belgian capital, while Lord and Lady Combermere proceeded to Kissingen. After a few weeks' absence they both returned to

Brussels, having first visited the curious old city of Nuremberg. The King of Bavaria had arrived there two days after Lord Combermere, for the purpose of being present at a great military review and sham-fight. Lord Combermere had previously been acquainted with His Majesty, whose unaffected cordial manner when hereditary prince had made him very popular with British officers at Paris after the Peninsular war.

At a theatrical performance in honour of royalty, on the eve of the review, Lord Combermere was summoned to the King's box, and graciously informed by His Majesty that a horse, aide-de-camp, and mounted orderly should be at his service the following morning.

Lord Londonderry, who had also arrived at Nuremberg to witness the military display, was glad to meet his old comrade, to whom he confided the displeasure and annoyance he felt at not being allowed to join the royal party in the field for want of a uniform, which his servant had forgotten to pack. Vainly did he petition for a remission of the royal prohibition; and naturally very much provoked at the disappointment, he wrote an angry letter to the King, which Lord Combermere vainly urged him to suppress. It commented on the absurdity of His Majesty's restriction, and was altogether what the gallant marquis called a *tickler*.

Lord and Lady Combermere spent their winter

quietly at Brussels, dining occasionally with King Leopold, and his charming consort, daughter to Louis Philippe. At these dinners Her Majesty often showed her English guests some etchings executed by our Queen and Prince Albert, which were constantly transmitted to her by the royal artists. Prince Albert had spent some months the previous year at Brussels, where he studied assiduously with some of the celebrated painters of that capital. Amongst these many remembered with pleasure his interest in art, and to the experience which he acquired amongst them must in a great measure be attributed that skill which enabled him to attain such remarkable success in influencing and raising the taste of the British public.

After Christmas Lord Combermere proceeded on business from Brussels to London with the intention of returning in a fortnight. The March winds, however, defeated his purpose; for all attempts to cross the Channel were entirely unsuccessful. Starting in the steamer from London for Antwerp, a violent storm, which lasted several days, compelled the captain, after being buffeted about for some hours, to land his passengers at Sheerness. From thence Lord Combermere crossed the country to Dover, and spent half a night on Barham Downs in a snowdrift, from which it was a labour of time to extract the stage. By bribing the captain of a small steamer, he induced him to undertake the passage. A crowd of spectators

watched the little vessel commencing her perilous voyage. Twice were the attempts frustrated by the storm. The third start proving more successful, Lord Combermere landed at Calais in the middle of the night. On his way from thence to Brussels, the misadventures of his journey continued; for a hired carriage broke down near Dunkirk, and other accidents detained him so long on the road that a week elapsed between the day of his departure from London and that on which he arrived at Brussels, where his family, who had never heard from him in the interval, were relieved from intense anxiety by his appearance. In these times of rapid travelling, one can scarcely realize the dilemmas which prolonged this short journey, now comfortably accomplished in a few hours.

In May Lord Combermere proceeded with his family to London, where he spent the season in his usual quiet but sociable fashion. Wellington Cotton had returned from Canada, to his father's great satisfaction, and in order to show him a little of the Continent, Lord Combermere determined on making a tour through Germany and the Tyrol. He left London with this object in July, accompanied by his wife, son, and daughter. According to the habits of arrangement which always ruled his movements, he had previously laid down the route to be taken, and the time to be spent at each halting-place. During the whole tour the travellers deviated but on one

occasion from this programme, which was carried out with military precision and invariable comfort.

The weather was beautiful, and the tour appeared rather like a succession of morning excursions than a regular journey. Every evening, after a drive of moderate extent through lovely scenery, the travellers stopped at some pleasant town where they found awaiting them a previously ordered dinner, as well as a box at the theatre whenever the place afforded one. Passing through Augsburg, Bamberg, Nuremberg, and Anspach, each separated from the other by easy distances which favoured this pleasant arrangement, the travellers also visited Munich and Innspruck, as well as some interesting places in Switzerland.

At Munich the King of Bavaria invited Lord Combermere to dinner, and the next evening permitted Lady Combermere to be presented to him. Lord Erskine, then our ambassador to His Bavarian Majesty, was to be present, and Lady Erskine was to introduce Lady Combermere and another English lady to the gallant lover of Lola Montes. The party were ushered into a dark ante-room, and then walked along a narrow gallery to a saloon where the King was supposed to await their arrival. He seemed, however, instead, to be playing hide and seek with his guests, who, after following him through several long galleries, were at last favoured by his presence, in a very poor, ill-lighted room, where the

interview was short, unceremonious, and in every way very unlike a Court reception.

After a tour of two months, during which each day was as unclouded as its predecessor, the travellers returned to Frankfort, and settled there for the coming winter.

Frankfort, crowded by numerous envoys from various sovereigns to the Diet, and with no court to receive them, presented a curious phase of society, unlike that to be found in any other European cities. Owing to the pride of the German nobility, the rich burghers of the free town were not admitted into the diplomatic circle. Nor did they fail to retaliate this social ostracism which had embittered them against the haughty envoys of petty German states, who with great names and small fortunes looked down on the prosperous citizens of the ancient city.

The merchants, therefore, associated together, never condescending to seek admission into the magic circles of the higher sphere, and steadily refusing to receive the nobles at their houses. So determined did they seem to proclaim their independence, that foreigners were given to understand that a choice must be made between the diplomatic and bourgeois society; for a person frequenting one of them would not be well received in the other.

In November our English minister, Mr. Fox Strangways, afterwards Lord Ilchester, celebrated the birth of the Prince of Wales by a grand ball which Lord Combermere attended. There were several

British officers present, and amongst the red coats appeared that of a son of Sir Thomas L——, who had added to his uniform of the Somersetshire hunt, an old sword and sash borrowed from some veteran acquaintance, who probably replaced them by better accoutrements. The fox head on his buttons and the coloured collar of his swallow-tailed coat puzzled the German diplomatists, who soon applied to Lord Combermere for an explanation of the strange equipment. These gentlemen were not, however, as much mystified as Buonaparte was upon a certain occasion. The Emperor, having asked a militia officer to what service he belonged, was told that he commanded *le Régiment des Souris*, the militiaman wishing by a French pronunciation to make the word Surrey more intelligible to His Majesty.

Soon after this ball Lord Combermere was summoned to England to officiate at the christening of the Prince of Wales. He started from Frankfort early in January, 1842, and drove for some distance by the side of the frozen Rhine. The inhabitants of both banks had so carefully shut themselves into their houses that the scene had a desolate dreary aspect, very unlike the wintry appearance of rural districts in England, whose more hardy inhabitants are not afraid to brave the piercing cold of winter.

After attending the christening and the various fêtes which followed it, Lord Combermere returned to Frankfort, having been little more than two months absent. A tour through Holland, and a visit of ten

days to Scheveningen, a bathing-place near the Hague, followed. At the latter town he dined with his old Peninsular friend, the Prince of Orange, then King of Holland. Nothing could exceed the kindness of His Majesty, who had by no means forgotten the days when he wore the British uniform, and, as aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington, took his first lessons in the art of war. The dinner was exceedingly plain but plentiful, and the arrangements such as might be seen in an ordinary private family.

About this time Lord Hill was said to be in such failing health that his resignation of the office of Commander-in-Chief was generally expected. The Duke of Newcastle wrote on the subject to Lord Combermere, as follows:—

"I determined, as no one has so good a claim as you, and no one is better fitted on every account, to write to Peel, suggesting that, in the event of Lord Hill's retirement, the command should be given to you. The premier is a wary man, and answers evasively; but I gather from his reply that Lord Hill's resignation is not an impossibility, but that he will not while Lord Hill retains office entertain the subject."

Lord Combermere, ever unwilling to urge his own claims, resisted all the importunities of friends, and would not second this application of his kind relative. From Holland he returned to Belgium, intending after a short stay to proceed towards England. He was,

however, delayed by the illness of his father-in-law, Mr. Gibbings, whose subsequent temporary convalescence only continued till he was established in London. At the same time certain consumptive symptoms in his daughter Meliora rendered her removal to the country indispensable. Lord Combermere therefore accompanied her to Cheshire, while Lady Combermere, unwilling to leave her father, who was quite unable to travel, remained with him in town. This indispensable separation was most irksome to all parties. As for Lord Combermere, he always felt unhappy away from his family; and when obliged to leave them on business, made the separation as short as possible. Almost every summer he spent Ascot week at Combermere Abbey, superintending the different changes and improvements which he was always effecting there; but except at such times he rarely absented himself from his wife and daughter. Indeed he never dined from home without them, unless obliged to appear at some military or political banquet. This love of a domestic life and the parental anxiety on his daughter's account, by which he was at this time distressed, are expressed in the following extracts from one or two of his letters:—

"August, 1842.

* * * "I am glad that you were able to move your father to St. John's Wood so successfully. Now you will have to remain in London till he is settled, and I must be satisfied. However much I deplore the result of your absence, I cannot but approve of your

great devotion to him. What to do about Meliora I know not. After all the care we take of her, the cough gets worse, and I now feel apprehensive that she has caught this complaint from Miss G——,* who should not have remained so long with her. I much fear that my dearest child will be consumptive, and the thought makes me miserable. I reproach myself for having kept her at Frankfort last winter, instead of going as I first intended to the south of France. How can you leave your father? And yet Meliora should spend the winter at Nice or Naples. We are not quite settled, so might easily break up the establishment. I take all the care I can of her, but I wish that her new governess would arrive to watch her better. We ride very quietly every evening, never out of a footspace, for one hour and half. * * * *

"The change of weather has made Meliora's cough worse; she is not to ride this evening. I believe that she has fresh milk every morning; at least they tell me that she gets it, but her maid is helpless, and I cannot feel sure she drinks it. Yesterday I swore in fifty special constables at Audlem; and I am just setting off for Nantwich to meet the magistrates. The yeomanry are there, and I think that we shall give the rioters a warm reception if they make us the threatened visit. I am told that they mean to come here for swords, and I have given out all the swords†

* A governess.

† When the 20th Dragoons were disbanded Lord Combermere

to my tenants and servants, who are to assemble in case of alarm at Audlem, to join part of the yeomanry there; the Whitchurch troop is at Nantwich, the Drayton at Audlem. I hope that all will be quiet in a few days; but the country has been in an alarming state. Large parties go to farmhouses, beg, borrow, and steal whatever they can get at. Old Hassall had eight fellows at his house yesterday morning. * * * * *

"*Thursday.*—If your father knew how much business I have done to-day, he would say that I am killing myself. I was up at seven, and had an hour with my planters before breakfast. I then audited all my accounts for the last month, and inspected all the boats, fishing-nets, &c. I next rode to Audlem (five miles), attended the turnpike meeting and a vestry meeting, and visited the school. Returned to luncheon, went over the farm and woods, marked timber for falling; concluding the day's work by inspecting my new roads."

On leaving India Lord Combermere had been presented by the King of Oude with some splendid Indian cattle, of which a worthy descendant, pastured at Combermere in 1843, excited the admiration of Cheshire. This famous beast Lord Combermere determined to present to Her Majesty, and on notifying his intention to Colonel Murray he received per-

retained the swords, which were hung in a gallery at Combermere Abbey, where a large and fine collection of old Indian armour decorates the entrance hall.

mission to send the animal to the Home Farm at Windsor, and at the same time an invitation for himself to the Castle. The hunchbacked ox was washed, curry-combed, and brushed, and his keeper attired in a new suit, with a glaring red waistcoat and metal buttons —the Sunday costume of a Cheshire labourer. The steward also decked himself in gala attire for the occasion, and both started for Windsor, the clodhopper full of importance at escorting a bull with such a royal destination. They all reached the Home Farm safely. The ox was lodged in a shed near the dairy, and the day after his arrival the Queen and Prince, with several guests staying at the Castle, came to inspect the new arrival. He was greatly admired for his size, spots, symmetry, and the hump on his back, which last was known to be a culinary delicacy. His beauty could not, however, save him from the ordinary lot of oxen, and it was decided that he should be slaughtered immediately for the royal table. Next day the beef was "dressed" with great care for royal inspection by a celebrated Windsor butcher, the hump being salted for Her Majesty's table, while the beautiful skin was to be prepared for a rug, and the horns reserved for polishing and mounting. The Queen ordered a large engraving of herself to be richly framed and presented to Lord Combermere's steward, as a memorial of his visit to Windsor. The bull's attendant, who was also liberally remembered, returned home much bewildered with Windsor ale and royal notice. Determined

not to betray his native ignorance at Court, he affected to entertain a mean opinion of all he saw in the royal farm. "We have better nor that at Coombermere," was the reply to all applications for his admiration of the Home Farm produce, and when subsequently he was shown a live tiger, he only noticed it by saying, "We have lots on 'em at Coombermere!"

One of those Court ceremonies which now became the business of the hitherto otherwise active veteran occurred in June this year, at the marriage of Princess Augusta, eldest daughter of the Duke of Cambridge. An evening party was summoned to Buckingham Palace to celebrate the occasion, the guests consisting mostly of the cabinet ministers, foreign ambassadors, and persons connected with the Court. Lord Combermere, on duty at the time, gladly witnessed an event which would contribute to the happiness of the Duke of Cambridge, for whom he entertained the greatest affection and respect.

Lord Combermere had known all the sons of George III., in early life, at the house of his first wife's uncle, Lord Harrington, where he often met the Princes, then constant visitors to the young Stanhopes, and their charming sisters, afterwards the Duchesses of Bedford and Leinster. Amongst the royal brothers the Duke of Cambridge was always remarkable for the gracious kind manner so indicative of the benevolent nature which he possessed.

In January, 1844, Lady Combermere lost the father whom she had so tenderly loved, and whose declining years had been made happy by Lord Combermere's kind attentions. The grief with which she deplored this bereavement caused her to avoid entering into society. Lord Combermere, ever kind and considerate, did not attempt to combat this desire for seclusion, although his youngest daughter was then about to be presented, and could ill spare her natural chaperon.

It was with much gratification that Lord Combermere heard at this time of the birth of a grandson to the King of Hanover. He was a kind and old friend, and Lord Combermere well knew how sincere was the pleasure expressed in the following answer to his letter of congratulation:—

"Hanover, October 7th, 1845.

"My dear General,—I beg to express my best thanks for your kind congratulations and good wishes on the birth of my grandson, the joy at which happy event is much enhanced by finding that my old friends have not forgotten me, but participate in my good fortune, which is the greatest that Providence could have bestowed on me; for it I never can be sufficiently thankful.

"Believe me, my dear Lord,

"Yours faithfully,

"Ernest."

The Duke of Newcastle never during the whole

of his life lost sight of Lord Combermere's interests. He was particularly anxious that his brother-in-law should hold the office of Commander-in-Chief, and on a rumour of a vacancy wrote once more to urge him to apply for it:—

"Clumber, Dec. 16, 1845.

"MY DEAR COMBERMERE,—I have just heard that the Duke of Wellington has resigned the command of the army. This is really wrong; he was bound to retain it till things were settled. Do, pray, without a moment's delay, write urgently putting in your claim, and begging to be appointed to succeed him. I should be rejoiced to see you at the head of the army. There is no one so fit, nor has any one a better claim to be there. * * *

"Yours most affectionately,

"NEWCASTLE."

Lord Combermere disregarded the Duke's advice, and did not apply for the post of Commander-in-Chief. Indeed, he was ever averse to put himself forward, or urge his claim to preferment.

During Louis Napoleon's residence in London, he was an occasional guest of Lord Combermere. Many members of fashionable society now disavow the opinions which were then openly expressed as to the Prince's abilities. These were never for a moment underrated by the members of Lord Combermere's family, who had been often amused and some-

times provoked at the general estimate of the future Emperor's powers. While silent and reserved, he was quietly studying mankind in general, and the British nation in particular. London fine ladies and gentlemen termed him dull and uninteresting, little recognising the tact and strength of will which was one day to conduct him to that imperial throne. Yet notwithstanding his apparent indifference, he was always ready to discuss in an agreeable manner those social questions which interested him. The Emperor of the French would smile now, if he recalled how once when the princely refugee was invited to dine with Lord Combermere, his non-appearance at the appointed time did not delay the dinner, for no one lady or gentleman was ever waited for at the veteran's table. Therefore, soup and fish had been removed before the future sovereign arrived, apologizing very courteously for an unpunctuality which was not his own fault.

Louis Napoleon's love of art was an early passion, perhaps one of the many qualities that recommend him to his countrymen. At his residence in King-street, St. James's-Square, he had collected many artistic gems and family relics, which he highly prized; and a few days before his last departure for Paris, he had invited Lord and Lady Combermere to inspect them. For the latter, as well as for the Marchioness of Londonderry, he made sketches of decorations to ornament their stalls at the great

military bazaar, for the benefit of the Irish, which was held at the Life Guards barracks, in the Regent's Park. It was at one of these stalls that the late Duke of Devonshire, besides purchasing from the other ladies useless trifles at fabulous prices, generously handed Lady Londonderry one hundred pounds in return for her glove, which with chivalrous grace he placed near his heart.

The Empress, as Mademoiselle Montijo, was, equally with her future husband, an occasional guest at Lord Combermere's house. She was known in London society as the Spanish beauty, but handsome as she then was, her loveliness had not expanded into that full splendour which it afterwards attained.

A letter from Lord Londonderry at this time alludes to the habit of smoking, which was then so much less general than now.

"Dear Cotton,—What think you of our chief's order as to cigars and cheroots? Will his moral and military influence persuade when parents' advice is thrown by the board? What are the gold sticks to do with that sink of smoking, the Horse Guards' guard and mess-rooms? Whenever I have visited it, I have found it *worse* than any pot-house, and this opposite an Adjutant-General, and under His Grace's nose. *You* are gold-stick-in-waiting, &c., so commence your discipline; you are senior, and should

set Anglesey and me an example. You may be sure at least *I* will follow.

"Another bad habit our chaps have of not dining with the officers of the guard at St. James's. This they do only to indulge more in cheroots, &c., early and late. Surely this ought to be stopped, or, likely enough, the Duke will order the dinner for the guard to be *reformed.*

"If no attention is paid to this general order, and if commanding officers neither heed it, or other officers mind it, can they or them be brought to a court-martial for disobedience of orders, and would a court of officers convict? This is to me a puzzler, as times go.

"Best regards to Lady Combermere and Miss C., in which Lady L. sincerely joins.

"Ever yours most sincerely,

"VANE LONDONDERRY."

Every year Lord Londonderry entertained at a splendid banquet in the great gallery of Holdernesse House, the officers of his regiment. On a dinner table laid for fifty guests were displayed gorgeous plate and rare china, with presents from the kings in whose courts the host had represented his sovereign. The viands were not less admirable in their character than the decorations, for the *chef* was an artist of European celebrity.

The presence of royalty, foreign and British, fre-

quently illustrated the scene. Among others, the heirs to the Russian and Prussian thrones partook of these annual banquets during their visits to England. The Nepaulese Ambassador, Jung Bahadoor, also dined there, or rather sat at a little distance from the table where the remainder of the guests were eating, and when the ladies retired, enjoyed in another room the fruits and ices prepared for him and his *suite*, pleading religious scruples for this unsociability.

The officers invited to these dinners were all required to appear in uniform, and the brilliant dresses of the Life Guards were varied by the showy decorations of foreign guests. From the hall without, which was a parterre, came, enhanced by the scent of flowers, the brilliant music of the Life Guards' band.

Amongst Lord Combermere's annual visits was one to Alton Towers, when John, Earl of Shrewsbury, called the English pope, reigned there. On one occasion he arrived just as the immense congregation of priests assembled for the consecration of the beautiful Romish church at Cheadle was dispersing. Fifty of them had been summoned by the pious Earl to celebrate the great event. They were of various grades and qualities, although the former did not include the higher dignitaries of the church, for Cardinal Wiseman had not yet appeared in the scarlet attire which irritates John Bull as much as his four-footed namesake; nor had he assumed the portentous

hat, as productive of popular indignation as that which provoked William Tell.

As we have said, Lord Combermere did not reach Alton Towers till most of the priests had departed. All the remaining guests were Roman Catholics, and as it was Friday, great was the effort of culinary science to lighten the penance of such as were not fortunate enough to possess dispensations for the consumption of meat. Endless were the elaborate dishes, so wonderfully like those proscribed, that the pious consumers while partaking of them enjoyed the pleasure of fancying that they were committing sin.

A most beautiful cemetery, established in the neighbourhood by Lord Shrewsbury for the benefit of members of the Roman Catholic faith, was not yet well peopled, although Lady Shrewsbury naïvely assured Lord Combermere that many were *dying* to be buried there: an assertion which she meant to be accepted metaphorically. It was not long before the founders of this picturesque churchyard were both laid there amongst many whose lives they had brightened, and whose deaths they had soothed. This excellent couple were sincerely mourned, for there were few near Alton Towers who had not at some time or other experienced their kindness, partaken of their hospitality, or profited by their liberality.

Lieutenant Waghorn, the celebrated originator of the overland route to India, received but little reward

for this important achievement, save the consciousness of having conferred an inestimable benefit on his ungrateful country. In 1848, endeavouring to obtain some recognition of his services, he wrote to solicit Lord Combermere's support.

"34, Cornhill, 26th Jan., 1848.

"My Lord,—Your Lordship's name is honourably coupled with the enclosed memorial, and although your Lordship may know little of the details of my unceasing toils since the time of your Lordship as Vice-President of Council in Bengal, yet I have flattered myself that after your Lordship has perused the enclosed 'memorial of my services, (claims) on the country,' your Lordship will not fail to write me a document of my merits in the object, as one of the most useful ever set on foot relative to all our British empire in the East.

"My name, my pursuits, are doubtless more or less known to your Lordship by notoriety; I have taken the liberty of attaching copy of a note from Lord Ellenborough in this matter, and with my respect and gratitude,

"I have the honour to be,

"Your Lordship's grateful & faithful servant,

"Thos. Waghorn, Lt. R.N.

"The Right Hon. Lord Viscount Combermere,
G.C.B., D.C.L., P.C., &c. &c. &c."

Poor Waghorn died very soon after the receipt of this letter by Lord Combermere.

In 1847 an act was passed for limiting the service of soldiers to ten years for the infantry, and twelve years in the cavalry, artillery, or any other ordnance corps. Lord Combermere took the greatest interest in the debate on this question, and spoke in the House of Lords on the second reading of the bill.

From the notes which Lord Combermere prepared for his speech we are able to mention the grounds on which the veteran, ever the zealous friend of that profession of which he was so brilliant an ornament, opposed an enactment apparently calculated to be such a boon to the army. His objections to the bill were these. He considered that no better class of men was required, and maintained that there was no difficulty in obtaining recruits. During the two preceding years 37,000 men had been enlisted, a proof, he considered, that unlimited enlistment was not viewed as an objection by those most interested. He did not, moreover, see any inducement for men to enlist under the new system. He would ask the supporters of the bill why did they not extend its benefits to the old soldier, whom they stated to be a bondsman? More was to be done, in his opinion, by restoring the old pensions than by any other measure, for all soldiers complained of the insufficiency of the pension, none of unlimited service. He considered that great inconvenience would arise from the

difficulty of supplying our colonies. There would be much expense attending constant relief, equalling that of extra pensions. He next dwelt on the great dislike felt by newly arrived men to an Eastern climate. What would have been the consequences, if the 16th Lancers, for instance, who were twenty-three years in India, had been composed of limited service men? But a miserable pittance, he thought, was that proposed as a pension under the new system. As to the hardship of unlimited service, a soldier could obtain his discharge on payment of 20*l*.

It was in the course of this year, that owing to the persevering efforts of the late Duke of Richmond, the long deferred award of medals to the heroes of the great war took place. Lord Combermere, already in the possession of a gold cross and one clasp for Talavera, Fuentes d'Onor, Salamanca, Orthes, and Toulouse, now received a silver medal with three clasps for Busaco, Ciudad Rodrigo, and the Pyrenees.

On the 7th of May, 1848, there was an investiture of the Bath, when the officers to be honoured with the order amounted to eleven, many of them, who were infirm and decrepit, finding it very difficult to perform their part of the ceremony. It was with great pleasure that Lord Combermere, as gold stick, according to usage, presented his sword to knight some of his old comrades. He had to hand it eleven times to Her Majesty, who performed her part with the usual

grace, till at length she became quite tired from wielding the heavy regulation sword. Lord Combermere, in presenting it, as he hoped, with respectful propriety to the Queen, once nearly pierced the eye of the Duke of Wellington, who recommended him to use a smaller and more manageable weapon in future. Lord Combermere received the same counsel from a more authoritative source, and soon procured a lighter substitute for the offending blade.

The internal affairs of Spain had long ceased to interest the English public, when Don Carlos, the pretender to the throne, anxious to consolidate a party of adherents in England, and to propitiate the aristocracy there, sent his eldest son, Count Montemolin, accompanied by a younger brother, Prince Ferdinand, to London. They remained for about three years in this country, and it was after their return to the Continent that the ill-judged attempts to excite a revolution by their presence in Spain terminated so unsatisfactorily for the exiled party. On Count Montemolin's arrival in London, Lord Combermere paid his respects to the young prince, and was gladly received by some gentlemen of the suite, whose fathers he had known in his campaigning years. With the unfortunate Don Carlos he had been previously acquainted, and Lady Combermere at Rome, in 1818, had not only been presented to the deposed King Charles, grandfather to the young princes, but had witnessed the extraordinary cere-

monies which rendered his interment so remarkable. A few weeks after her introduction, the unfortunate monarch lay in state for several days, the object of much curiosity and wonder, at St. Peter's. The church was thronged by visitors, eager to witness a sight which will perhaps have been the last display of the kind exhibited by the church in honour of catholic royalty.

The old King was carried in a religious procession from his palace to the sacred edifice, resting on a satin bed, placed upon a splendid catafalque, in full court dress, with a three-cornered hat on his head. He lay exposed to public curiosity for some days before being consigned to the tomb. But four weeks previously his Queen had been the object of equal curiosity on the same spot. She also had been paraded through the streets on a white satin bed, drawn by six white horses, and surrounded by great pomp, secular as well as religious, full dressed cardinals on mules, heralds on highly decorated horses, cowled monks with lighted torches, and confraternities of hooded laymen, disguised according to Roman custom, following with solemn pace. Her Majesty was carefully attired in lace and white satin, and decked with a profusion of costly jewels. The poor sunken discoloured face presented an appalling appearance with such environments. Nor could the spectator easily carry his mind back to the days when her charms enslaved Manuel Godoy, and thus lost their possessor

a crown. Two or three ladies in waiting, gorgeously attired in court dresses, and covered with diamonds, stood near the body in St. Peter's, and the chamberlain at the usual dinner-time came to announce that Her Majesty was served. Questions as to her daily drive were punctually repeated, when one of the ladies in attendance always answered, "Her Majesty does not drive to-day."

To return from this digression. Don Carlos had resided latterly at Trieste, and from thence he sent his children to meet their partisans in England. Count Montemolin and his youngest brother, both since dead, were amiable, unpretending young men; their second brother, Don Juan, like his namesake of operatic notoriety, has more spirit, and possesses considerable ability. After a separation of twenty years, these brothers met almost unexpectedly at a road-side inn near Combermere Abbey, where Don Juan had followed Count Montemolin, and where he waited till Lord Combermere, apprised of his vicinity, sent a carriage to bring him to the Abbey. This, the Count's second visit there, was marred by some untoward accidents, minor accessories to the evil fortunes of his unlucky career. The youngest brother, Prince Ferdinand, upset himself from a small boat into the lake, which is in the centre thirteen yards deep, but being a good swimmer he escaped with a wetting. He then fell, with his horse, into a deep ditch which he was endeavouring to leap.

The Count Montemolin accidentally shot off a keeper's finger next day, and distress at this accident marred the kind-hearted prince's pleasure at Combermere, where during the remainder of his stay he paid daily visits to the maimed invalid, who, besides kindness, received solid proofs of His Royal Highness's sympathy.

Soon after their visit to the Abbey Lord Combermere invited the Spanish princes, with their three gentlemen-in-waiting, to a party at his house in London. Their appearance occasioned much surprise to some of the guests. "We thought that Count Montemolin was so soon to be married that he would not leave his bride," said one. "I saw the wedding dresses to-day," remarked another. Many seemed amazed at this unexpected intelligence. The Count's gentlemen, being questioned on the subject, displayed the utmost astonishment and dismay. The expression of these feelings was ludicrously vehement, and the poor Count was soon observed pent up in a corner by his faithful guardians—Colonel Mery and the Duke of Villafranca—who seemed to watch lest he should then and there abscond. Into a hackney coach, as his own carriage had not arrived, the Prince was now hurried, and conveyed at once home to his residence in Harley-street. There at twelve o'clock that night, a council of all the influential Spaniards attached to his cause was assembled in London, when the culprit was assailed by inquiries lasting two

hours; after which he was conducted to his room, while his anxious adherents discussed below stairs the unexpected disaster threatening them. Towards daybreak the conclave separated; and when, at nine o'clock, Count Montemolin was summoned to breakfast, it was ascertained that he had absconded, leaving behind him a note, of which the contents never transpired. Here was a dilemma to distract the unfortunate suite, responsible to their party for the body and soul of their royal master! Fat and florid gentlemen, in a state of fever and rage, gesticulated in a most frantic way, till, glowing with excitement, two of them arrived in Belgrave-square, to consult Lord Combermere as to the manner in which they were to proceed for the capture of the royal fugitive.

His first step was to question the relatives of the young lady whose charms had occasioned so much disturbance amongst the Spanish exiles. Her friends were quite ignorant of the royal fugitive's retreat. Recourse was next had to the police, and members of the force started in all directions in search of the Prince, who, it appeared, had carried away with him only three pounds in one pocket and a watch in the other. No trace of Count Montemolin could be discovered; but a note, addressed by him to his brothers, and pushed under the street-door in Harley-street, assured them of his safety. Next day he probably went to inform his lady-love of the unexpected impediment to their union; for when Colonel Mery,

one of his suite, knocked at her door, it was slightly opened and abruptly shut again, but not before the colonel had in the interval caught a glimpse of his royal master, who was standing in the passage, as if about to leave the house, little anticipating this unwelcome appearance of his too faithful equerry.

Lord Combermere was requested to see the lady, and proceeded at once to her residence, near the park. Nothing could be more courteous than her manner, or more rational than her concurrence in the proposal that she should immediately withdraw her claim to the hand of her royal lover. The difficulties of his position, the displeasure of his parents, a projected advantageous royal alliance for him, were each in turn adduced to justify the sacrifice she was called on to make. The lady was reasonable, and yielded with a ready grace, which quite won the goodwill of the veteran peacemaker, who met her ever afterwards with pleasure. The relatives behaved equally well; and the love-sick Prince at last surrendered to his rejoicing friends. Lord Combermere was present at his return, and was much touched with the exuberant affection expressed by the three brothers, who embraced each other as fervently as if they had been parted for years, instead of only a few hours. That evening Count Montemolin was put by his keepers into the train for Dover, and soon afterwards the following letters were received by Lord and Lady Combermere :—

"Trieste, ce 16 Juin, 1849.

"MADAME,—Profitant du retour de mon cher fils Jean à Londres, je remplis le devoir très-agréable pour moi, de vous remercier du fond de mon cœur, pour les preuves d'affection que vous ne cessez de témoigner à mes enfans. La Divine Providence met trop souvent à l'épreuve notre résignation, mais en même temps ne nous abandonne pas, et daigne adoucir nos chagrins par le moyen des personnes sensibles, qui comme vous, madame, employent leurs bonnes offices à rendre moins pénible notre malheureuse situation.

"En vous priant, madame, de croire à mon éternelle reconnaissance, je vous assure de mes sentiments les plus affectueux.

"MARIE THÉRÈSE."

"Trieste, ce 16 Juin, 1849.

"MILORD, — Instruit depuis longtems de votre empressement à rendre agréable le séjour de mes enfants à Londres, je désirais qu'une occasion opportune se présentât afin de pouvoir vous témoigner combien j'étais sensible à ces égards affectueux que vous leur avez toujours montré. Cette opportunité s'offre aujourd'hui, milord, car le service que vous avez bien voulu me rendre dernièrement, ajoutant un nouveau titre à ma reconnaissance ne me permet pas de différer de vous addresser directement mes plus sincères et vifs remerciements. Mon fils Jean, en

vous remettant cette lettre, vous fera le récit des heureux momens que je viens de passer, et vous dira de ma part, mieux de ce que je ne puis faire par écrit, les sentiments de reconnaissance et de parfaite estime avec lesquels je suis et serai toujours,

"Milord, votre affectionné,

"CHARLES."

The object of Count Montemolin's romantic affection is now a countess, who must often rejoice that conscientious scruples or prudence on her side so honourably released him from an engagement which would have been equally prejudicial to both parties. The Count married a sister of the King of Naples, and lived the recipient of royal bounty and royal honours for some time, in a palace assigned to him by his relative. A few years later, during a visit to his stepmother, at Trieste, he was attacked by an illness which soon proved fatal; his wife and brother, Prince Ferdinand, also falling victims to its malignity. Suspicions have since been whispered, that art rather than nature released the Queen of Spain from dangerous pretenders, whose ambition was not shared by the surviving brother, Don Juan. He has relinquished all claim to the Spanish throne, engrossed, as it is said, by the pleasures of private life—pleasures which he varies with southern caprice. His wife, a very charming Princess of Modena, lives separated from him for causes of which we are ignorant.

The intimacy between Lord Londonderry and Lord Combermere rather resembled the enthusiastic friendship of youth than the more phlegmatic regard of age. Constant letters used to pass between the two old comrades. Of these, the subjoined is one of the most amusing specimens:—

"June 24, 1849.

"Dear Combermere,—I am rather bewildered by your wife's programme of the Lord Mayor's dinner, and wish I had her to prompt me when I am to appear on a similar sublime occasion. I am a connoisseur in ribs *d'agneau*, as my *chef* calls them, but for the life of me, I cannot tell from which side the ribs are taken to form one's partner through existence. I should be grieved to get at the wrong side of my Eve, in the presence of Gog and Magog. Lady Combermere's detail differs from that of the Duke of Beaufort. When he dined at the Lord Mayor's, Lady Stanley was handed to the banquet by the chief magistrate, Lord Stanley escorted the Lady Mayoress. Then followed the loving uxorious pairs two and two, as if they were entering the ark to drink their loving cup once more together. Stanley's speech is not praised, but Disraeli's hit, that 'dinner without politics is far better than politics without dinner,' told. I truly lament that no Combermere was there to return thanks for the army, as that officer always knows what to do and to say. At my official appear-

ance on the next occasion, being of an *âge mûr*, I shall manage to stand on my heels, although my head may be lost in the glare of magnificence and the light of beauty. I shall wish that your lady were there to help me, for I am a great coward on some occasions. *Que Dieu vous bénisse!*

"Yours sincerely and affectionately,

"VANE LONDONDERRY."

CHAPTER VIII.

PAPAL AGGRESSION—LETTER FROM SIR WILLIAM GOMM—DYCE SOMBRE—LETTER FROM LORD COTTENHAM—THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE—LETTER FROM LORD LINCOLN—LETTER TO LORD LONDONDERRY—LETTER TO LORD DERBY—APPOINTMENT OF LORD COMBERMERE'S SON AS SECRETARY TO THE MASTER-GENERAL OF THE ORDNANCE—LETTER FROM LORD HARDINGE—DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON—ANECDOTES OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON—PROPOSED TESTIMONIAL TO LORD FITZROY SOMERSET—LETTER FROM LORD HARDINGE—LETTER TO LORD FITZROY SOMERSET—FUNERAL OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON—LORD COMBERMERE APPOINTED CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER—LORD COMBERMERE AS PROVINCIAL GRAND-MASTER OF THE CHESHIRE FREEMASONS—THE 1ST LIFE-GUARDS—POLITICS IN 1853—LORD COMBERMERE AT EIGHTY—THE CRIMEAN WAR—APPOINTMENT AS FIELD-MARSHAL—LETTER FROM LORD RAGLAN—GHOLAM MOHAMMED.

CHAPTER VIII.

The appointment of Cardinal Wiseman, and the newly asserted pretensions of the Pope in England, aroused all Lord Combermere's protestantism, which had been recently revived by the perusal of a book exposing the real doctrines of the Church of Rome. This work, written by one of the most honoured of her saints, St. Alphonso Liguori, canonized in May, 1839, is a manual for confession, which laymen read with unmitigated astonishment. Intended solely for the priesthood, its secrets are closed to the Roman Catholic public by the Papal prohibition. An English translation—for the original is written in Latin—was published a few years since in London, to the dismay of the Romish clergy. When quickly bought up by them, a new edition soon followed, of which the indecent pages are retained in Latin.

In Cheshire, as in other parts of England, the Papal aggression gave rise to numerous public meetings. To one of these Sir Arthur Aston, its promoter, invited Lord Combermere, who, owing to urgent business, was unable to attend. He took care,

however, that his absence should not be put down to indifference or hostility to the object of the meeting, and expressed his sentiments in the following very unmistakable language:—

"Combermere Abbey, December 24, 1850.

"DEAR SIR ARTHUR,—It is with much regret that I am obliged to absent myself from the meeting convened by you, to be held at Knutsford, on the 6th instant. Unexpected business will keep me at home, and prevent me from attending it and expressing my unqualified indignation at the recent aggression of the Bishop of Rome. From a protracted residence abroad, and in Ireland, I was always well aware of the encroaching and despotic character of the Romish Church, and during forty-five years that I was in Parliament, I never gave one vote favouring its claims or acknowledging its pretensions. That any man valuing liberty of conscience and freedom of action, in the nineteenth century, can allow himself to be governed by the absolutism of the head of that church, or the petty espionage of his subordinates, is a miracle much more difficult of solution than any performed by the official *dramatis personæ* of Popery. Some men may accept their creed as an inheritance, others may adhere to it through indolence or habit, but for the newly professed perverts from the Protestant faith no excuse can be found, except in the mental deficiencies that render them unconscious tools in the

hands of wily and ambitious men. I trust that in your address you will notice the Puseyite epidemic with the reprobation it deserves; for what honest man will not repudiate the treacherous conduct of those unworthy sons of the Church who receive Protestant pay to promulgate Popish doctrines, and who, burlesquing the stage-tricks of Rome (which rational Roman Catholics themselves disavow), succeed in bewildering the weak-minded, and dazzling the frivolous, by their childish pantomimic performances?

"I have the honour to remain,

"Dear Sir Arthur,

"Yours most sincerely,

"COMBERMERE.

"To Sir Arthur Aston, Bart."

In 1851 Sir William Gomm, at that time Commander-in-Chief of India, wrote to Lord Combermere the annexed letter, which is interesting as a description of the state of Bhurtpore twenty-five years after its capture:—

"Camp, Bhurtpore, 17th February, 1851.

"DEAR LORD COMBERMERE,—You will be at no loss to understand how my debt of a letter to you occurs to me at this particular station. The rajah sent us so pressing an invitation while we were at Agra, that we have been tempted, both by this and by the high military interest attached to the spot, to make a détour by Futtehghur, and we shall proceed from hence

to Deeg, one of Lord Lake's principal playgrounds, and from thence by Muttra to Delhi. Meanwhile, it will gratify you to hear that we are reconnoitring your fortress under great advantages; my Oriental interpreter, Major Otter, having figured very actively in its capture. We have stood with him upon the cavalier overpeering the undermined bastion of your right attack, and also upon the faces of the long-necked bastion, through the breach in which your left assault penetrated, terribly worked upon meanwhile from those huge mud mounds of the citadel.

"The works throughout the whole circuit, as you know, are allowed to go to ruin, by stipulation, I understand; only restored sufficiently now and then to keep out the wolves. They present a strange and gigantic concrete of earth even to-day, manifesting how proof it was against battery to any extent, and only to be disturbed by the mine.

"The rajah is doing all sorts of kind things to oblige and amuse us, and he has just emptied a magazine of sweetmeats and bonbons into the camp, that would incapacitate any European company for marching for a fortnight; but here the soldiers are said to fatten on a glut of such things. We move to-morrow towards Deeg, the rajah insisting on accompanying us in person out of his territory, and showing us some hawking by the way. He sent his hunting chetars to meet us on our route into camp on Saturday, and we pulled down some deer with them.

"To-day we all dine at the palace, the rajah presiding in person. Lady Combermere and your Lordship will be glad to hear that Lady Gomm continues quite well, and enjoys these Eastern scenes vastly.

"Pray believe me, my dear Lord,

"Yours very faithfully,

"WILLIAM GOMM."

As we have shown in a previous chapter, a cordial friendship had sprung up between Lord Combermere and the Begum Sumroo during the former's residence in India. So great was the Begum's confidence in him that on one occasion she placed her heir and adopted son's hand in his, entreating that he would befriend the boy, Dyce Sombre, when at her decease he should come to England for the purpose of being naturalized as a British subject. Holding the lad's hand in his, while he kissed that of the Begum, Lord Combermere promised to protect him. "You shall be my elder son," said the old lady, "and inherit a part of my property!"

The Begum, as we before stated, had erected a miniature St. Peter's at her residence of Sirdhana. As some return for the kindness received at her hands, Lord Combermere when in Rome purchased for 400*l.* a fine painting as an altar-piece to the new chapel, and duly dispatched it to India. This munificent gift found the intended recipient a corpse, the Begum

having died in 1838, without making the slightest mention of Lord Combermere in her will. He, however, did not forget his promise to befriend her adopted son, young Dyce Sombre; and when in the same year that dull but good-humoured young man arrived in London, Lord Combermere at once constituted himself his adviser and patron. The two first wants of the inexperienced East Indian were a tailor and a solicitor. The first was found, at Lord Combermere's recommendation, in the person of the then famous Stultz, while by the same advice his business matters were placed in the hands of Messrs. Frere. Dyce Sombre seemed anxious for admittance to London society; and this object was also effected through Lord Combermere's intervention, who introduced him to Lady Cork, a well-known amateur of lions. She at once took him under her fostering wing. A wife was Dyce Sombre's next requirement; but in this case he preferred making his own selection, and one morning in 1840 surprised Lord Combermere by announcing his intention of proposing to a young lady of rank, fashion, and remarkable personal attractions. Lord Combermere, conscious of his *protége's* unfitness, from habits, disposition, and education, for a union with a high-bred and accomplished English girl, strove earnestly to prevent the ill-assorted marriage. All his efforts were in vain; it took place, and proved, as was anticipated, a most unhappy union. Dyce Sombre, subject to no control, possessing an unbounded command of money,

of a weak yet excitable disposition, and led astray by bad advisers, at length carried his excesses to such an extent as to lead to a suspicion of his sanity. On this plea the Lord Chancellor interfered, and placing Sombre's property under the guardianship of the Court of Chancery, allowed him but 500*l.* a year for his personal expenses. Through all his difficulties, and in spite of the obloquy and misrepresentation liberally poured forth by interested persons, both on Dyce Sombre and his friends, Lord Combermere still continued to support him. Nor did his kindness limit itself to countenance and advice. On one occasion, at Kissingen, in Germany, he found the luckless man reduced to such straits that he intended to sell a handsome fur cloak to defray his hotel expenses, when Lord Combermere at once assisted him with a considerable sum of money. In the protracted lawsuit which was instituted for the purpose of deciding the question of his sanity, Lord Combermere proved himself a stanch but impartial friend. He afterwards, however, estranged him altogether by asserting in an affidavit that no daughter of his should marry a man of Dyce Sombre's habits. But on the other hand, feeling convinced that, though eccentric, he was yet capable of managing his property, Lord Combermere, in conjunction with Lord Downshire and the late Lord Shrewsbury, energetically supported his cause. The present Lord Westbury, then Mr. Bethell, was counsel on the opposite side, and made no sparing

use of his peculiar talent to impugn the conduct of Dyce Sombre's friends. Mr. Bethell's blows, however, fell very harmlessly on the head of the honourable, upright, and single-minded soldier, who could well afford to scorn any attempts to charge him with unworthy motives. Unfortunately, an opening was at length given for an equally baseless but more specious charge. The three peers above spoken of forwarded to the Lord Chancellor, in Dyce Sombre's behalf, a petition which was through some inadvertence sealed. Here was an opportunity not to be missed; and Mr. Bethell at once accused them of seeking to prejudice the Lord Chancellor by private communications. As soon as Lord Combermere discovered this mistake he wrote an apology, in reply to which he received a letter from Lord Cottenham completely exculpating him:—

"House of Lords.

"My Lord,—I beg to assure your Lordship that I do not consider, and never have considered, anything your Lordship has done in the case of Mr. Dyce Sombre as in any degree offensive to myself. I am certain that no such intention could have been entertained, and no feeling of the kind has been excited in me. The course adopted was certainly irregular, and could not but meet with the disapprobation of any judge, which led to the observation at the Bar; but I have the satisfaction of assuring you that, if it had occasioned any personal feeling on my part, which it

did not, such feeling would have been effectually removed by your Lordship's very courteous letter.

"I have the honour to be,

"Your Lordship's most obedient servant,

"COTTENHAM."

After years of litigation a brighter prospect seemed about to be opened for Dyce Sombre. The persevering efforts of his friends had procured a reconsideration of his case, and the luckless victim of the law's paternal care was in 1851 sent for to London for a fresh examination, which it was confidently hoped would establish his fitness to manage his property. He had been residing in France when the summons arrived, and so overjoyed was he at its receipt, that, although suffering from an inflamed foot, he would not delay his departure an instant. Travelling night and day with this suffering foot encased in a light boot, he quickly paid the penalty of this rashness. Soon after his arrival in London, the foot becoming much worse, dangerous symptoms set in, and after a very few days' illness he was a corpse. On his deathbed he wished to see Lord Combermere, from whom he had been latterly estranged, but a summons arrived too late. In his will the only mention made of the Cotton family was a bequest of a thousand pounds to Lord Combermere's youngest daughter, Meliora.

Thus closed the unfortunate career of the heir

to the Begum's vast wealth—his money unenjoyed, his life wasted, his marriage unhappy, and his best friends estranged. Yet the unfortunate man, who profited so little by the numerous gifts which Providence had bestowed upon him, in spite of his apparent worthlessness, possessed some very good qualities. Among these was an excessive veneration for his benefactress, the Begum. Full of that superstition which had been so strong a feature in the character of the latter, he lavished large sums on the priests in the hope of obtaining her speedy release from purgatory. Indeed, so much did the church benefit by his munificence that either ingratitude for past favours, or in anticipation of those to come, the Pope presented him with a commonplace, coarse representation in mosaic of some mythological ceremony. This work of art was set in so massive a frame of metal that the cost of its conveyance from Rome must have far exceeded the intrinsic value of the article.

The Duke of Newcastle, father to the late minister, had been declining in health for some months, and in the early part of the year 1850 Lord Combermere went to St. Leonard's to see this good old friend. When Sir Stapleton Cotton, in 1801, married his sister, Lady Anna Maria Clinton, the Duke was quite a youth, and even younger than his years in experience; for he had been educated at home. His mother made the mistake—not uncommon in clever women—of keeping her son tacked to the maternal apron-string,

instead of allowing him to acquire knowledge of life at a public school. This home education, which acts differently on opposite characters, did not provoke the Duke by its restraints to break the home boundaries, nor yet, later in life, to compensate for past restrictions by unbounded excesses. With him a different result ensued. The injudicious treatment to which he had been subjected depressed his energies and checked his ambition; so that, though possessed of good abilities and high aspirations, he shrunk from the responsibilities of his high position. Burying himself in comparative retirement, he did so rather through natural timidity than from pride in his exalted station. Nor was timidity alone to blame for this abstinence from public life. Constitutional languor made him mistrustful of his own powers, and on lesser occasions rendered him vacillating. To this cause also must, in great measure, be ascribed the indolence which towards the close of his life surrounded him with financial difficulties, and which was fully explained by the disease of which he died, after suffering with exemplary patience.

None but those well acquainted with his private life could fully estimate his virtues, nor the delicate feelings and natural kindness which a painful reserve concealed from others. When political differences estranged him from his son the late duke, then Lord Lincoln, Lord Combermere vainly tried to reconcile them. His failure in this attempt was the more dis-

tressing, from a knowledge of the son's previous deference to his father's wishes, and the affection that had hitherto subsisted between them. Happily, before the old duke's decease, he was reconciled to Lord Lincoln, and died surrounded by his mourning children, to whom he was devotedly attached. Notwithstanding the assurance expressed in the following letter, that his absence from the funeral of his relative would be excused by the family, Lord Combermere resolved to pay the last tribute of affection to one who had ever proved himself so true a friend.

"Clumber, 13th Jan., 1851.

"My dear Lord Combermere,—You will have heard from Charles that the last sad scene here has closed upon us.

"The funeral will take place on Tuesday, the 21st instant. In accordance with my poor father's wishes, it will be as private and unostentatious as possible, and will be attended only by relations and the tenantry.

"If at this season of the year, and with so great a distance to travel, you should feel it prudent, as well as in accordance with your long-tried feelings of affection for my poor father, to attend the funeral, I hope you will, of course, come here on Monday; but pray believe that none of the family will misinterpret your absence, if you should feel it unwise or inconvenient to undertake the journey.

"We all hope that you will do whatever you yourself wish, without reference to us in any way.

"Believe me to be,

"My dear Lord Combermere,

"Yours very sincerely,

"LINCOLN."

Lord Combermere left home in very inclement weather, accompanied by Lady Combermere, who stopped at the inn at Worksop, rather than intrude as an unexpected guest into the house of mourning. Next morning Lord Combermere and Lord Lincoln were the chief mourners. The former little thought that day that he would survive even by a few months the handsome strong young man walking beside him.

On the appointment of Lord Hardinge to the Ordnance, Lord Londonderry felt himself aggrieved at being superseded by an officer so much junior to him. Lord Combermere, well aware of this feeling, wrote the following letter:—

"March 3rd, 1852.

"MY DEAR AND MOST VALUED OLD FRIEND,—I should have addressed you before now, did I not feel that any intrusion on your recent sorrow would be ill-timed and unavailing. You were often during the last two weeks in my thoughts, when I sincerely sympathized in your grief and disappointment.

* * * * * *

"I will write no more on this very painful subject, but divert your mind to another, less harassing, although not entirely agreeable.

"Having reason to know that, by the advice of the Duke of Wellington, the Queen expressed her desire that Hardinge should be appointed Master-General of the Ordnance, and also being aware that it was necessary for Lord D. to secure able adherents, my strong Conservative feelings induced me to forego my claims in favour of one who would, in a political point of view, be a great acquisition to the party. My claims as an undeviating supporter entitled me to some consideration, yet Lord D. did not write to me until Lord Hardinge's appointment had taken place. Being aware, however, that I would make any personal sacrifice for the party, he has since offered a situation to my son (Secretary to the M. Genl. of the Ordnance) which I the more readily accept, as employment for him would have been my chief inducement to relinquish my quiet routine, by having to perform the duties of an office which would occupy so much of my time.

"As we shall, I hope, meet so soon, I will only add that I am, as ever,

"My dear Londonderry,

"Most truly and sincerely yrs.,

"COMBERMERE."

At the time of writing the above to Lord Londonderry, Lord Combermere addressed the following letter to Lord Derby, which strongly exemplifies the public spirit by which he was ever influenced:—

"March 4th, 1852.

"DEAR LORD DERBY,—However disappointed I might otherwise have felt at being superseded in my professional claims to the Master-Generalship of the Ordnance, still, from my implicit reliance on your judgment, and a conviction that your ability and influence should be supported by able and tried statesmen, I willingly defer to the nomination of my old and excellent friend Lord Hardinge. He will be a valuable addition to the administration, and I am most happy that your Lordship's conviction of my attachment to your party should have removed one obstacle to his nomination—as far as I am concerned.

"Permit me to thank you most cordially for the appointment of my son. It is most gratifying to me as a testimony of your Lordship's friendship, and an earnest of his advancement under the guidance of an officer of such tried ability as Lord Hardinge.

"I am, my dear Lord,

"Yours very sincerely,

"COMBERMERE."

As some compensation for Lord Combermere's disappointment, Lord Derby, as the foregoing letters show, appointed his son, Col. Cotton, Secretary to the Master-General of the Ordnance. Colonel Cotton had in 1844 married the eldest daughter of Sir George Sitwell, and soon after retired on half-pay. It gave his father great satisfaction to see him now recalled from the retirement of the country to the active life more befitting his age.

When Colonel Cotton proceeded to assume his appointment, he was the bearer of a kind letter from his father to Lord Hardinge. The latter, much touched at the generosity displayed in it, sent the following reply:—

"15, Great Stanhope-street, 5th March, 1852.

"My dear Lord Combermere,—Your letter, which your son gave me, gratified me much by its very friendly tone, and this morning, in a note from Lord Derby, he expresses his sense of a very 'amiable and gentlemanlike letter' received from you. When I see him I shall say how grateful to my feelings your letter, received by your son, has been to me.

"I shall, I am persuaded, be able, when we meet, to say of your son that we are very good friends, and that I am entirely satisfied with his services. He will find his duties in the military branches of the department very interesting, and you may rely on my treating

him with all the cordiality due to the son of an old friend and comrade.

"Ever, my dear Friend,

"Yours very sincerely,

"HARDINGE.

"General Viscount Combermere, G.C.B."

In September, 1852, died the great Captain under whose conquering banner Lord Combermere had spent the most brilliant portion of a distinguished life.

He was at dinner at Combermere Abbey when the first vague rumour arrived. A confirmation of the sad report was soon brought, and told Lord Combermere that the Duke of Wellington was indeed dead. Lord Combermere was naturally much affected by the loss of his old chief, although of late years they seldom met, except officially or in general society, for latterly the Iron Duke did not maintain any very close intimacy with his old comrades. An interchange of dinners, a regular acceptance of invitations, and punctual appearance at parties in Lord Combermere's house, was the most intimate intercourse that survived their earlier and closer companionship. The last time that Lord Combermere saw his old Commander was at a party in Belgrave Square, when he arrived very late after a dinner in the city, at which he had appeared in the uniform of Constable of the Tower. Ever good-natured and ready to bear his

part in society, the Duke, as usual, made himself very agreeable. There he stood, that great veteran, the last night on which he visited Lord Combermere, talking kindly to all his acquaintances, and dressed in the uniform which his host was so soon to wear as the next Constable of the Tower. The Duke looked pale and weak, and when he dined the previous month with Lord Combermere, his neighbours at table noticed how much too abstemious he was for one of his years. He drank very little wine, and was surprised to learn that Lord Combermere always allowed himself a pint of sherry daily. It was said after his death that the great Captain's life might have been prolonged by a more generous diet.

Anecdotes of the Iron Duke are as familiar to us as a thrice-told tale, all indicative of the uncompromising candour which characterized even the most trivial acts of his life. In later years, when irritated by petty interruptions, his sincerity sometimes amounted to bluntness; as is exemplified in the following story, which we believe is not generally known:—One day, before the completion of the present House of Lords, when access to the old building was not so convenient as it is to the present structure, he rode up to the door. For half an hour before his arrival a handsomely dressed lady, followed by a nurse carrying in her arms a very young baby, had been observed walking up and down, avoiding the crowd as much as possible, but never going far from the entrance. The

bystanders wondered what had brought the party to such a spot, and their curiosity having been excited, some determined to watch for the result. At length the Duke of Wellington was seen approaching, when the lady, snatching the baby from the nurse's arms, rushed with it to the spot where he was going to alight. Holding up the child so as effectually to thwart his intention, she raised it towards him, with an eager, anxious face. Looking down out of the corner of his eagle eye, he exclaimed, in no gentle tone, "What the devil are you doing with that child in such a dangerous place? How could you think of bringing it here?" Then checking himself, he added, more gently, "I advise you to take that infant home, and not risk its life in this crowd." Upon which the lady, smiling and rejoicing, exclaimed, "Thank your Grace—thank you a thousand times! I just wanted you to speak to my darling boy, Atty, who is called after your Grace, and now will be able to say in after-life that he knew you."

In his latter years, the Duke of Wellington naturally grew averse to undergo the annoyance of sitting for his portrait, and of course the honour of painting it was equally sought for by ambitious artists. A few years before his death, to the surprise of his secretary, he appointed four of these gentlemen for the *same day and hour*, not appearing to notice an observation to that effect, when desiring the letters to be written. On the morning selected he went to an upper empty room at Walmer, and ordered a tea-chest

to be placed on a table, and the whole to be covered with dark cloth covers. To this throne he ascended by a chair, seated himself upon it, in the stiffest possible attitude, and desired the artists to be summoned. On their entrance he said, "Now, gentlemen, I am to sit here for one hour; make the best of it, and set to work at once." The painters, as soon as they could restore their open eyes and mouths to the usual dimensions, tried to place themselves in good positions; each struggling to secure the best place, but all much in awe of their silent model, who sat above them taking a bird's-eye view of their muttered contentions.

Persons in a lower rank of life used to tremble under his gaze with irrational terror. A man just engaged to attend to his room at the Horse Guards, was enjoined with repeated directions never to make any noise while putting on coals when the Duke was writing. This duty he performed once or twice to his own satisfaction, but at last, when, presuming on his success, he again entered the room less quietly with the coal-scuttle, and the Duke called out, "What the devil are you at? the room is hot enough," the terrified man dropped the coalbox, scattered its contents on the carpet, and ran out of the apartment. Nor did he stop till he reached the guard-room below, into which he rushed for protection.

On the death of the Duke of Wellington, it was

expected by some, and hoped by many, that Lord Fitzroy Somerset would have succeeded him as Commander-in-Chief. Lord Hardinge was, however, appointed, and Lord Fitzroy's connexion with the Horse Guards ceased. Lord Londonderry, anxious that some acknowledgment should be made of the courtesy and kindness with which the ex-Military Secretary had so long filled a very difficult post, proposed to Lord Combermere that a testimonial from the army should be presented to him.

Lord Anglesey, in a letter to Lord Combermere, expressed his disapproval of the scheme, on the ground that, if members of the army were allowed to express their approbation of the conduct of their superiors, they might also claim the right to express their disapprobation—an objection in which Lord Combermere perfectly concurred.

On Lord Hardinge's being appointed to succeed the Duke of Wellington in the command of the army, Lord Combermere received the following letter in answer to one in which he had expressed his congratulations to the new Commander-in-Chief on his promotion:—

"My dear Lord Combermere,—I am very much flattered and obliged by your very cordial letter. The countenance and support received from the most distinguished companion of the lamented Duke during the Peninsular war is most highly appreciated by me. I separate from your son with regret. He is a very

straightforward, sound-headed man, and I am sure my successor will esteem and like him.

"Yours, dear Lord Combermere,

"Very faithfully,

"HARDINGE.

"The Viscount Combermere."

Lord Combermere was most desirous to pay the last mark of respect to his revered chief, and before any arrangements were made for the funeral, wrote to express a wish to be present.

"DEAR LORD FITZROY,—I know of no one whose sympathy I may better claim than yourself at the present moment, when the Duke of Wellington's decease is not only a national calamity, but a source of sorrow to those who have shared his later labours, as you have done, and to others who, like myself, followed his early career nearly from its first commencement. Fifty-three years ago in India we began our first companionship, and I should feel honoured and gratified, however painful the task, to follow him once more, to the place from which there is no return. Will you, then, my dear friend, remember this desire of his old companion-in-arms, and not consider my absence here as an impediment to my joining in the mournful ceremony? You have to lament a relative, and a true friend, for I am sure that he fully appreciated your devotion and the zeal with which you em-

ployed talent and time in his service, so as to lighten the task of his arduous position.

"I am,

"Yours faithfully,

"COMBERMERE."

"Combermere Abbey."

When the arrangements for the funeral were concluded, Lord Combermere received an official letter intimating that he was to act as first pall-bearer. He duly performed this melancholy duty, and notwithstanding his great age, the fatiguing nature of the ceremony, and the inclemency of the weather, escaped without any ill consequences to his health.

In the distribution of the various offices held by "the Duke," his distinguished lieutenant, and Lord Derby's faithful supporter, was not forgotten, and the Constableship of the Tower was offered to Lord Combermere:—

"Balmoral, Oct. 13, 1852.

"MY DEAR LORD,—I have much pleasure in announcing to you that I have submitted to the Queen my recommendation that the offer should be made to you of the office of Constable of the Tower, vacant by the death of the Duke of Wellington, and that Her Majesty has been pleased fully to approve of the appointment, which I trust it may be agreeable to you to accept as an honourable mark of recognition of your distinguished services, as

well as, let me add, of my sincere personal regard. I ought to add that it is possible, though I hope not probable, that Parliament may make some regulations with regard to the office, and that it should be understood that you accept it subject to that contingency.

"Believe me,

"My dear Lord,

"Yours sincerely,

"DERBY."

"The Viscount Combermere, G.C.B."

"Combermere Abbey, Sept. 20th, 1852.

"MY DEAR LORD,—Your lordship's letter received this morning, afforded me the greatest satisfaction, and I most willingly and thankfully accept the honourable post you offer me, subject, of course, to any changes that may be made in the duties and emoluments by Parliament.

"The gratification I feel at being honoured by the offer of this appointment is greatly enhanced by the kind manner in which it is conveyed; and allow me to add, my dear lord, that from my admiration of your great abilities, and very great respect for your unvarying integrity, this testimony of your approval possesses a value far greater than it could derive from its own advantages, or the intervention of any other influence.

"I have the honour to be,

"My dear Lord,

"Yours most faithfully and sincerely,

"COMBERMERE."

"The Earl of Derby, &c. &c. &c."

On the 21st of February Lord Combermere took the customary oaths, and was duly installed in his new office. The appointment was canvassed in the House of Commons, and declared to be one of which the pay was disproportioned to the duties. Mr. Thomas Duncombe spoke on the subject. His objections were, however, overruled by the general sense of the house, that it would be ungenerous to withhold such a reward from so distinguished a veteran as Lord Combermere, but that at his death the appointment ought to be abolished. It is now nominally held by Sir John Burgoyne, who only receives some perquisites, instead of 1000*l.* per annum, the original salary.

Lord Combermere paid his first visit to the Tower under very different circumstances from those under which three of his ancestors had entered it. He arrived as the representative of a sovereign who had conferred on him the distinguished office of Constable, in recognition of a long career illustrated by the most eminent services. They had been brought as prisoners through the ominous Traitor's Gate, victims of royal anger or popular displeasure, and two of the number never left the gloomy fortress, save on the last sad journey to the ignominious gibbet. In the reign of Richard II., Sir John Salusbury had been committed to the Tower, together with Sir Simon Burley and Sir John Beauchamp, on an accusation of having misused the sovereign's favour to the perversion of the sovereign's mind. Some two hundred years later,

Thomas Salusbury, brother of the then head of that powerful family, was confined in the same state prison for having taken a part in the Babington conspiracy. This ill-fated member of the house of Salusbury eventually expiated, together with fourteen other noble gentlemen, their rash and treasonable attempts in favour of the luckless Mary. A century elapsed, and once more the hinges of Traitor's Gate groaned and creaked to admit another of Lord Combermere's ancestors; this time a Cotton, who, unlike the other two, was acquitted of the offence with which he had been accused, namely, treasonable correspondence with the Electress Sophia, and after some months' imprisonment was set at liberty. This latter personage was the Sir Robert Cotton to whom we have alluded in the first volume, as having entered into an unprincipled contract with Lord Torrington for the marriage of Thomas Cotton to the heiress of Sir Thomas Lynch.

Connected with the Tower of London are some curious customs. One of these requires that on a particular day in each year the governor should make the circuit of the fortress, followed by an attendant with a paint-pot and brush, with which he marks their limits, thus annually asserting the claim of the crown to an area on which the corporation of the City were ever seeking to encroach.

Among the privileges jealously guarded by the Constable of the Tower is his right to claim ad-

mittance to the presence of the sovereign at any hour he may deem an interview necessary.

Lord Combermere found his new office no sinecure. There were commissions for the officers of the Tower Hamlets Militia to be signed, the affairs of that regiment to be superintended, applications for deputy-lieutenantcies to be attended to, disputes between the chaplains and the Tower authorities to be arranged, and appointments to warderships to be filled up. Of all these duties the latter was, perhaps, the most painful, for the number of vacancies bore no proportion to that of the pressing letters from different commanding officers anxious to secure a comfortable situation for some deserving man under their command. The claims of old soldiers were never disregarded by Lord Combermere, who invariably bestowed upon them all the warderships which fell vacant during his tenure of office, impartially dividing his patronage between the various branches of the service. Some former constables had not been so conscientious, having greatly enlarged their regular salary of 100*l.* per annum by the sale of warderships. It is said that as much as 1000*l.* was frequently paid by persons desiring these appointments, which, though nominally only worth 70*l.* a year, were rendered much more lucrative by various perquisites—such as fees from visitors, &c. The holders of these offices, under the old system, were generally broken-down vintners and bankrupt innkeepers, anxious to obtain a refuge within the

privileged precincts of the Tower from the pursuit of active bailiffs. The Duke of Wellington was the first person who abolished this disgraceful practice, of which the existence at any time can hardly be credited in these days of abuse-hunting and public integrity.

In addition to his numerous other engagements and duties, Lord Combermere was for forty years Provincial Grand Master of the Freemasons of Cheshire. His father had filled this office before him, and he himself accepted it with satisfaction, and performed its duties with zeal, feeling thoroughly persuaded of the value of this institution. Every year he presided over a grand gathering of the brethren, either at Stockport, Birkenhead, Macclesfield, or Chester. On these occasions, after transacting the business of the day, he walked in procession to church, and then presided at a masonic banquet, seated on an elevated throne, not at all adapted for the comfortable enjoyment of his dinner. In addition to the meetings just mentioned, Lord Combermere, till the last three years of his life, attended the annual masonic gathering on St. John's day, at Chester. The brethren fully appreciated the benevolent and active zeal of their Provincial Grand Master, and were not a little proud at having the "Cheshire hero" at their head. They never missed an opportunity of manifesting the respect they entertained for him, and in 1852 requested him to sit for his bust, which they desired to present to Lady Combermere. Lord Combermere granted their wish,

and an eminent sculptor was entrusted with the task. When completed, a deputation from the masons of Cheshire repaired to Combermere Abbey, bearing with them the bust, together with an address to Lady Combermere, splendidly illuminated on parchment. They were most hospitably received by the host and hostess, who conducted them over the house and showed the numerous trophies and curiosities, which illustrated at once a distinguished family history and a brilliant military career. A handsome luncheon was the next feature in the visit, and the deputation then proceeded to the business of the day, the presentation of the bust and the reading of the address. In the latter, after passing a high eulogium on their Provincial Grand Master, they spoke in feeling terms of the interest which Lady Combermere took in their charitable institutions, and expressed their gratitude for the kindness with which she ever received members of the craft.

Not only was Lord Combermere up to his ninetieth year equal to the judicious management of his estates in Cheshire and the West Indies, and the transaction of official matters, but he occupied himself anxiously with the affairs of his regiment, the 1st Life-Guards. He had been its colonel for thirty-five years, before the end of which term not one individual of those serving in the corps when he first assumed the command still remained in it. Three lieutenant-colonels succeeded each other in the 1st Life-Guards during the

interval, who all promoted Lord Combermere's great object of rendering this corps the first regiment in the service, not only as to its military efficiency, but as to the good and manly behaviour of its officers and men. Very inferior to its present condition was that in which he found it at his appointment to the command in 1830. His anxiety to promote its welfare never relaxed, and was requited by the excellent conduct of all ranks; indeed, he felt almost a paternal pride in the young officers selected from the many candidates who crowded his list. Wishing them to be in every sense models of good soldiers and high-bred gentlemen, he greatly rejoiced at finding this hope fully realized. Admission into the 1st Life-Guards was eagerly sought for by parents for their sons, and guardians for their wards, and under his judicious selection the officers numbered in their ranks members of some of the best families in Great Britain. His efforts to maintain the proud name of the corps were well seconded by the lieutenant-colonels. Among the most valued of these was the present commanding officer, Colonel de Ros; and it was a curious circumstance that at the Tower and in the 1st Life-Guards the office of his lieutenant was filled by father and son. The care of Lord Combermere for the regiment extended even to a kindly superintendence of the social conduct of the young officers, and he was scarcely less gratified by observing their military efficiency than by witnessing their enjoyment of the pleasures suitable to their age. He felt too a particular sympathy with the

success of his officers in those manly sports which he considered to be so excellent a training for a young soldier.

Ever frank and open-hearted, Lord Londonderry was especially so when writing to his intimate friend Lord Combermere. The following exposition of his opinion of the state of parties in 1853 may prove amusing:—

"Garron Tower, Aug., 1853.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—I write a line from my mountain fastnesses to inquire after you and your sposa. I wonder if hot water boiling at Buxton agrees with you and your lumbago. I have tried and entirely abandoned it, finding that it made me so weak and dejected. I do not think that the relaxing system answers for old gentlemen of our age. I managed the gold stick charmingly when I found that the Queen did not prorogue in person. I wrote to the Lord Chamberlain, begging him to ask Her Majesty to excuse my attendance at the councils, adding that no personal inconvenience should interfere with my attendance if required. I received a most gracious reply; but the silver stick chose to rush off without any leave at all. Of politics or parties I have not thought since we parted, nor do I see what is to happen in our discomfited legion. In the Commons they don't rally round Disraeli, and Lord Derby's gout makes him an uncertain card. The hodge-

podge carry everything as they like, and old Aberdeen will keep the peace. The solution of foreign affairs I always thought would be pacific. I look gloomily to the next session. Lord John will be very glad to find some excuse for delay, to get out of further reform. Aberdeen and Palmerston being against it, ingenuity and love of place will keep this heterogeneous coalition together.

"I delight in the great improvements in this romantic castle in my mountain fastnesses. I have ten thousand acres of grouse moor, the best, I really believe, in Ireland. I wish that you and Lady Combermere would run over, for, believe me, the beauty of this scenery would repay you for the escapade. Lady Londonderry has succeeded wonderfully with her bazaar, and when you come to Wynyard in the autumn (you know you have promised), I will show you my work and project of railway. I shall sink or swim, but it is an affair of from one to two hundred thousand pounds. God bless you, my dear friend; when you have a leisure moment scratch me a line. Love to Miladi.

"Ever yours most affectionately,

"VANE LONDONDERRY."

Lord Combermere was now, in his eightieth year, fully adequate to the performance of business duties which would have tasked the energies of a man five years his junior. His household expenditure, involving the outlay required by constant hospitality, he

scrutinized every month, when each item was discharged with scrupulous punctuality. His estate accounts he as regularly inspected and defrayed. Farm repairs and his extensive gardens he personally superintended, directing his land-steward how best to carry out the plans which he had originated.

In his younger days Lord Combermere had hunted much, for his father, Sir Robert Cotton, kept a pack of fox-hounds, and in later years his brother-in-law, Sir Harry Mainwaring, was Master of the Cheshire Hunt. But Lord Combermere's favourite amusement was shooting. He preserved carefully before being obliged to leave Combermere Abbey every winter for a warmer climate, and was a capital shot till his eightieth year. For five years after that age he did not shoot so well, but he still continued to go out with his well-trained Clumber spaniels. They were in great repute, and afforded his friends many days' good sport in the beautiful woods of Combermere.

His guests derived much pleasure from the lake and streams there, both well stocked as they are with every sort of fish. Much as these waters were frequented by neighbours and excursionists, it is a remarkable circumstance that, during these late years, no one was drowned in them, nor is there, with one solitary exception, a record or tradition of any fatal accident which could connect a gloomy thought with them. It is said that when the edifice was partially destroyed, at the time the estate was granted to Sir George Cotton, the bells belonging to its abbey were

carried across the lake to Wrenbury church, from whence their mellow tones return on calm days over the quiet waters. At the time of their being removed in 1533, one was dropped into the lake, when, a legend tells us, a white figure arose from the depths below, and seizing a boatman who had uttered an impious oath, disappeared with him beneath the surface into the deep water, from whence his body was never recovered.

In 1853, Lord Combermere's youngest daughter, Meliora, was married to John Charles Frederick Hunter, Esq., of Strandarran, Co. Londonderry.

When, in 1854, the Crimean war broke out, it was not without a feeling of regret that Lord Combermere saw many of his younger comrades depart for the scene of hostilities. He longed to join them in the coming contest, and constantly expressed his sorrow at being prevented by age from engaging in it. Wonderfully alert and strong, he declared himself equal to any exertion, and if his services at such an advanced time of life could have been accepted, he assuredly would have offered them. Among those departing for the East were many friends to whom he was much attached, and for whom he felt apprehensions which never would have occurred to him on his own account.

The fact that so many personal friends were about to share the dangers of the campaign, enhanced the interest of the war, which was in itself most engrossing to a military man who, like Lord Combermere, was so

attached to his profession. He parted from these comrades with regret, and none did he lament more than Lord de Ros, for whom he entertained an affection that was almost parental. The following letter shows how truly this feeling was reciprocated :—

"24, Cadogan-place, April 9th, 1854.

"My dear Lord Combermere,—As I fear there is now no chance of my seeing you before I leave England, I must write one line to express to you again and again, and with heartfelt sincerity, my deep sense of the unwearied kindness and friendship I have for nearly thirty years experienced at your hands.

"To find you on my return in the continued enjoyment of health and spirits is my sincere hope. With kindest remembrances to Lady Combermere, believe me,

"Most truly and gratefully yours,

"De Ros."

When in the winter of 1854 Lord Raglan was created a Field-Marshal, it became a matter of surprise that a similar honour was not conferred upon Lord Combermere, who had then served his country sixty-five years, was the second general in the "Army List," senior Grand Cross of the Bath, and the sole survivor of the great Duke's lieutenants. It was strange that, even before 1854, one who had filled such an important post as the Commander of our Cavalry in the Peninsula, one who had brought to a successful termination the siege of the fortress of Bhurtpore,

till then deemed impregnable, and had often received the thanks of Parliament for his services, should not have obtained the coveted distinction of a Field-Marshal's bâton. Political prejudices may have retarded this award, but, from whatever cause it resulted, the delay was remarkable, and much lamented by the profession, so many of which had attained rank and honour under his guidance.

Lord Combermere never complained of this neglect, but still, when the annexed letter arrived, he felt an allowable pride in the long-delayed recognition of his services:—

"Horse Guards, Sept. 25th, 1855.

"My dear Lord Combermere,—It is my most gratifying duty to inform you, by Her Majesty's commands, that in recognition of your lordship's distinguished services at the head of the cavalry in the Peninsula, to the termination of that glorious contest, and your important services rendered in India at the capture of Bhurtpore, with others which I need not enumerate, the Queen has signified her gracious intention to confer upon you the high dignity of Field-Marshal. It will enhance your appreciation of the honour thus graciously bestowed, that Her Majesty takes the present moment of just exultation at our glorious successes obtained at Sebastopol as the occasion of manifesting her high consideration of your long and distinguished services.

"It is Her Majesty's intention to confer a similar

honour upon General the Earl of Strafford and on myself; and it very much increases my own satisfaction at this high mark of the Queen's approbation and favour, that Her Majesty has been pleased to associate my name with that of two such distinguished general officers.

"Believe me, &c.,

"HARDINGE."

Lord Combermere lost no time in expressing his satisfaction at the honour conferred on him, and his sense of its value.

"Combermere Abbey, Sept. 27th, 1855.

"MY DEAR LORD HARDINGE,—Your kind and most gratifying letter of the 25th I had the very great pleasure of finding upon my return home.

"The flattering manner in which this high honour has been conferred upon me by Her Majesty, and being associated with two most distinguished officers, and my comrades in arms under the great and ever-to-be-lamented Duke, enhances the value to me of this high mark of Her Majesty's gracious approbation of my humble but zealous services.

"I have only to request that, when a favourable opportunity presents itself, you will be pleased to express to the Queen my deep sense of gratitude for this gracious mark of Her Majesty's consideration.

"I am, my dear Lord Hardinge,

"Ever most truly yours,

"COMBERMERE.

"General the Viscount Hardinge,
G.C.B., &c. &c. &c."

On the death, in 1855, of Colonel Elrington, Major of the Tower, Lord Combermere, desirous of expressing his interest in the army before Sebastopol, wrote to Lord Raglan, placing this situation at his disposal, begging only that it might be conferred on some distinguished officer disabled in the campaign. It was a graceful compliment from a soldier of the old war to the army whose actual achievements were rapidly effacing the memory of the past contests in which he had won his laurels. Lord Raglan acknowledges it in the following letter:—

"Before Sebastopol, March 6th, 1855.

"My dear Lord Combermere,—I am exceedingly obliged to you for your most kind letter of the 16th February, as well as very much flattered by your offer to place at my disposal the appointment of Major to the Tower of London. You could not have made a better choice than Major Whimper, who is an officer of the greatest merit, and after having been on the point of death of cholera, immediately rejoined here, and was desperately wounded on the 28th October. My doubt is whether, being still a young man, he would be disposed to relinquish his commission in the 17th Lancers. Should he decline, and should you give me the option of recommending another officer, I shall be happy to do so. I feel under great obligations to you for the congratulations which you were so good as to offer me after the Alma. Your friendship I fully appreciate.—Yours faithfully,

"Raglan."

Lord Raglan must have been misinformed on one or two points regarding the antecedents of Major, now Lieutenant-Colonel Whimper, for that officer was never, as stated in the preceding letter, in the 17th Lancers, nor was he at any time attacked by cholera in the East. He went out with the 55th Regiment to Bulgaria, and thence to the Crimea, and was so severely wounded in the leg at the Alma that he was for many months in Scutari Hospital and at Malta, and was eventually obliged to retire from the service. On his return to England, Lord Combermere offered him the appointment of Major of the Tower, which he accepted, in consequence of the medical opinion that he was unfit for further active service.

About this time Gholām Mohammed, son of Tippoo Sultan, arrived in England to claim the restoration of the allowance of which his family had formerly been in receipt. This was the individual mentioned in the first volume as having been, when a boy, taken to Colonel Wellesley's tent the morning after the capture of Seringapatam. He well recollected the event, and how Colonel Cotton had sought to soothe his childish fears with a lump of sugar. Since then fifty-five years had passed away. Colonel Cotton had expanded into Viscount Combermere, and the frightened boy had become a grey-bearded old man, bearing however his years well, and looking as if he could scarcely lay claim to the age which the inexorable hand of time had assigned to him. On his arrival in London, one of the first to greet him was Lord Combermere, who

took pleasure in showing him all those attentions which are so grateful to fallen princes. Gholam Mohammed fully appreciated Lord Combermere's kindness, and when, in 1855, he and his son Feroze Shah quitted London, he sent his old friend his portrait, accompanied by a most grateful and kind letter.

"London, Oriental Hotel, Vere-street,
June 26th, 1855.

"My respected Lord,—Being on the eve of departure, I have thought it not improbable that you would kindly accept my likeness, which I have the pleasure of sending herewith. When you look at it you will think of my infant days, when I used to sit on your knee and receive from your kind hands sweetmeats and other gifts; and am still in hopes of retaining your affection as long as we both live. I am going from this country, but shall ever remember the kindness and hospitality I have received from all parties.

"The Hon. East India Company have thought fit to sanction most of my requests, being well acquainted with our rights; but the Board of Control objected to several of such requests, through ignorance of Indian affairs; but I am partly satisfied for the present, and hope for better in future.

"Prince Feroze Shah presents his esteem and respects to Lady Combermere and yourself, in which I heartily join, and believe me to remain ever

"Yours very sincerely and gratefully,

"Gholam Mohammed."

CHAPTER IX.

THE QUEEN OF OUDE—INDIAN MUTINY—LETTER FROM LORD GOUGH —THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND—COLONEL OWEN—WRENBURY AND ITS ODDITIES—LORD COMBERMERE AS WITNESS IN COLONEL DICKSON'S ACTION AGAINST THE EARL OF WILTON—SIR WILLOUGHBY COTTON—HIS LETTERS—CENTENARY FESTIVALS OF THE SCOTS FUSILIER AND GRENADIER GUARDS—VOLUNTEER REVIEW—LORD COMBERMERE IN THE CORTÉGE—ACTION BROUGHT BY COLONEL DICKSON AGAINST LORDS COMBERMERE AND WILTON —HIS ANNUAL VISITS TO BUXTON—CLIFTON—MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES—THE FIELD-MARSHAL'S APPEARANCE IN HIS LAST COURT PAGEANT—LORD COMBERMERE IN HIS 90TH YEAR—STRANGE COINCIDENCE—DINNER TO CELEBRATE HIS 90TH BIRTHDAY—COMBERMERE MEMORIAL—THE SITE SELECTED FOR THE STATUE.

CHAPTER IX.

During 1856 Lord Combermere pursued the even tenor of his quiet yet active and useful life, but nothing worthy of being chronicled occurred.

In the following year he had again an opportunity of exercising his hospitality towards some old Indian friends. The Queen-mother of Oude, accompanied by several of her sons, arrived in London, in order to make a final appeal to the Queen for the restoration of the king to those dominions which he had so grievously misgoverned. This unfortunate lady was the widow of the king who had received Lord Combermere with such splendour in 1827, and the younger of the princes bore a remarkable resemblance to that monarch, as depicted in the miniature presented to Lord Combermere during his visit to Lucknow. Lord Combermere at once hastened to call on the princes, and during their stay in England showed them every attention in his power. On one occasion he invited them to an evening party, when, to his great astonishment, he was informed by their interpreter that they would be delighted to accept Lady Combermere's hospitality, but requested per-

mission to be attended by thirty-six members of their suite! A little negotiation caused this preposterous number to be reduced to a more moderate amount, and it was finally agreed that they should only be accompanied by eight or ten of their attendants. In due time the party arrived in Belgrave Square, where they were received by Lord Combermere, and conducted with much ceremony to an ottoman standing on a golden carpet, and covered with rich shawls. The princes, much gratified at these trifling marks of respect, subsequently expressed their satisfaction at having been treated in a manner befitting their rank.

The queen, of course, Lord Combermere did not see during her residence in London; but Lady Combermere had an interview with her at the barrack-like house secured for her accommodation in the New-road. She found her who had been accustomed to the magnificence of a court, remarkable even in the East for its splendour, seated in an ill-furnished room, devoid of even ordinary comforts. The manner of the unfortunate lady was in keeping with the circumstances which surrounded her. Though one might admit the justice of the measure which had driven her son, after repeated warnings, from the throne he had so ill filled, there was something inexpressibly touching in the dejected appearance and manner with which she lamented the degradation of her family and bewailed the ill success of the mission to England. It must have indeed required a motive of no ordinary character to induce

one hitherto so delicately nurtured, so carefully secluded from the eyes of man, to undertake a journey the dangers and difficulties of which seem to an Oriental mind almost fabulous in their extent. Yet all this energy and courage was of no avail; her prayers were unheeded, her entreaties met with no response, and, heart-sick with disappointment, the luckless queen left England, on her departure for that country which she was destined never to see again. Arrived at Paris on her journey home, the eldest prince died, and was soon followed by his mother; and thus in one grave were at the same time buried both the hopes and the ambassadors of the royal family of Oude.

The Indian Mutiny of 1857 was a subject which naturally engrossed the thoughts of one who, like Lord Combermere, had borne so large a part in building up the mighty empire at length so seriously threatened with annihilation. In the darkest hours of that sad time, when every fresh incident seemed to be set in a gory frame, he never despaired of ultimate success. He well knew, had often proved, what British soldiers could do, and was too thoroughly aware of the inherent weakness of the extemporized coalition which raged for our destruction to fear that English rule in India was about to become a thing of the past. Yet those were anxious times, and it was with eagerness that he followed the progress of

the great tragedy which was taking place on a theatre he knew so well. Lord Gough, possessing the advantage of a more recent acquaintance with India and the native army, was quite as sanguine of eventual triumph as Lord Combermere.

"St. Aclous, Aug. 14th, 1857.

"My dear Lord Combermere,—Many thanks for your kind reminder. I have been lying at single anchor for several days, ready to start at an hour's notice. I have not heard whether Her Majesty purposes to prorogue Parliament in person, but shall be prepared to wield the gold stick if required. With regard to India, it is at least satisfactory to find that, although totally unprepared, the whole native army can make no head against a European force scattered over the whole face of the country. Now that we are getting concentrated and reinforced, they must soon see how hopeless is opposition.

"Good fortune has uniformly attended our career in India, never more manifest than on the present occasion, for had this outbreak taken place eighteen months back, the result might have been fearful. I am sick at heart at the atrocities which have been, and I fear for some time will continue to be, perpetrated; but a day of fearful retribution will assuredly follow. I look with some confidence to dissension arising amongst the rebels; still, I cannot but fear much

innocent blood will flow before we resume our Indian supremacy.

"Believe me,

"Very truly yours,

"GOUGH."

Amongst the royal personages who visited London in 1857, was the Queen of Holland. English society was quite astonished by the extraordinary activity of this lady. Her restlessness was most remarkable. She was never quiet for an instant, and her mind seemed to be as agile as her body, for she knew everything—remembered everybody.

Amongst other places of interest, Her Majesty determined on visiting the Tower. Lord Combermere, apprised of her intention, and directed to do the honours of the historical old fortress, received the queen at the entrance to the officers' quarters, and handed her from the carriage into the mess-room, where the officers of the battalion of Guards in garrison had prepared a sumptuous luncheon. After partaking of it, the queen proceeded to visit the curiosities of the fortress, with which she had made herself so well acquainted that no one present could give her additional information. Even Lord De Ros, thoroughly versed as he is in its history, does not possess a more exact knowledge of every circumstance connected with it, than Her Dutch Majesty. After this visit to the Tower, she pro-

ceeded, accompanied by Sir Benjamin Hall, to see the Bank, the India House, the Mansion House, and the Mint, the particulars of which she mastered accurately; nor did this exertion exhaust her energy, for in the evening she appeared at Lady Jersey's party, just as the company left the dinner-table, very much to Lord Combermere's surprise, who supposed that her day's exertions had repressed all further activity for twenty-four hours at least. Her Majesty was as agreeable, however, as she had been in the morning, conversing the whole evening with unabated vivacity on the most varied subjects. She departed in a few days, leaving behind a pleasant remembrance of her visit to those who had enjoyed an opportunity of admiring her courtesy, intelligence, and good-nature.

In 1858, a very attached friend of Lord Combermere's, Colonel Owen, formerly in the 16th Dragoons, arrived from Portugal, where he had married and settled, never once returning to England since 1810. This fine old soldier, now in failing health, was much overcome on again meeting his early patron, for whom he ever entertained a reverential attachment. Colonel Owen had been a soldier of fortune, remarkable for personal and mental advantages, which recommended him at an early age to Lord Combermere's aunt and uncle, Sir Corbet Corbet and Lady Corbet, near whose place in Shropshire he, when a boy, had resided. They procured a com-

mission for young Owen, and sent him out to join Sir Stapleton Cotton in Spain. Two of his letters from thence are introduced in our chapter on the Peninsular War. He soon afterwards entered the Portuguese service, and greatly distinguished himself on several occasions. Possessing high-bred manners, great mental cultivation, chivalrous feelings, and remarkable courage, Colonel Owen was a favourite with all who knew him. Still retaining lively recollections of his early merit, Lord Combermere soon invited a party to meet him, and assembled at dinner eight General officers who had crossed the Douro together fifty years before, most of them subalterns at that time. Little did the other guests recognise, in the tall, grey, upright, polished visitor, the handsome Owen, celebrated in those old Peninsular days for all feats of arms. Joyful was the greeting, cheerful the banquet, brightened by the sallies of Sir Willoughby Cotton, who recalled to these veterans many of their triumphs in Spain and Portugal, as successful, although not as martial, as those achieved on the battle-field.

Colonel Owen, whose career had been adventurous enough to furnish incidents for a novel, and too long to detail here, settled in England with a family for whom his affection was, like all his feelings, romantic. Warned by increasing weakness of his approaching end, he desired to be buried just as he died, without any change of the clothes worn at the time. Feeling unwell one even-

ing at a dinner party, he rose from the table, bowed courteously, and retiring to the drawing-room, was found dead on the sofa, when shortly after his kind host sought him. The old soldier was buried according to his wishes in his evening dress, and as he desired, with a shield laid over him, upon which he had himself, not long before, fastened many orders and badges—early tributes to the spirit of valour and honour by which he had ever been animated.

In the course of this year the neighbourhood of Combermere Abbey was raised out of its normal obscurity by the completion of a railroad from Crewe to Shrewsbury, passing through the properties of Lords Hill, Kenyon, Kilmorey, and Cholmondeley. Lord Combermere had been actively engaged in promoting the undertaking, and by granting his own land to the company at an unusually moderate price, he induced the neighbouring peers to be equally liberal. In return for his support he had stipulated for a station at Wrenbury, a village belonging to himself. This place, whose previous uniform dulness and insignificance were now about to disappear before the civilizing influence of a railway, might have been selected a few years before, by Miss Mitford, for the scene of some of her village incidents. Wrenbury was full of strange characters, whose oddities afforded Lord Combermere much amusement—but also sometimes much annoyance. Amongst them was the daughter of a former incumbent—a wild-looking woman, who used to spout

Shakespeare, with strange gesticulations and a violent movement of the muscles in her throat. Her husband had prepared a vault in his garden for the interment of the family, in company with a favourite hunter, the first occupant.

After a reckless sporting career, this strange man committed suicide in his own stable. There was also a half-crazed innkeeper in the village who wrote flourishing panegyrics of the Combermere family in the local papers, and was always privately composing verses on the same subject. Falling into reduced circumstances late in life, he set up a hearse, with which, when not professionally engaged, he drove up and down the roads, plying for fares, at a time when flies were not known in small country places.

The pranks of these Wrenbury people, although occasionally amusing to Lord Combermere, sometimes caused him considerable trouble, when as a magistrate he had to hear their statements, or as a friend to listen to their complaints and conciliate opposite contending factions.

In 1859, Lieutenant-Colonel Dickson, who had been recently dismissed from the command of the Tower Hamlets Militia, brought an action for slander against Lord Wilton, the full colonel of the corps, for having made the charges which resulted in the loss of his commission. It is scarcely worth while to enter into the details of a matter that must be fresh in the memories of most of our readers. We shall therefore

content ourselves with saying that the financial affairs of the regiment had become much involved, as Lord Wilton believed, through the incapacity or neglect of Colonel Dickson, who had shown himself in many other ways unfit for his position. On the facts of the case coming to his knowledge, Lord Wilton reported the circumstances to Lord Combermere, who, in his turn, sent a statement of the case to the Secretary at War. A court of inquiry was held to investigate the matter, and eventually Colonel Dickson, having refused the option of resignation, was removed from the regiment.

Lord Combermere was summoned as a witness on the trial, which took place before Lord Campbell, the notorious Edwin James being the counsel for the prosecution. Other persons who were required to give evidence, only entered the court when called for, but Lord Combermere sat there from the commencement of the proceedings, till, when it was his turn to be examined, he felt tired and exhausted, and very unequal to bear the impertinent manner in which the flippant James questioned him. Lord Combermere, with no legal adviser, soon became the victim of the insolence of this man. Misinterpreting the honoured veteran's answers, and availing himself of his deafness to embarrass and confuse him, his insulting conduct towards age and excellence excited the indignation of all who witnessed it. Mr. James would have made it appear that the venerable peer had lost his

faculties even in 1859, whereas to the latest year of his life, Lord Combermere possessed an unimpaired intellect, and a memory not only retentive of past occurrences, but even of daily incidents, which he remembered with a precision that few of middle age could compass. Mr. James's behaviour at the Dickson trial was universally censured, and Lord Campbell's was considered by many to have detracted from his usual character for impartiality and kindness. So little was Lord Combermere affected by the conduct of either, that he invited Mr. James, who was coming into the neighbourhood, to the Abbey, declaring that every man should acquit himself of an accepted task, and that James was but doing his duty. Happily the subject of this forbearance did not take advantage of the invitation.

During 1860, Lord Combermere lost the last of his intimate associates, whose friendship dated from a very remote time. General Sir Willoughby Cotton died at his house in London, after a short illness, just as Lord Combermere arrived in Belgrave Square from the country. On alighting from the carriage, Lord Combermere, as usual, proceeded at once to call on his old friend and cousin, when to his surprise he heard of that illness which a few days later terminated in Sir Willoughby's death.

Sir Willoughby, son of Admiral Cotton, Lord Combermere's eldest uncle, was in many respects a remarkable person. A survivor of the later dandies

of the Regency, his strong Cotton constitution rescued him from the early death which long before had terminated the career of all his social compeers. Many had verified the assertion of one amongst them, who, provoked at the inconvenient longevity of his father, said that "no gentleman ought to live beyond sixty," meaning, that the habits of a man of fashion should be such as to curtail his existence to less than the ordinary age of the vulgar herd. Not only did Sir Willoughby's survival refute this assumption, but he contrived to combine the pleasures of society with the toils of war, during a career which lasted seventy-seven years. As a smart young officer in the Guards, exceedingly handsome, high bred, and witty, his success in London never repressed the military ardour which made him a good soldier, as well as a fine gentleman.

In 1848, Sir Willoughby, who had but a short time before returned from India, again applied for employment, although, from his increasing years and unwieldy figure, he might have been expected to relinquish the active duties of his profession. Nothing daunted, he sought for an appointment, his application was successful, he was named Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Presidency, and after an affectionate leave-taking of Lord Combermere, departed for his destination, as full of spirit, life, and hope as if numbering but half his actual years. During this absence he corresponded frequently with Lord

Combermere, who used to derive the greatest amusement from his letters. We insert two written by Sir Willoughby about this time:—

"White's, November 19th.

"My dear Friend,

"It was only settled yesterday that I go to Bombay. The directors were unanimous, and the ministers most flattering, and Her Majesty approved graciously. I waited only the event being accomplished to apprise you. I am off to the India House.

"They give me a dinner, and have desired me to fix the day, that Ministers may attend. I have named any Wednesday in February. Pray come to it. Now for a rattling war, and a peerage.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"W. Cotton."

"Bombay, November 1st, 1848.

"I hailed your hand-writing, my dear old friend, with a pleasure inconceivable to you, as I could not allow myself to believe that auld lang-syne and kinsmanship could ever be forgotten. Still, I had not heard from you since I left England, although I have received by every mail delightful accounts of your looking younger than ever, and being prosperous and happy.

"The peace, so much vaunted by your little friend, Lord Hardinge, has produced a rebellion which has

caused all the troops to be put in motion. It was a fatal error his introducing into the Seik regiments a portion of the old Seik soldiers, who inoculated their rebel corps, and the virus has been so active that now they have joined the rebels. We have, thank God, got Govindghur and ——* twelve [days ago], and the guns could have been turned against us. Neither of these places did Lord Hardinge occupy by his treaty, owing to politicals at Lahore.

"The greatest confusion as to the moving troops from Lahore has occurred, orders and counter-orders following each other. Now Moultan must look for succour to the Bombay force assembling at ——*, which cannot move before the 19th at soonest. A very powerful army, under Lord Gough, will move upon Lahore, and beyond, to meet the armies under Chatta Singh, and his son, Sheer Singh. Gholab Singh is more than ever well supported. If he joins their force, it will be very strong, with plenty of guns. I will write by the next mail. I beg my best regards to Lady Combermere and Meliora, and trust you will believe me

"Ever your affectionate

"WILLOUGHBY COTTON.

"You know a shot killed Lieutenant-Colonel Pattoun, 32nd Regiment, before Moultan, and Brodie is gazetted to his vacancy."

* Illegible in the original.

The two kinmen lived to meet again, in spite of all predictions to the contrary. Sir Willoughby was, however, by no means satisfied with the result of his exertions; for he returned home without receiving the appointment of Commander-in-Chief in India, which he had coveted. Neither this disappointment nor increasing years deterred him from applying for employment at the commencement of the Crimean war, but this request was naturally declined.

Sir Willoughby Cotton's acquaintances did not regret the circumstances which kept him amongst them in London, for his humour and lively conversation cheered many a dull dinner. His sallies were rendered doubly amusing by the quiet self-possession with which he uttered them, giving to a sarcasm the graces of utterance and manner that would have recommended a compliment, and never indulging in the explosive fun of which the splutter is often but the flash-in-the-pan of an aimless joke. Sir Willoughby's stately gait and pompous manner, the graces of his time, will be long remembered at White's and the Carlton. There Lord Combermere met him daily, and there latterly he missed his dear old friend, one of the last links in that chain which bound him to the memory of his long past youth, with its joyous associates. No very old companion now survived, except General Sir Thomas Brotherton, to whom he was sincerely attached. His friends Lord De Ros, and Colonel De Ros, in command of his own 1st

Life-Guards, were young enough to be his son and grandson. For both he entertained the warmest regard, which they justified by those acts of attention and kindness so gladly accepted from their juniors by the old, and so graceful a tribute to the virtues which make "age honourable."

The centenary festival of the Scots Fusilier Guards took place on the 20th June, 1860, to celebrate their two hundredth anniversary. This meeting excited great interest in military circles, and was attended by a large assemblage of distinguished officers. The Duke of Cambridge, who was in the chair, in proposing the health of the army and navy, said—"We happen on the present occasion to be honoured by the presence of one of the most distinguished officers of the British army—Field-Marshal Combermere. (Loud applause.) My gallant friend is the oldest officer in the service, and his name is associated with many of the most distinguished achievements of the British army. I believe there is not an officer in the service that has been present at more general actions than my gallant and distinguished friend. (Great applause.) I am glad of having this opportunity of associating his name with that of the British army, and all I can say is, if we who are still active members of the profession want a bright example, we have only to look to him for it, and we may be sure that our careers will be honourable and useful," &c., &c., &c.

Lord Combermere, who on rising was greeted with protracted cheering, said:

"In the name of the army, and on my own behalf, I beg to return my most hearty and sincere thanks to his Royal Highness, our chairman, for the manner in which he has proposed the toast, and to you, gentlemen, for the manner in which you have received it. (Cheers.) I am a very much older man than his Royal Highness, and therefore I may be allowed to say in his presence that which otherwise I should not presume to do. I must congratulate the army, and the country at large, upon having at the head of the service one who has so distinguished himself. (Applause.) It is unnecessary for me to expatiate on this subject. His Royal Highness by his active exertions, by his personal bravery and his military life, has well earned the position which he now holds, for he is, in consequence, the most eligible person to be at the head of the British army. His gallant conduct at Sebastopol, at the head of his division, is fresh in the memory of every one whom I have the honour of addressing. I beg, with the permission of his Royal Highness, to propose a health which will be drunk with enthusiasm by all present, the health of the illustrious prince at the head of the army."

The centenary dinner of the Grenadier Guards was even a more interesting commemoration, from being honoured with the presence of the Prince

Consort, on one of the last occasions of his dining in public.

The dinner took place at St. James's Palace, under the presidency of the Prince Consort, as colonel of the regiment. Her Majesty, with the graciousness which she has ever displayed for her "Guards," permitted the banqueting-room of the palace to be used for the occasion. It was splendidly decorated with trophies of regimental colours, and white shields bearing in gold letters the names of the victories in which the Grenadier Guards had borne their part. We read in the public journals of the day that "the presence of the veteran Field-Marshal Viscount Lord Combermere, as a member of the Household Brigade, was greeted with much warmth." He was seated with the Duke of Cambridge and Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar at the Prince Consort's right hand. After drinking the health of the Queen, the Prince Consort proposed the Household Brigade as the next toast, coupling with it the name of that "distinguished and gallant commander Field-Marshal Viscount Combermere (loud cheering), who since I have been in the room has informed me that he is the last surviving officer who was present in the Grenadier Guards in 1793." The toast was drunk with a warm and animated expression of good feeling towards the veteran Field-Marshal.

Viscount Combermere, who, on rising, was greeted with renewed applause, said, "On the part of her

Majesty's household brigade I beg to return my most humble and heartfelt thanks to the illustrious Prince in the chair for the flattering manner in which he has alluded to the Household Brigade in connexion with my own name. It is only through an act of kindness that Her Majesty's household cavalry can ever be employed in active service. Upon occasion when they have enjoyed such a privilege they have, I believe, done their duty. (Loud cheers.) The brigade is at the present time in an excellent state, and if it should be again employed it will, I am sure, maintain the character already acquired. (Cheers.) It may seem great presumption in me to add anything to what has been already said this evening by their Royal Highnesses in praise of the Grenadier Guards; but I must be allowed to add, as a very old man and a very old officer—having known the regiment in 1793 and 1794 (cheers), having had the honour of serving in the army with the 1st Regiment of Guards —that I can speak to the services it rendered, and recollect well the brilliant manner in which they distinguished themselves at the battle of Lincelles, under General Lake. (Cheers.) As to the services of the Grenadiers in modern days, their Royal Highnesses have spoken so ably of them, that it would be ridiculous in me to add anything to what has been said. Their Royal Highnesses have 'taken the wind out of my sails,' but I feel happy to add my testimony to the gallant services of the regiment in 1793 and 1794.

In subsequent times, you are as well aware as I am of their eminent services in the Peninsula, and afterwards at Waterloo; in short, they have distinguished themselves everywhere. (Loud cheering.) In conclusion, I wish prosperity to His Royal Highness the Colonel, and to the distinguished corps which he commands."

The veteran Field Marshal, who spoke with great vigour and much feeling, was loudly cheered on resuming his seat.

The above is extracted from the papers, but those persons who witnessed the scene declared it to have been most remarkable for the enthusiasm with which the gallant veteran was cheered, as well as for the way in which he was received on entering the room, and escorted from it on retiring for the evening. It was the last public dinner which he attended.

At the grand Volunteer review which took place this year Lord Combermere appeared in his official capacity, armed cap-a-pie in the Life-Guards uniform, with helmet and cuirass, and carrying in his hand the gold stick, the badge of his duties. This was a hazardous proceeding at the age of eighty-six, but it was hoped that a quiet well-trained charger would carry him safely through the difficulties of the day. He mounted gallantly in Belgrave-square, and attended by Lord Mount-Charles as his aide-de-camp, and followed by an orderly, reached Buckingham Palace without an accident. The boasted character of the

horse, however, soon proved fallacious, for as soon as the crowd cheered on Her Majesty's appearance the animal began to kick and plunge violently. The old Hussar maintained his seat with practised address, while two excellent riders, the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Otho Fitzgerald, were thrown at the same time by the restlessness of their horses.

Lord Combermere's place in the *cortege*, as gold stick, was at the right side of the Queen's carriage: but not to intercept the view of Her Majesty, and to secure his own safety, he rode between Lord Abercorn and Lord Ducie. The charger, unpacified by the companionship and example of two other horses, did not grow reconciled to the continued uproar, and became even more troublesome than before, till at length in the Park it was found necessary to have him led by one of Her Majesty's pages. Nothing could be more annoying to Lord Combermere than this occurrence; celebrated horseman as he was, capable of managing the animal under other circumstances, he could ill brook such an appearance of incapacity. It was rendered more unpalatable to him the next day when the papers noticed the occurrence, accounting for it by the infirmities of his advanced age.

On the return of the procession through Hyde Park the horse became so unmanageable that the Duchess of Cambridge, much alarmed for Lord Combermere's safety, sent to beg that he would get into the carriage of the Princess Mary, where there

was a place for him. He accordingly dismounted, and availed himself of the Duchess's kindness.

In 1861 nothing occurred to interrupt the quiet routine of Lord Combermere's life. As usual, he passed the summer at London and Buxton, the winter at Bath—whither he had been ordered on account of the mildness of the climate.

In July Lord Combermere spent a few weeks at Combermere, from whence, in the following August, he proceeded, as usual, to Buxton, where he was received with the customary welcome. The inhabitants always expected him with friendly impatience, declaring that the season never began till he arrived. For thirty-three years he had absented himself but twice, and even long before the commencement of that period he visited Buxton occasionally. It was no wonder that he should have been considered an essential to the season, and that the regular visitors longed once more to see his kindly face, to hear his cordial voice. The young people remembered him from their childhood, and the children believed that the welfare of Buxton depended in some inexplicable way on the annual presence of that cheerful old gentleman who rode by so upright on his beautiful black pony, followed by the smart little groom, on an equally handsome animal, and the faithful, well-known dog, "Jack." The old men stepped more firmly as the veteran passed, and reckoned up their years and subtracted them from his, leaving a satisfactory balance for *themselves* yet to live. Whenever

he departed for Combermere Abbey from the Crescent a crowd gathered round the carriage, and many looked kindly after him as he drove from the hotel, fearing that they might never again see their old acquaintance. A similar feeling in 1864 darkened that otherwise joyous scene for those whose happiness hung upon that precious life. It seemed as if a presentiment then arose amongst the spectators that their accustomed visitor would never again return to his favourite watering-place, when at this last visit a crowd of excursionists, just come in from the neighbouring districts, cheered him loudly as he entered his carriage and drove along the road to Cheshire.

In November of 1862 it was thought advisable for Lord Combermere again to winter in a mild climate, and he determined on establishing himself at Clifton in preference to Bath, where country rides were not very accessible from the town. A house which he had heard of during a previous visit was engaged, and thither the family proceeded early in the month. Lord Combermere did not find many old military comrades there, but a few friends occasionally met of an evening to make up a whist-table for his amusement. His daughter, Lady Downshire, visited him, to his great enjoyment, as he never was so happy as in the company of his children and grandchildren, and their arrival was always anticipated with the greatest eagerness.

The approaching marriage of the Prince of Wales

now afforded a subject which he constantly discussed, speaking hopefully of witnessing it during his month of duty as Gold Stick, and seeming pleased with the prospect. Although gorgeous pageants had long lost all charms for him who had seen so many in all countries, and court ceremonies were fatiguing, the coming event seemed to animate him with an unusual desire to appear once more in his appointed place at this truly national ceremony. He had followed in the train of William IV., at the coronation of that monarch, when the Princess Victoria accompanied her excellent mother, the Duchess of Kent, in the procession; he had officiated at Queen Victoria's own coronation, and attended the christening of the youthful prince who was now about to take to himself so fair a bride.

The Prince of Wales' wedding was the last court pageant at which, after three-and-thirty years of punctual attendance, Lord Combermere appeared. Owing to the withdrawal of the Queen from public life, he was never again to join the suite which had attended her in happier times. Although the uniform of the Life-Guards, gold sash, and heavy aigrettes, left little space for all the orders and medals which were to be placed upon it, his decorations had been increased lately by the splendid insignia of the Star of India. This badge of valour beamed brightly near the large battered and dimmed gold medal won sixty-two years before at Seringapatam, while between

them there rested the Bhurtpore silver medal, like a link connecting two remote periods of Indian history. Six collars, belonging to the Bath, the Guelphic order, the Tower and Sword, Charles III., St. Ferdinand, and the Star of India, as well as the gold cross and silver medal which recorded his Peninsular services, had to be hung upon his breast. With untiring patience he stood to have all these sewn to his uniform, for in no other way could they be adjusted. It was fatiguing enough at eight o'clock in the morning, during bleak March weather, to endure this ordeal, with the prospect of an exhausting day's duty before him in addition. Lord Combermère, however, bore the trial with gentle endurance, for in his later years he seemed to wear these brilliant decorations as if they were part of his uniform, rather than the emblems of more than seventy years' military service.

All invited to the wedding assembled in the Queen's waiting-room at the Paddington Station, where the cold foggy morning did not improve the complexions of many splendidly dressed ladies, who waited to take their places in the special trains prepared for their journey to Windsor. Train followed train, and all were soon whirled beyond the dull London atmosphere, while the morning brightened and struggling sunbeams fell upon the gay scene, lighting up thousands of glowing, happy faces, eagerly gazing on the occupants of the trains as they passed. The royal carriages were ready at the Windsor station to convey

the visitors to the chapel, where on alighting Lord Combermere was ushered into the room in which the followers of the royal family's procession assembled. Those guests who did not belong to the court, took their places in the chapel, shivering in the extreme cold of a March morning, grievously chilling to the unprotected shoulders and arms of the assembled ladies, all attired in light evening costumes. The air was however soon warmed by the increasing company, and as the procession entered the chapel all previous discomfort was forgotten, and every other feeling merged in curiosity and expectation. Lord Combermere's appearance in the procession was noticed by the *Times* in the following paragraph:—"Here comes, with infirm but measured step, the well-known figure which has been seen so often for many long years, once erect, soldierly, stalwart, strong—type of the strong man who fought in the famous field of half a century ago, and fighting still with stark courage against the inroads of time. Covered with orders, laden with years indeed, and with the honours his services have bought, who that sees this day Stapleton Viscount Combermere, in that exact uniform, marching down the centre of the nave in the lustrous boots which will remind old soldiers of the scrupulous neatness for which the dashing horseman of El Bodon was distinguished, remembers that he served in Flanders before Napoleon founded a dynasty, and in India long before the great Company had ceased to

fear Tippoo, before the Mahrattas were broken, and before the power of the Sikhs was heard of?"

Lord Combermere was one of the chosen few who signed the registry in the yellow drawing-room. After this ceremony, the court officials adjourned to meet the general company in the banqueting-room. As there were no seats in St. George's Hall, Lord Combermere, fatigued with his prolonged duties, was glad to avail himself of the civility of a friendly page, who gave him a comfortable chair in a quiet place, withdrawn from the restless crowd. The Duke of Newcastle at once noticed the strange coincidence that he was seated beneath the plate taken from Tippoo Saib's palace at the siege of Seringapatam. To commemorate his services there, the old warrior wore on his breast that medal which no other survivor lived till that day to display.

Not waiting for the departure of the royal bridal pair, Lord and Lady Combermere soon left the castle, and returned with the Portuguese ambassador, Mr. Charles Villiers, and some other of the wedding guests in a public train, where their appearance contrasted amusingly with the ordinary travellers, surprised at the bedizened interlopers looking for places amongst them. On arriving at the Paddington Station it was found that an immense crowd had assembled to see the special trains come in laden with the gorgeously attired passengers. Circles were at once formed round the full-dressed ladies, who

were with difficulty rescued from the press by their indignant cavaliers. Lord Combermere, equally mobbed and soon recognised, was at last escorted by a policeman to his carriage. He went to the Carlton on arriving in London, felt very little fatigue, and was on horseback in the Park next morning at eleven o'clock.

After a residence of some weeks in Cheshire, Lord Combermere returned to London in May. He had been previously threatened with an attack of gout, which, on his arrival in town, developed itself, and tormented him during his two months' stay there.

A second edition of the Dickson trial was pending, and although Lord Combermere felt desirous of giving personal testimony in court, his medical adviser forbade this exertion. Doctor Gairdner—the great authority in gouty ailments—gave his evidence that Lord Combermere was unequal to any excitement, and that an attendance at the trial would be prejudicial to him. Indeed at that time Dr. Gairdner considered some of his venerable patient's symptoms dropsical, and dreaded a complaint which, however, never made any further progress.

The object of the action instituted by Colonel Dickson was, as many of our readers will doubtless remember, to obtain damages from Lord Wilton, the Colonel of the Tower Hamlets Militia, Lord Combermere, the Lord Lieutenant of the Tower Hamlets, and General Peel, the Secretary for War, for having

conspired together to effect his removal from the regiment of which he was Lieutenant-Colonel. Such a charge, although on its very face absurd, might have disturbed a nervous person, or one whose great age had impaired his faculties or weakened his constitution. But with the courage of a young man, the wisdom of an old one, and that equanimity which was proof against all attacks, Lord Combermere, preparatory to the trial, gave his testimony to the lawyers who attended at his residence for the purpose, and in the clearest manner went through all the details of this complicated transaction.

After a protracted trial the jury returned a verdict for the defendants.

On the 14th November, 1863, Lord Combermere had reached his ninetieth year, still in the full possession of his mental faculties, and with his usual activity very little impaired; indeed the only infirmities which afflicted him were deafness and occasional weakness of the limbs, arising as much from slight rheumatism as a failure of general strength. He still rode three hours daily, and walked short distances with his usual alert step and upright carriage. His voice was as strong, his hand as steady, as ever, and he wrote clearly and rapidly without spectacles, which he never used except by candle-light. The wonderful memory for which he had always been remarkable never failed, and while it recalled long past events with surprising accuracy, registered and

reproduced those of more recent date with equal exactness. No one could detect any failure in his quick perception or ready conclusions, nor did he betray even the most trifling of those mental deficiencies often attendant on a lesser age than his. When eighty-seven, he had danced a quadrille at a rural fête as lightly as his grandchildren, and at eighty could climb over a hurdle with ease. All these immunities from disease and decrepitude were secured by the invariable moderation which, in spite of service in various climates, left his naturally vigorous constitution unimpaired up to the very end. He rose very early in summer, and the last few years of his life rode an hour before breakfast. This meal was always very simple, and without meat of any kind. At half-past one a small luncheon and half a glass of wine satisfied him until dinner. This last was his largest meal, at which he partook plentifully of meat, and drank, for the last fifteen years, one pint of light sherry. Tea or coffee he never touched in early life, afterwards seldom indulging at breakfast in the former, usually drinking instead cocoa, as the most wholesome beverage. Plain meat, bread, and potatoes constituted his dinners, and he never for twenty-six years once transgressed the rule which he had determined to observe, of eating only what was wholesome, and avoiding fruit, vegetables, beer, champagne, salt meat, condiments, and every other article proscribed by the most rigid dietetics. Besides care-

fully rejecting all unwholesome food, he made it a practice to eat so slowly that he was always longer than any one else at meals. Few could resist as he did the temptations of a well-supplied table, which he wished to be luxurious for others, while he contented himself with simple fare, enjoying only the sight of the fine fruits furnished from his productive houses and well-cultivated gardens.

Such abstinence would to many be impracticable; but Lord Combermere possessed a power of self-control which few can compass. As an instance of this, we may mention that, after having long indulged in the habit of taking snuff incessantly, he relinquished it suddenly and entirely. Continual smoking had equally been a practice of his earlier life, until, becoming aware of its evil effects on his health, he restricted himself to two small cigars nightly.

Early in November Lord Combermere left home for Clifton, where he was to spend the winter.

On the 14th of the month, the ninetieth birthday of their landlord and neighbour, was kept by his friends on the Combermere estate at Burlydam, a small village one mile distant from the park gates. For some years a large dinner party had annually assembled with the same object, but this ninetieth anniversary reminded all how few more such opportunities might recur for offering their good wishes to one whom personally they loved and revered, and who had a traditional claim to their affection from having been the friend

or patron of their fathers in years long past. The gathering in 1863 was unusually large, and attended by seventy guests, including, besides many of the Combermere tenants, the Earl of Shrewsbury, Earl Grosvenor, M.P., Sir John Hanmer, Bart., M.P., Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, M.P., Philip Humberstone, Esq., M.P., Major Hill, Major Starkey, James Broadhurst, Esq., Admiral Cotton, &c.

Towards the close of this year a movement was set on foot for the purpose of erecting a statue of the Field Marshal whose distinguished career reflected so much honour on Cheshire, and whose private character had no less won him the affection and respect of his neighbours. The proposal, started by some friends of Lord Combermere, was warmly taken up by all the leading persons in the county, including Earl Grosvenor, M.P., John Tollemache, Esq., M.P., the Bishop of Chester, Lieut.-General the Right Honourable Sir Edward Cust, K.C.B., Major Starkey, &c., and subscriptions soon began to pour in for the purpose. The Masons of Cheshire, headed by Lord de Tabley, warmly co-operated in thus evincing respect for their Provincial Grand-Master, and contributed liberally. It was decided that an equestrian statue should be executed by Baron Marochetti.

The subscription soon reached nearly 5000*l.*, and was then only checked by a report that the amount exceeded the sum required for the erection of a memorial, and that its surplus was to be applied to

charitable purposes. The whole had been contributed within a very brief interval, and no doubt might have been doubled had not the conviction of its adequacy satisfied those who had not at first subscribed. Baron Marochetti, summoned by the committee, arrived at Combermere Abbey on the 30th April, 1864, and from thence proceeded with Lord Combermere, his family, and General Sir Sydney Cotton, to Chester. The Mayor and Mr. Humberstone, one of the city members, conducted them to the Castle, where the site to be granted by the town for the erection of the statue gave general satisfaction. Nothing can be finer than its position, in a wide area before the Castle, from whence the Welsh hills are seen in the distance; indeed, a high road from the principality opens so directly on the position, that the veteran, in expressing his satisfaction with it, said that he would seem from thence to welcome from the country of his birth to that of his adoption the Cambrian compatriots who always anxiously claimed him as their own.

After viewing the site Mr. Humberstone entertained the party from Combermere at a splendid *déjeûner*, and Lord Combermere, then spending the night at Chester, returned the next morning to the Abbey.

CHAPTER X.

LORD COMBERMERE SPENDS THE SEASON IN LONDON — DEATH OF THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE — SITTINGS FOR THE MEMORIAL STATUE—LORD COMBERMERE PASSES THE AUTUMN AT COMBERMERE ABBEY—HIS CELEBRATED DOG "JACK"—CELEBRATION OF HIS 90TH BIRTHDAY—VISIT TO THE MARCHIONESS OF DOWNSHIRE—CLIFTON—OPENING OF THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE AVON—FAILING HEALTH—VISITS OF GENERAL SIR SYDNEY COTTON AND MAJOR STARKEY—AN ATTACK OF BRONCHITIS — DEATH OF LORD COMBERMERE — HIS FUNERAL—CHARACTER—THE QUEEN EXPRESSES HER SYMPATHY WITH LADY COMBERMERE—INAUGURATION OF STATUE AT CHESTER—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER X.

In the month of May, 1864, Lord Combermere left home for London. Although urged by his friends not to encounter the bustle of the season or the duties which it would entail, he had persisted in the determination to accomplish them, declaring as usual that he should like to "die in harness." He certainly felt stronger than in the preceding spring, and suffered no fatigue from his journey, which was however broken by the usual visit of two days to Leamington, where he generally remained until his servants were established in the London residence. He had not long arrived there before the change from country air to a closer atmosphere began to affect him, and slight indisposition prevented his appearance at the next drawing-room. This was the first time that illness had interfered with the court duties which for thirty-three years he had punctually fulfilled. To the last precise in the accomplishment of every regimental obligation, he had been disappointed in a hope of accompanying the sons of his late uncle, Mr. Calvely Cotton, to the levee. General Sir Sydney Cotton, Colonel Sir Arthur Cotton, Admiral Cotton, General F. Cotton, Colonel Lynch

Cotton, and Dr. Cotton, Provost of Worcester College, Oxford, were relatives of whom Lord Combermere felt justly proud, for all six had attained great honour and high rank in their respective positions. Amongst them the gallant Sir Sydney, endowed with energy equal to that of his aged kinsman, had served for fifty years in India, never once relinquishing his duty even for a temporary return home. To him may be attributed the preservation of our north-western frontier, when, by prompt measures and the exercise of judicious severity, he arrested the progress of mutiny in the Punjaub.

Lord Combermere, soon able once more to enjoy the sociality of old friends in London, now looked forward with pleasure to receiving the Duchess of Cambridge at dinner. The projected party in her honour was, however, prevented from taking place by the illness of his kinsman the Duke of Newcastle. The Duke's uncertain malady kept many friends for weeks in painful suspense, and none felt it more acutely than Lord Combermere. He called daily to inquire for the invalid, who appeared gradually sinking under the pressure of a complication of diseases. His unhappy career seemed to warrant Rothschild's fanciful assertion that some men, places, days, and undertakings are especially unlucky, and that it is unwise to expect any release from such evil influence. Endowed with the best gifts of nature, with wealth, position, and high moral qualities, the late Duke of

Newcastle's career was one of constant discomfort and frequent unhappiness. Even the illness which preceded the last trial—the struggle with death—was both painful and protracted, as if in this world there was to be no remission in the misery of an unlucky man.

Lord Combermere, at ninety-one, wished to follow his friend and godson to the grave, and was with difficulty prevented from undertaking a long journey to Clumber for this purpose. He was about that time cheered by the happy prospects of his grandson, Mr. Robert Cotton, who had been just affianced to a young lady with whom a union was on every account most desirable. The anticipation of this marriage brightened the last days of the veteran. It seemed as if the sun of prosperity, which had ever shone upon his happy life, was still to gild its evening to the close.

In June he commenced his sittings for the memorial statue, and his mornings were for some time fully occupied by attendance at Baron Marochetti's studio. To that peculiarly quaint spot his horse was daily led, and in the largest room there, dressed in uniform, the Field Marshal would sit immovable upon his charger for an hour, with such patience and steadiness that the Baron soon succeeded in securing an inimitable likeness, recalling the firm seat and upright carriage which had distinguished the young Hussar in the early part of his career. He assumed them now unconsciously, as if in honour of the

friendly contributors to this memorial, which would perpetuate amongst his county neighbours the appearance of their "Cheshire hero." Nor were other favourable adjuncts wanting to complete the portrait. A watchful eye, which treasured his every look and marked his every movement, was there to direct the sculptor's hand with the experience that long observation had accumulated. The old attached attendant of thirty-two years' service also looked on, to ascertain that the accoutrements, so often arranged by him, were well placed, and that the many orders which had so long rested upon his master's chest should find their proper position. Under such favourable circumstances the likeness was successfully completed before Lord Combermere's departure from London.

During the autumn of 1864 Lord Combermere seemed in his country home to recover entirely from the languor consequent on a visit to London. He had in September and October several parties staying at the Abbey. Amongst these came on his usual annual visit the amiable Dr. Graham, Bishop of Chester, who was destined to survive his host but for three months, and who at this time was, like Lord Combermere, anticipating a happy marriage in his family, which he was never to witness. An annual visit of the Bishop to Combermere Abbey afforded equal pleasure to its owner and the worthy prelate.

With his visitors Lord Combermere attended an agri-

cultural exhibition at Malpas, where no one enjoyed more than he did the racing of some farmers' horses. The annual flower-show at Combermere also took place in September, and there, too, the veteran appeared happy and cheerful as usual, listening with a genial smile to the amusing address of his chaplain, the Rev. J. Evans, who on these occasions entertained the motley assemblage with an amusing speech and comic remarks when he presented prizes to the possessors of the neatest cottages and best cultivated gardens on the estate. Seated with two or three friends in the midst of the rural throng, Lord Combermere added his word of encouragement to the recipients, often laughing heartily at the noisily expressed terror of the young beauty prize pig, who, decked in lace and blue ribbons, always excited the jealous animosity of his celebrated dog Jack. This little animal, who in his day had been a handsome white terrier of the best breed, was Lord Combermere's constant companion for thirteen years. His uncommon sagacity equalled that of some favourites described in "Anecdotes of Canine Celebrities," and his affection for his master even surpassed that usual in his species.*

At the commencement of November Lord Comber-

* This faithful little animal, like most pets, came to an untimely end, surviving his master only a few months. Although watched with a tenderness enhanced by past associations, he one day sprang from a window, and died soon after, from the effects of this fall.

mere began to prepare for the annual sojourn at Clifton, and left home on the 14th, his birthday, in celebration of which the bells of Wrenbury Church, which were never more to peal for him alive, were ringing merrily as he reached the station. A few of his kindest neighbours had assembled there to see him depart, and to utter for the last time that farewell, so often repeated in former years on the same spot.

The usual dinner to celebrate the day took place in the neighbourhood, at which seventy of Lord Combermere's friends and tenants assembled. Sir John Hanmer, M.P., as chairman, made a long and eloquent speech, in which he observed that it was unnecessary to dwell on Lord Combermere's public career, but that he would invite his friends and neighbours to express with him their gratification that one for whom they all entertained such respect and regard should have entered another year in the full possession of that clear intellect, noble nature, and cheerful disposition which had won the hearts of all around him. When Sir John Hanmer, after many encomiums on Lord Combermere's private character as a friend, a landlord, and a benefactor, proposed his health, it was drunk with the greatest enthusiasm, as if all present felt that this might be the last time they would meet for the same object.

Lord Combermere, before settling at Clifton for the winter, made a short visit to his daughter, Lady

Downshire, at East Hampstead, in Berkshire, and arrived there so little fatigued by the journey, that he was the life of the dinner-table, entertaining the whole party with his numerous stories of Irish adventure. After some days pleasantly passed with his daughter and grandchildren, he reached Clifton in health and spirits. The suspension-bridge over the Avon was to be opened with great ceremony on the 5th December, and Lord Combermere watched its progress to completion and heard of the arrangements for the coming festival with eager interest. He felt most anxious to witness the ceremony, and, although declining an invitation to appear in a procession and at a banquet, he determined on looking at the former from his carriage. He enjoyed the spectacle, and was much amused by all the proceedings of the day. It was the last scene of the sort which he was to witness.

He now seemed to decline daily, and was soon unable to take his usual ride, although still retaining his cheerfulness, and hoping, under God's mercy, to see his grandson married in the June following. He took a daily drive, and ate with his usual appetite the restorative food ordered by his kind medical advisers. In December the usual Christmas presents were prepared for distribution; the board was decked with seasonable additions, and New Year's Day followed with its gifts and compliments; but the drooping invalid had lost his taste for these enjoyments which had hitherto afforded him such pleasure Still,

however, he read every evening memoirs or history uninterruptedly for two hours, daily transacted business, and wrote to his children and friends. General Sir Sydney Cotton visited him for some days, after which he anticipated with pleasure the arrival of one of his most loved friends and neighbours, Major Starkey.

The presence of this kind friend, whose attentions to his old chief were those of an affectionate son, did not produce the usual effect. It cheered Lord Combermere at first, but a severe cold which he caught at this time interrupted their conversations, and put a stop to the musical amusements with which Major Starkey's arrival at Clifton was to be welcomed. And now the powerful constitution inherited from a healthy race, and preserved unimpaired by the strictest care and temperance, began to yield to ailments which it had so long resisted. The upright form commenced to bend and the active limbs to falter. Lord Combermere's weakness and languor daily increased, and would probably have reduced him by degrees to that stage of natural decay when, as it were from very weariness of life, we sink into the sleep of death. But this gentle, imperceptible transition was interrupted, unhappily, by an attack of bronchitis, which hurried on the climax, although neither suffering nor anxiety preceded it. His faculties from the first overcast, Lord Combermere, like Lord Palmerston, neither took notice of those around him, nor seemed

to hear the prayers read at his bedside. Slowly and gently the slumber deepened into a continued stupor, and on the 21st of February the gallant veteran sank quietly and insensibly to rest.

Thus tranquilly Stapleton Cotton passed away from life, and from the ranks, though not from the memories, of that army to which he had been at once an honour and an example. The last survivor of the great Duke's generals was no more! Years had elapsed since Lynedoch, Hill, Beresford, and Londonderry fell one by one beside him, while Lord Combermere still continued to fight against the arch enemy Death with the same energy which had hitherto defied more tangible foes. This rich vitality that so long resisted the encroachment of age, in early boyhood inspired his irrepressible desire for military enterprise, and at a later period animated the eagerness with which he constantly exchanged the ease and pleasures of home for the perils and discomforts of foreign service.

Steady powers of self-control are scarcely compatible with impulsive energy, and we are therefore surprised to find them combined in Lord Combermere's character. It is true that on some occasions his prudence was overcome by the force of circumstances: in private life it was often disarmed by his injudicious goodnature, or slackened by a credulous belief in unworthy friends. Still we have seen how in early youth he withstood the temptations most

alluring to a joyous nature, and pursued steadily the path which he had chosen.

To this power of self-control, enforced by the modesty which so often characterises a brave man, we may attribute the reserve that avoided all allusion to his military services, except in the company of those who had shared in them. Indeed a diffidence of asserting his opinion of others, and a disinclination to offer advice or to administer reproof, was a peculiarity remarkable in one whose experience of life might have warranted greater assumption. Its absence secured him many friends. Few men possessed such a power of attaching associates, to whose foibles he was always lenient and whose ingratitude he mostly overlooked. But malice and resentment had no place in his character. Injuries were forgotten, ingratitude excused, and even calumny and misrepresentation borne with patience. His treatment of Edwin James, who had so shamefully abused the questionable privilege of his profession to question his integrity as an opposing witness, was not only forgiven but even justified by his generous victim, and in many other circumstances he displayed equal equanimity.

After Lord Combermere's elevation to the peerage in 1814 he entered warmly into the consideration of national affairs, although seldom speaking in the House except on military subjects. Toryism had been for centuries an heirloom in the Cotton family,

and he cherished it with careful fidelity. The British officer, he thought, should be essentially conservative, as the guardian of established rule and the enemy to changes which might implicate the chivalrous loyalty to which he is sworn.

Lord Combermere's attendance in the House of Lords was regular, and his adherence to the Conservative party invariable. At the risk of displeasing his old military chief he voted against many measures which the Duke latterly advocated.

He steadily opposed Catholic Emancipation, on the ground that it would encourage Popery in England. With an apprehension that Free Trade might not effect the good which its promoters predicted, he voted against it, and survived to find groundless the fears that he, in common with many others, entertained at the time when this measure was carried.

Lord Combermere's public career may be judged by strangers; but his associates only could fully estimate the benevolence of his private character. It was ever readily apparent in the cheeriness of his greeting and the cordiality of his hospitality. Seated at his well-spread board you forgot the ornamental trophies which decorated it while enjoying the kindness with which he treated all his guests. You could not disregard the gentle dignity and high breeding of a host whose welcome was an honour enhanced by each courtly attention. These great dinners, however, did not satisfy

Lord Combermere's active goodnature, which delighted rather in that simpler hospitality displayed to his own relatives and neighbours when he dispensed to them the luxuries and comforts of which he thought all affluent country gentlemen should be always liberal.

In the privacy of domestic life, his unostentatious Christian feelings were revealed with the conviction that showy piety is but a mockery of real devotion. His religion, less professed than enacted, was manifested in most liberal gifts to the poor and in universal charity and goodwill towards his fellow-creatures. Indeed latterly this feeling seemed to soften his character so perceptibly that no one ever saw him irritable or impatient. The once resolute soldier gradually subsided into the gentle patriarch, who truly exemplified Shakespeare's assertion that

> "In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
> As modest stillness and humility."

Let us now proceed to cast a glance over his military character: and the arrangement by which we have made a consideration of this part of our subject to follow a sketch of his civil and domestic life is, we think, judicious; the latter serving as a key to the former. The first shows us the man in the tranquil circumstances of ordinary life, the last exhibits the same individual with each faculty developed, every energy called forth, under the stern exactions of war.

As a gallant soldier Lord Combermere has met with ample appreciation, but we do not consider that full justice has been done to his abilities as a general. Yet his qualifications for the post of a commander were neither few nor insignificant. The greatest generals have ever been distinguished for their knowledge of detail. This knowledge Lord Combermere possessed in an eminent degree, and we have been told by one thoroughly competent to give an opinion that not an adjutant in the service was better acquainted with the interior economy of a regiment than he who passed in three short years from the rank of second lieutenant of infantry to that of lieutenant-colonel of Hussars.

For untiring activity, rapid perception, and ready decision, quick and long sight, as well as a wonderful power of estimating distances and surfaces with accuracy, he was eminently remarkable; and when in addition is called to mind his power of attaching those under him, his skill in selecting good instruments, his readiness to reward merit, his equanimity of disposition, his calm courage under the most trying circumstances, and his spirit of enterprise duly restrained by prudence, it must, we think, be admitted that Stapleton Cotton possessed most of the requisites for important command. It is true that he could not lay claim to genius; but, on the other hand, he was endowed with good abilities, a clear head, a power of correctly appreciating circumstances, discrimination of

character, great prudence—all those qualities indeed without which genius is often more dangerous than useful to its possessor. In short, Stapleton Cotton was a man of shrewd common sense. But, without further analysing his military qualities, let us revert for a moment to the occasions on which he actually did command armies, or large bodies of men before the enemy.

Surely it was the work of a skilful commander to cover that long retreat to Torres Vedras, an operation so skilfully performed, that not a gun was lost, not a regiment hurried, not a baggage-waggon abandoned to the enemy.

His strategic talents were conspicuous also at Llerena, where, by judicious combinations, completed under all the disadvantages of a night march, he surprised and routed a superior body of Soult's cavalry, and sent that marshal's rear-guard hurrying in nervous trepidation towards Seville.

Again at Castrejon he proved himself something more than a mere cavalry general, when, in command of one brigade of cavalry and two divisions of infantry, he for three or four hours kept the whole of Marmont's army at bay, and thus baffled plans which, if carried out, would have seriously endangered the British army.

At Bhurtpore, still greater proof was given that he possessed the highest military talents. The manner in which the siege of that place was conducted leaves

scarcely anything to be desired. Every rule of war was carefully, without being pedantically, followed; every precaution which prudence, experience, or forethought could suggest was adopted; and the skill of the engineer was combined in just proportions with the daring tactics which the courage of the British soldier enables his commander to venture on. Every arm was employed in its due place, and each did good service. Nor were moral means neglected. By exhibiting an unwearied interest in everything that concerned the comfort and interest of the soldier, by superintending the execution of every operation, by carefully seeking out merit and promptly rewarding it, and, finally, by the greatest personal intrepidity, Lord Combermere excited the enthusiasm, secured the attachment, and doubled the normal strength of the troops under his command. Such was the clearness of his orders, so great his care that they should be both fitting and possible, that almost every arrangement was carried out as intended. Not a single check was experienced, and after twenty-eight days of open trenches, the formidable fortress which had defied the inconsiderate daring of the hitherto victorious Lake, fell a comparatively easy prey to the better regulated valour of Lord Combermere. Nor was the triumph won, as it too often is, rather by a lavish expenditure of the soldier's blood than by the skill of the general. Although the garrison was nearly equal in strength to the besieging force, and engineering difficulties

detained the army before the place for thirty-nine days, yet only about 1100 men fell during the siege, and the cypress was but sparsely entwined with the laurel wreath which graced the victors' brows.

As a friend to those under his command, whether officers or soldiers, Lord Combermere has never been surpassed. His letters and reports show how closely he identified himself with every feeling of the army, and an instance of the sturdy independence with which he strove for its rights is afforded by his conduct in the half-batta question.

In love of his profession he yielded to no one. Deliberately choosing the career of arms as a boy, he steadily adhered to it in after-life, notwithstanding all the numerous allurements of rank, property, society, and domestic happiness, which vainly sought to woo him from the field of hardship and danger, but also of glory. Even when in 1825 he held the pleasant and dignified office of Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, he, though already loaded with rank and honours gained in the arduous campaigns of the Peninsula, did not hesitate to embark for India, in the fullest expectation of having to conduct an operation the difficulties of which might have shaken the moral courage of even a daring man. In short, throughout a long career in the four quarters of the globe, Stapleton Cotton was always ready to sacrifice ease at the call of duty—ever acting up to the proud motto of his race, "*In utráque fortunâ paratus.*"

Some officers are excellent in subordinate positions, while totally unfit for independent commands. Others excel when unfettered by a superior; but from impatience of control, and a high estimate of their own powers, are impracticable when occupying secondary posts. Lord Combermere was equally good as a commander or a lieutenant; and we have the great Duke's own testimony that when he gave an order to Sir Stapleton Cotton he was certain that it would be carried out, not only with implicit obedience, but also with sound discretion.

The bells of Wrenbury, which but three months before had rung so merrily as the Lord of Combermere departed from his country home, now tolled with solemn import when his remains arrived there on the 30th February.

The arrangements for the funeral were of a most simple and unobtrusive character, and the remains of the deceased were conveyed to their last resting-place with as little pomp or display as if he had been a private gentleman whose name had never been heard beyond the precincts of his own property. Many anticipated that the obsequies of so distinguished a warrior would be celebrated with those imposing military ceremonies which render the funeral of a soldier so solemn and impressive. The occasion, in their opinion, was one on which both sovereign and people might fitly render a last mark of respect, by magnificent funeral solemnities, to one

who in the day of danger had so faithfully and heroically served his country. The Masonic fraternity, too, among whom Lord Combermere had held a high official position, and whom he had ever regarded with the greatest interest and affection, entertained hopes that they might be allowed to follow, with all the emblems of their craft, the remains of their honoured chief to the grave. These anticipations, however, were not realized. Lord Combermere having spent the last years of his life as a country gentleman, in the active discharge of those duties which are incumbent on a landed proprietor, it was deemed appropriate that the ceremony by which the close of his career was solemnized should be in harmony with the mode of life which he had long voluntarily adopted. It was therefore decided that he should be borne to the tomb by his own tenantry, whose sorrow for the loss of a kind and beneficent landlord would be a more fitting tribute to his memory than all the trappings of military or Masonic display.

On the day appointed for the funeral the weather proved excessively tempestuous. The rain descended in torrents, and the wind swept across the country in fierce and angry gusts. Prone as men are to the indulgence of superstitious feelings on such solemn occasions, it was natural that these should be suggested by a coincidence which startled the mourners on their return to the Abbey. A venerable oak that Lord Combermere had always noticed as an especial

favourite, lay uprooted upon the ground, prostrated by the storm. It seemed as if the overthrow of "a record of the forest" was typical of the removal of one of those landmarks of time which every remarkable man supplies to his own generation.

The memory of this dreary day was to be darkened by an event appealing more immediately to our sympathies. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the domestic chaplain, the Rev. R. Kent, anxious to show a last mark of affection to his revered patron, waited, two days previously, for some time at the station the arrival of the corpse from Clifton, and having been for several months an invalid, such imprudent exposure, then and at the interment, affected him so prejudicially that he never rallied, but in a short time followed his friend to the grave.

At one o'clock, when the funeral procession set out from the abbey, some little improvement had taken place in the weather, and the landscape was lighted up by a few gleams of sunshine. The mournful cavalcade proceeded at a slow pace to Wrenbury, a distance of about four miles. The hearse, containing the body, was preceded by the late viscount's carriages, in which were Mr. Wall, farm bailiff, carrying the deceased field-marshal's sword and hat, and Mr. Biggins, house-steward, bearing his coronet and baton, these insignia resting on cushions of purple velvet and gold. Near the station at Wrenbury the tenantry on the estate were drawn up, awaiting the arrival of the pro-

cession, which they accompanied from thence to the church, a distance of about half a mile further.

In the family vault repose the remains of the deceased's father, Sir Robert Salusbury Cotton, who died in 1809; of his mother, Frances Cotton, who died in 1825; his son, Robert H. Stapleton Cotton, deceased in 1821; his first wife, Anna Maria Cotton, eldest daughter of the Duke of Newcastle, who died in 1807; and a brother, his domestic chaplain, the Rev. William Cotton, incumbent of Burleydam, deceased in 1853.

On the arrival of the procession at Wrenbury church the coffin was brought into the aisle, and on it were placed the emblems of the deceased's dignities. The communion table, the pulpit, and the family pew were hung with black. Upon its seat were found a laurel chaplet and two wreaths of snowdrops, sent by the widowed Lady Combermere to be placed on the coffin as last memorials of her affection. The solemn and sublime burial service of the Church of England was read by the Rev. C. M. Aldis, and the coffin was finally lowered into the vault, amidst the deep but silent sorrow of the bystanders. At the close of the service, as the large assemblage began slowly to disperse, the relatives descended into the tomb to take a last look at the coffin, the plate of which bore the following inscription:

"Stapleton, Viscount Combermere, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath and

of the Guelphs of Hanover; Knight of the Order of St. Ferdinand, and Charles III. of Spain, and of the Tower and Sword in Portugal; a Field Marshal, Colonel of the 1st Regiment of Life-Guards; Constable of the Tower of London; Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the Tower Hamlets and of the Liberties thereof.

"Born, 14th November, 1773,
"Died, 21st February, 1865."*

In Chester the cathedral and all the other church-bells in the city were tolled by minutes during the time of the funeral, and a similar compliment was paid to the memory of the deceased in most other towns of the county. The bells of the Tower of London also tolled in honour of its departed Constable.

With her usual sympathy for sickness and grief the Queen inquired by telegraph for her old general and faithful servant, but he was at the time insensible to such kindness. Nor did Her Majesty neglect to write to his unhappy widow a letter urging all that a heart already versed in the terrible experience of sorrow can best prompt of comfort and condolence to another disconsolate mourner.

At this time a letter reached Lady Combermere

* A handsome monument to Lord Combermere's memory, executed by W. Theed, Esq., is to be placed in Wrenbury Church, the chancel of which will be previously restored.

containing congratulations on Lord Combermere's health and vigour. It came from the old Indian prince, Gholām Mohammed, Tippoo Saib's son, who, the day after the capture of Seringapatam, in 1799, was kindly noticed by Colonel Stapleton Cotton and Colonel Wellesley. No sooner did the intelligence of his friend's death reach Calcutta, than he rectified the involuntary mistake by writing the following letter:—

"Russapugla, July 22nd, 1865.

"My dear respected Lady,—Very soon after dispatching my last letter to you I was shocked and pained to hear of the demise of my oldest, dearest, and most respected friend, the good Lord Combermere, and I truly regretted that I had written to you lightly and hopefully when at the time so much sorrow was in your poor heart. But such involuntary errors are the result of the great distance which separates us from our friends in England: while we are congratulating we ought perhaps to be condoling. I am glad to learn, from your letter of the 15th June, that you were somewhat composed when my unlucky letter arrived.

"For myself, my dear madam, I can assure you that I have reason to mourn his death almost as that of a father. He knew me in 1799, when I was but five years old, and I remember his kindness to me then. During his command in India, twenty-five years after that time, I always experienced his good-

ness, for he was one of my best friends, if not the best. In England he protected my interest, and said many kind words in my behalf, besides receiving me with cordial hospitality at his house.

"Our gracious Queen, suffering under an affliction similar to your own, must have deplored the loss of so brave and loyal a soldier—one who did much to secure Her Majesty's power in the East. But it must be your consolation that he lived a long and worthy life and died full of honours, leaving a name to be long remembered amongst those of British heroes.

"Prince Feroze Shah thanks you for your kind sympathy, and, with his best wishes for your comfort, assures you of his own amendment.

"I shall indeed prize with mournful interest the portrait you have so kindly sent me. It is an excellent likeness. In it he seems stouter than when I saw him, alas! for the last time.

"Hoping that your Ladyship will preserve your health under your affliction, and wishing you comfort,

"I am,

"Your very sincere Friend,

"GHOLĀM MOHAMMED."

From the Masonic body, of which Lord Combermere had been for forty-five years the Provincial Grand-Master in Cheshire, the expressions of reverence and affection for his memory conveyed in many addresses

were most gratifying to his widow. Lord de Tabley, his successor in the province, forwarded a beautifully illuminated manuscript from the Grand Provincial Lodge, which contained assurances of the warmest sympathy, and expressions of love and reverence for the memory of one who had been for so many years a kind friend and an active benefactor of the fraternity.

It was now the great object of Lord Combermere's friends and countrymen to inaugurate the statue to which many of them had so generously subscribed.*

The execution of this memorial, as we have already stated, had been entrusted to Baron Marochetti, who has produced a work scarcely in any respect, if at all, inferior to that which is regarded as his *chef d'œuvre*—the equestrian statue of Richard Cœur de Lion, in front of the Houses of Parliament at Westminster. The statue is of bronze, and the likeness admirable. The gallant soldier, whose face is slightly inclined to the right, is represented in the act of saluting. The rider appears to have that firm seat on his horse which was characteristic of Wellington's famous cavalry general. The statue stands upon a granite

* The committee appointed by the subscribers to carry out their intention consisted of Earl Grosvenor, M.P.; General the Hon. Sir E. Cust; Sir John Hanmer, M.P.; Sir P. Egerton, M.P.; and J. Tollemache, Esq., M.P. J. Broadhurst, Esq., of Nantwich, and Major Starkey, the Honorary Secretaries, were no less zealous in their co-operation.

pedestal, and the entire monument is twenty-four feet in height. It bears the following inscription:—

"Erected in Honour of
STAPLETON COTTON,
VISCOUNT COMBERMERE,
FIELD MARSHAL.
Born 1773.
Died 1865."

On the reverse side is recounted the long list of famous engagements in which Lord Combermere bore a part, commencing with the very first war against the French Republic, and ending with the last and greatest achievement of the deceased soldier, the capture of that celebrated Indian fortress which had successfully sustained four desperate assaults by British armies.

Baron Marochetti's fine equestrian statue, erected in 1866, is now the great artistic monument of the county palatine, and a lasting memorial of the kind feeling entertained by its inhabitants and his friends for the "Cheshire hero." Their children's children may look up reverentially to this representation of the good old soldier: some of them with honest pride remembering how their grandsires fought beside him in the glorious Peninsular campaign, or, as neighbours, emulated the quiet virtues of his domestic retirement. There, too, many amongst them may have unpretendingly

evinced the heroism which, in the battle of life, is often as arduous, although less conspicuous, than that displayed in the fiercest contests of armed hosts. We may fitly conclude this chapter with the lines in which the remote successors of Lord Combermere's earliest comrades at Westminster School deplored his decease :—

"Dein, alios deploramus quos mors abstulit,
Senem hunc cui titulis jam florenti Hispaniæ
Novæ coronam texuit India laureæ,
Equitum ductori, quo non alter acrior
Infesto hostiles fundere impetu manus."

APPENDIX.

I. GRANT OF THE ABBEY OF COMBERMERE—II. LETTERS FROM THE EARL OF DERBY TO SIR JOHN SALUSBURY—III. LETTERS TO MRS. STAPLETON FROM LADY HESTER STANHOPE AND OTHERS.

APPENDIX.

I.

Grant of the Abbey of Combermere.

"In the name of the Holy and inseparable Trinity, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, I, Hugh Malbanc, of one part, applauding the promise of the Lord, by which He saith to his elect, 'What you have done to these little ones you have done to me; enter ye into the kingdom of heaven prepared for you from the beginning of the world.' On the other side, fearing the threatening, whereby he says to the wicked, 'What ye have not done to my little ones ye have not done to me: go ye into everlasting fire.' Therefore, I oftentimes, revolving in my mind the godly precept, in which He saith, 'Make unto you friends of the Mammon of iniquity, that they may inherit the Holy Tabernacle,' I oftentimes, revolving with myself these other precepts of the Saviour, and considering the change of all temporal things, the misery and the shortness of human life, I am wholly resolved to change all worldly things, and the vanities of the age, for the love of God; and to exchange shadows for realities; and to those who have given themselves wholly to the Divine service, to them I have bestowed this donation. In the beginning, I give and grant to my Maker, with a sincere heart, by the council and consent of my Lord Ranulph, Earl of Chester, and Lord Roger of Chester, and William, my own son and heir, for the health of me and my wife, Petronel, and my children, and all my friends, for the redemption of our

souls, I say, I give, humbly and devoutly, to our Lord God, the place and site which is called Combermere, to the founding and erecting of a certain abbey of the Monks of St. Benedict, in honour of the most blessed and most glorious Virgin Mary, and the mother of God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, and St. Michael the Archangel, the wood, the plain, the waters, the water-courses and the fishings, the meadows, the pastures, the feedings, with all other their appurtenances, and with all other commodities and things which are there, or may be made there, as well under the earth as above, for ever. Also, I give to the said Abbey and Monks there serving God, my manor of Wilkesley, and the villages of Royal and Lodmore, and the land adjoining, which is called Burley, and the village of Dodecotte, with the wood of the said village; and the mill of Chelley, with all the pond and the fishing on either side; and one hundred feet beyond the mill-pond of my land of Cheval, to repair the mill-pond and mill as often as need requires, without suit or contradiction of me or my heirs, or assigns, or any of them. And also, I give the wood which is called Brende-wood, and the wood which is called Light-Birch wood, and the wood called Buterley-heys, with all the appurtenances and commodities, as in woods and wastes, plains, in paths and ways, and in the waters and the watercourses, and in the fishings, in the meadows, in the pastures, in the marshes, in the moors, and all other things which are there, or may be made there, as well under the earth as above, for ever, between these bounds, to wit, from that place where the river of Burley descendeth into the water of Weaver; and so following the said river, ascending to that land which is called Burley. All these metes and bounds, as well on the said place of Combermere as of the said manor of Wilkesley, I, Hugh Malbanc, with my wife Petronel, and William, my son, and many others perambulated and compassed, and have freely given to the said Abbey of Combermere, and to

the monks there serving God, and to their successors, all things being within the said metes and bounds, with all their appurtenances, without reserving any thing temporal to me, my heirs or assigns, for ever; and let them make of the wood and plain every where what they please by enclosing or asserting at their pleasure. And I give to the said monks, common of pasturage for all their cattle in all my woods and pastures of Cheshire, and that they may take wood to burn and timber to build, as well without as within that Abbey, at their pleasure, in all my woods, as freely as I, to my own use, except my forest of Conhull. And I also grant unto the same monks the fourth part of the town of Wych, and tithe of salt, and of the salt-pits that are mine, and that belong to others, and of my money, and the salt of Blessed Mary the Virgin, and salt on Friday, and salt for the Abbot's table, as freely as I have at my board: And let them have their court, distinct from their townsmen or from their tenants, and assize of bread and ale, and of all kinds of measures, and toll and blodivit and amercements, and all manner of fine, of all sorts of trespasses, of all their tenants and men, as freely as I have to my own use. Likewise, I grant unto the same monks, and to all the townsmen and tenants of the same town, common of pasture in all woods and pastures, meadows and heaths, grounds, marshes, moors, and fields, belonging to the said town, and through all Ravensmore and the wood of Creghe, without molestation of any. And if it happen that any of their burgesses, tenants, or men be impleaded in my Court for any trespass, I will and grant, for me, and my heirs or my assigns, that my foresaid monks have the amercements and fines without molestation or contradiction of me, or my heirs or assigns whatsoever. I give also to the said monks a plough land, in the town of Acton, with the church of the said town, and the chapel of Wych Malbanc, with all the appurtenances; and one plough land in Sandon, and the

moiety of the town of Alstanefeld, with the church there, and the church of Sandon, and the common of pasture, with all my cattle in the forest of Sandon. I grant, likewise, to the same monks and their successors free passage everywhere through all my lands, with free ingress or egress, to take whatsoever they want, as often as whensoever they please. And let them have all and singular the premises in free, pure, and perpetual alms, as freely and absolutely from all secular exaction and worldly service, with as ample freedom and place as any alms may be enjoyed, but we may never challenge or exact any thing but only spiritual benefit and prayer.

"Therefore of my good-will I freely grant, that my Lord Ranulph, Earl of Chester, be principal founder and defender of the said church and monks there serving God; and that his heirs after him ever share in all good things there.

"Witnesses of this establishment and grant are these: My Lord Ranulph, Earl of Chester; Roger, Bishop of Chester; Adelia, my mother; Petronel, my wife; William, my son; William, Abbot of Chester; Robert and Odo, chaplains; William, son of Ralph; and Archibald, and many others who both saw and heard. And I, Roger, Bishop of Chester, at the pious request of John of Malbanc and other nobles, in perpetual memory hereof, and that this present gift and grant may for ever stand in force, in presence of Ranulph, Earl of Chester, and other nobles at Chester, have affixed hereto the seal of my bishoprick. And therefore, if any shall any ways violate, diminish, or wilfully hinder this alms, gift, and grant, let him have the curse of God, and the Blessed Virgin, and St. Michael the archangel, to whom in special manner all these things are granted, together with my own, lest he be repentant for his misdeed. Be it so, be it so, Amen."

II.

Letters from HENRY, *Earl of Derby, to his son-in-law*, SIR JOHN SALUSBURY, LORD COMBERMERE'S *ancestor, and from* FERDINAND, LORD STRANGE, *to the same:—*

No. 1.

"SONNE SALUSBURIE,—At your Uncle Thomas, his being here, I hadd severall conferring with hym, touchynge your state, whenever (soe far as I could gather) he seemed carefull as became a good uncle; in regard whereof and for your own benefit, for more consyderations than never I will sett down, I think it were good and expedient you gave him no cause of unkyndness, but deale well with hym, for uppon Saturday next, at my Co. of Leicester's his return, I will agayne move him verie effectuallie for you. Immediately whereuppon you shall heare from me. In the mean tyme, I think good you procede as affore, and attempt or doe nothinge without sounde advyse. In hope whereof, with my hartie commendations to yourself, and my prayers that God may blesse my daughter your Wieffe, doe I bid you farewell. The Court at Grenwige this 18th of Aprill, 1587.

"Your assured Lovynge father-in-Lawe,

"H. DERBY."

No. 2.

"SONNE SALUSBURIE,—Her Majesty having now sent me my Patent from the office at Chester, I purpoce (God willinge) myself to be there the 27th of this presente, at a good house for the despatch of moche bisyness, and would have your attendance in some conveniente place betwixt the towne and Rocksavage, where I will lodge the 26th.

Soe with my prayers that God may blesse my daughter and our little one, doe bidd you farewell.

"New P^k. my house, this 16th of November, 1588.

"Your assured lovynge father-in-lawe,

"Always to use,

"H. DERBY."

No. 3.

"SONNE SALUSBURIE,—I receyved your letters by y^r cosin Paine, and am sorrie to hear that such harde measure as toucheth your liffe and lyvinge is proffered you. Such and the best means I can use for your good I have not omitted, and in such sorte as your kinsman desired, to doe you what good offices I can (yf neede be) both to Her M^tie. and my Lord's advysinge, that in the mean tyme you carrie yourselfe in all humilitie, dutifullie—*first*, in regarde of your dutie towards God, and secondly, for your own safetie; for it seemeth many eyes are cast uppon you, and sundrie there be that thirst after your fall, whose expectations I hope with your wisdom will prevente. And soe, wishing you all happyness, doe ende with my verie hartie commendations.

"Bramhall, this 10th of January, 1590.

"Your assured lovynge father-in-lawe,

"H. DERBY."

No. 4.

"SONNE SALUSBURIE,—As to myne ancestors, so by inheritance to me, appertayne felons' goodes in Molde and Moldesdale, as thereof this daye by councill hard, after view of my two Patents, I was well assured. And forasmuche as I am informed that one Marie Vaughan, who by marriage (as I hear) is neare unto you, hath attempted and yet presenteth sute in the Xchequer to the prejudice of myne Inheritance (uppon an attornie) passed against one

David of Willen Lloyd, whom she pretendeth to houlde some of my lande. I have thought meete as well hereby to make known unto you my said ryght, as also in regarde the said Marie dependeth uppon you, to wishe you to deal with her for the surceasinge of her sute and action, because my tytle standeth as affore. Soe shall she avoyde vayne and greate expenses, whereunto she will be otherwyse dryven, which I would be loath; and what reasonable motions she shall make unto me, I shall honorablie consider of the same, yf it come recommended from you. And soe expecting to heere of youre proceedinge before the xviiith of this precente, doe ende, and pray that God maye blesse my daughter and iure little ones.

"Latham, my house, this 7th of Januarie, 1591.

"Your assured lovynge father-in-lawe,

"H. Derby."

No. 5.

"Sonne Salusburie,—Yt seems by your letters to me that you have been earnestly entreated by dyvers of your friends to write unto mee for the enlargement of John Williams of Moldesdale, for which and a far greater matter I woulde willingly satisfie your desire. but his demeanour hath been such, that dyvers poor men within Flintshire have exhibited a supplicacion against him, and finde themselves agrieved for dyvers wrongs and misdemeanours committed by him towards them. Whereuppon I have directed my letters to the Sheriff and dyvers gentlemen of that shire, to call the said parties so complaining before them, and uppon their examination to certifie mee of their proceedings therein, and soe to deale with Williams accordinge as I see cause uppon their information unto mee, towards whom, yf I showe any favour, yt shall bee in regarde of youre motion and requeste, in his behalfe. And soe with my verie hartie commendations to yourself, with God's bless-

inge to my daughter, your Weiffe, and your little ones, doe committ you to the protection of the Almyghtie.

"Latham, my house, this last of March, 1592.

"Your assured and lovynge father-in-lawe,

"H. DERBY."

"In 1593, one Richard Hackett was execute for attempting to persuade Ferdinand, Earl of Derby, whose father Henry has lately deceased, to take upon him the title of the crown, deriving his right from his great-grandmother, daughter of Henry the Seventh. He was promised money and the support of the Spaniards, &c.; but the Earl, fearing that this was but a trap for his destruction, impeached the man, and did himself die shortly after, and not without suspicion of poison. He was tormented, says Camden, with cruel pains; in his chamber was found an image of wax thrust through. The silver basins used by the Earl in his sickness were so stained, that by no art could they be restored to their original brightness. No small suspicion fell upon the gentleman of his horse, who, as soon as the Earl took to his bed, flew away with his best horses. His brother William succeeded to the Earldom."*

No. 6.

"BROTHER SALUSBURIE,—But that I will by a letter requite your letter, which no less deserves in respect of the kindness showed in the same, I have nothing to wryte but what I myght reffer to the delivery of your man: but for that I see my C°. nothinge settled to advansse either himself or his followers with the fortune of the worlde, being graps for which greater men live ether by offise of authoryty even at home or publike house, above at the Court. I can but be sorry, I saye, to see humors of soe small moment posses

* Memoirs of the Court of James I., by Bishop Goodman, page 144.

him whoe is born for greater fortunes, were but his fortune to seeke after suche things soe fitt his birth and honor of his plase. Being as it is, I must be, and will be, to doe you any favor consernynge such desires made to him or intended for him or me; and if my fortune shall be to assaye any thinge in the country where you be, you may rest assured of my redines to give you the best graps under me that I maye, no man beinge (as yourself) in your country held to me soe dear.

"Some matter I wolde leave to your man to dilate, and soe doe leave yourself with my lovynge, and my wive's hartie comendations to your Wife and yourselfe.

"Your lovyng friend and Brother,

"FER. STRANGE."

III.

The following letters were written at different times—the dates are omitted in the originals—to MRS. STAPLETON, LORD COMBERMERE'S AUNT, *by the* HON. GEORGINA TOWNSHEND *and* LADY CHATHAM.

"Tuesday.

"MY DEAR MRS. STAPLETON,—* * * The first thing I must tell you is, that the night before last the King went into the warm sea-bath for the first time, was remarkably well yesterday, in high spirits, & this morn he has been into the open sea for the first time & liked it very much, and is now gone out on horseback with his master of the ceremonies, as I call him, Lord Chesterfield, who is the most attentive creature to him that is possible. We are all in love with him, I am afraid that Lady Chesterfield will be jealous soon. I meant to have written to you this morning as soon as I had breakfasted, but I received a note from Princess E. to desire me go to Princess Royal to walk with her, which summons of course I immediately obeyed with great pleasure. After our walk she desired Lady Mary Howe & I to go & sit with her in her own room, which we did for about an hour very comfortably; she drew all the time, & I had the honor of having the Queen's two favorite dogs upon my lap all the time, one a very very small Italian greyhound & the other a little Barbet. I have since carried her Royal Highness a beautifull nosegay. I had the honor of losing my money there last night at Commerce; we had three tables there again, as I mentioned to you before. The only difference was that our Commerce party was not so numerous, which was an improvement; we were seven, Princess Royal, two Lady Waldegraves, Lady M. Howe, Lord Loudoun, Colonel Gywnne, &

myself, the night before being Sunday we had only a circle that was not so agreeable. The Queen was so good as to do me the honor of *whipping* me yesterday evening as I was looking attentively at some plants Princess Augusta was showing me, her good dear Majesty came slyly behind & corrected me. I started round, and to my astonishment saw the Queen, she laughed and said, 'I believe you never was whipped by a Queen before,', which, to be sure, was pretty true. My maid told me this morning that the King seemed very much entertained with seeing the good people bathing, she said he laughed very heartily; a band of musicians played 'God save the King' all the time he was bathing, & upon the sands, indeed, every attention that can be paid is paid him here; it is quite delightfull, but I still want more society for him. My father comes down to-morrow, but I am afraid he will not be able to stay long. I heartily wish the House was up, it very likely prevents people coming here. I should be so glad to see a good flock of one's acquaintances arrive, & where we lodge nobody can arrive without our knowing it. * * * Our sea view was beautifull last night, we had a great many boats out of different kind, & one sailing up and down the walk with a band of musick, and the sea as calm as possible. There is a man-of-war coming here from Portsmouth, the *Magnificent*, that will be a sight to go & see, it is coming on purpose for the King. The long boat & another very pretty small sailing boat arrived here last night with the account of the man-of-war being set out; they rowed & sailed about the bay in the evening, & added very much indeed to our view. It was a delightfull even, & indeed it is impossible to imagine a more pleasing, cheerfull prospect than it was; a great number of good people following us constantly. The Church on Sunday was as full as it could hold, and as soon as the sermon was ended the singers sung the two first verses of the dear old song,

'God save the King.' * * * Believe me, as usual,

"Very your most affectionately,

"GEORGINA TOWNSHEND."

"MY DEAR MRS. STAPLETON,—We go on vastly well here, the Dear King has sailed twice, likes it vastly, & says he feels himself the better for it already. I never saw him in better spirits. Last night we had our first expedition upon the ocean, which succeeded vastly well, & was indeed delightfull. We sallied forth about six o'clock in five ten-oared boats, (belonging to the *Magnificent*, a 74 just arrived in Portland Road for His Majesty's use) to see the *Southampton* frigate lying in Portland Road. The sea was very calm; we had several other boats to look at us, one with a band of musick, & the numbers of people upon the Point, & everywhere where they could see us, hurraing, made it a most delightfull scene. The two ships I have mentioned lie close to each other, & upon our arrival they both saluted us. As the *Southampton* has no accommodation ladder, the ladies all went up in the chair. I never saw so ridiculous an appearance in my life; it entertained the King very much, he laughed very heartily at my arrival, which was the first after the Royal family. He stood to watch us all. They were all vastly pleased with the ships; the Princesses had never seen one before, & I never saw people enjoy themselves more than they did, it was delightfull to see them all so happy. They are to go to-morrow on board the *Magnificent* if it is a fine day, but it has been raining a good deal to-day. We generally go every other evening to the Queen's house. Last night was not our night, but the night before. I never saw the King in higher spirits. * * * What a dear charming woman* she is! Lord and Lady Howe were

* The Queen.

the only people in the boat with the Royal family last night; they are all first favorits here. * * *

"GEORGINA TOWNSHEND."

"Saturday Night.

"MY DEAR MRS. STAPLETON,—Many thanks for the letter I have this even received from you; I found it when I returned from a very pretty breakfast Sir Harry & Lady Neale gave us, in honor of the coronation. I wish you & your dear companion could have been present. They played the coronation anthem; it was a glorious sight to see our dear beloved King's countenance, that expressed so much gratitude, it was quite heavenly. I do not know if you are acquainted with General Goldsworthy, but he is a most excellent pleasant man, & quite devoted to the King. After all the toasts were given the other day, the King sent to him, & bid him give the ladies on board as a toast, & desired he would have a pretty tune played at the same time (we have always military musick on board). This said good general is always full of fun, & loves to make the King laugh. You will be surprised that there should be such a name to a dance, but he, out of *compliment* to us, ordered them to play, *'Go to the Devil & shake yourself!'* This surprised us all, made us all laugh, & when we left the dinner-table, to be sure we all mobbed him pretty well, from the Queen downwards, & he will not hear the last of it in a hurry, as we mean to contrive that he should have severe reproaches from different parts by the post, from the injured fair ones of our companions on board; Lady Sudley, who is very clever, by my desire, had composed several lines before we left the ship, & when completed, they are to go by the mail to town, & return to surprise the good general. If any of you should choose to amuse yourselves in defence of the fair, either in verse or prose, pray send them to our general here; they will be thankfully received by the party in general, if he

does not keep them to himself, which I do not suspect him of doing. The dear King asked him how he meant to make amends to the ladies for what he had done; his answer was, by marrying immediately, upon which the King handed him up to Mrs. Drax, & bid the band play 'Alley Croaker,' much to the amusement of all. Mr. Price afterwards brought him up to me; that was our good King's joke too. I give you this as specimen of our frolicks here. * * * *

"GEORGINA TOWNSHEND."

"Weymouth.

"MY DEAR MRS. STAPLETON,—I am writing in a great hurry, as the Royal family, one or other, so often visit me, that I cannot always answer for not having a visit. They make my room the rendezvous; & really the day we dined at Swinley, last Monday, the King having told the Princesses that he should go an hour earlier than he intended, that they might be ready, they came to my room dressed, & as I began, Princess A. & Princess E. were in my room (my bed-room) from the beginning to the end of my dressing. 'Twas a very hot day, and this public dressing did not cool me or Leville, & I knew the Queen & Duke of Clarence were in my sitting-room, & all the other Princesses. For the future, if I am mistress enough of my time, I shall not be so caught, as I will dress quite early. The Queen has two or three times honored me by sitting some time *tête-à-tête* with me, but a day never passes but she makes me one or two short visits before dinner, or before we go out for the even. * *

"GEORGINA TOWNSHEND."

"Weymouth, Monday Evening.

"MY DEAR MRS. STAPLETON,—The only event that has happened since I wrote to you, was yesterday, the King and Royal family going to prayers on board the *Magnificent*, and a more delightfull sight I never saw in my life. The

chaplain gave us a most excellent & proper sermon, & took very proper notice of the good example shown by our Sovereign. It was quite affecting, & I was quite pleased to see one of the privates of the Marines quite overcome, & they say there were several so. The Queen was so gracious as to ask for a copy of the sermon, which has pleased the poor man very much, & I wish they may do something for him, as he has a large family, & only 50*l.* a year. They are all just returned from Milton Abbey, where I hear they have been much pleased with their reception. To-morrow being the wedding-day, the Princesses have begged to have a little ball; so all forces are mustered together, but it will be but a very small one, & I cannot say much for the partners that we shall have. I wish to-morrow might bring an addition, but I know nothing about it. I cannot help being surprised at it, & our departure from hence is very near, they go this day sevennight.

* * * Now I must tell you of the dear Queen's kindness to me for to-morrow. Even Princess E. asked my mother in the morning what dress I meant to wear, & as I had not a white Fourean like theirs, she desired that I would wear my blue & white jacket that you know, & a great deal of blue ribbon about me, so that was settled; but when I came home, I received a white muslin from the Queen for a Fourean, & last night at the rooms, where they all were, Lady Cortown told me that the Queen meant to send me a blue petticoat to wear under the muslin, as the Princesses wear coloured petticoats, & Her Majesty is very fond of a coloured petticoat under a muslin dress; it is one that Her Majesty has worn once herself, so it is a great honor. It is vastly kind of her, is it not? I am to have a blue & white head dress, & blue sash. Princess Augusta and Princess Elizabeth are to be dressed the same. P. E. desired that I should be dressed as like them as possible. * * * *

"Georgina Townshend."

" London.

* * * "I had last week a R. visit, a most gracious one from Her M. and the three eldest Princesses too came. Princess Mary had never been here before, & was much pleased with my House; about ten I had a note from Princess Eliza, to say that the Queen & them would be at my House at twelve, so that I had plenty of notice, & gave them a good breakfast or luncheon, which ever you please to call it. Princess E. desired to have as many things as I could collect from my repository; & they bought a good many things, & I have since had the pleasure of hearing from a friend in the House, that they were much pleased with all they had, & my manner of doing the honors; my friend said, you know I need not have said anything about it, if I had not really heard it. Dearest dear Princess Mary pleased me much by all she said, as she is sincerity itself; you were a good deal talked about last night at the Commerce table, & your ears might have burnt, perhaps, if you had an idea of what royalty said of you. * *

* * * "The devil is at work here still; we swarm here still with French. I wish the Duchess of Gordon had not had any at her assembly, or soirée as she calls it; she had only two, but one was a fine lady, & the other a fine gentleman; those I am sure we have no business with. I have no objection to helping a poor French Priest, but one ought to know the others better than one can to trust them, those that are really objects of compassion would not be inclined to figure away at an assembly. The Duke of York's cook is sent off & out of the kingdom; he had dressed many a dinner for my father, when he was first in office many years ago. The Duke turned him away the instant that Mr. Dundas told him that he must be sent out of the kingdom for his behaviour, & belonging to the Jacobin Clubs. Lord Grenville has done the same, sent off

his cook or *valet de chambre*, so you perceive they are well matched. * * * *

* * * "I have little news for your entertainment; Mary and Lord Chatham are going to a party at the Duke of York's, where their Majesties are expected. The poor little Duchess does all she can to please every one, & where it most concerns her she perfectly succeeds; but somebody (not her spouse) who never left her when she first came, has quite quarrelled with her, because she will not be made good for nothing, & will try to please where she does; the great bone of contention there is, that though she is acquainted with a certain lady when she meets her, she will not go to her House. There is where the shoe pinches, & the P. at C. House would not hand her in to supper, which made a great fuss, as you will easily imagine; the Duchess of C. asked the Duke of Leeds to hand her in, as the P. would not. He was very much out of humour, & had made them wait an hour & half for supper, & when the Duchess of C. asked him to hand the Duchess of G. in to supper, he said he should not, as he was not well & did not choose any supper, but he walked about the supper-room so as to prevent the gentlemen in general from setting down, to make it as disagreeable as he could; his brother chose to be of the walking party too, to his shame, but he is quite under the thumb. There is a pretty history for you, & what is more it is a fact.

* * * "I went last night to Lady Hume's to see some French curiosities, Madame Brulart, *ci-devant* Genlis, or Genlis, *alias* Brulart. I think that would be a very good way of distinguishing her & Mademoiselle Adela, the Duke of Orléans' daughter, & the English foundling as they call her, Pamela, who has as French a face as possible, & in my opinion, & in the opinion of many others last night, is very like the first-mentioned lady, though *she* is very ugly now, & Pamela beautifull,

but it is only the difference of age. Mademoiselle Adela is a very fine girl, & looks like an English girl I think, except that she has so much more manner than the English have in general at that age. Madame Brulart is an odious woman, & the poor Duchess of Orléans is very much to be pitied; her daughter has been taken from her by force. Madame lets her daughter correspond with her, but the letters are written under her eye, so that they are no comfort to her; the Duchess writes to the Duke of Dorset, to beg he will let her know all he can about her child, & tells him what distress she is in about her. Pamela is supposed to be the Duke of Orléans's daughter by Madame B. This last is not to be doubted; I never saw so strong a likeness in my life. They sat in a circle to be stared at, and seemed to like it; they seemed to have no objection to the attention that was paid to distinction, for Sir Abraham Hume handed Mademoiselle up the room, notwithstanding that they are all to be equal, & I believe are democrats. We swarm with an immense number of impertinent French people here now—a great many are aristocrats in France, but are hand-&-glove with our Opposition. I have no patience with their being received as they are. The famous Madame de Coigne is here, whom I was anxious to see; as she is here who was not long ago pulled out of her carriage in Paris, and in all form absolutely whipped in the street by International Guard one after the other, it having been supposed that she had called out 'Vive le Roi,' instead of which she called out, 'Grace à Dieu, nous n'entendons plus ce cri de Vive le Roi,' to show her gratitude, I suppose, for having received great favor, and everything from the King's hand, & from the Royal family; she always looks mad or drunk, & has a voice which quite stuns one. One hears French all round one at every assembly. I hate the sight of them. * * *

"GEORGINA TOWNSHEND."

"Windsor.

"My dear Mrs. Stapleton,— * * *
Last night we only walked the terrace, & had a card party as usual, but it was all pleasant, & I won the pool at Commerce, which, besides being *convenient* to me, gave me additional pleasure in winning it, as Lord and Lady Cathcart, *true Scotch*, were so very anxious to have it between them, & showed it so very much. I should not blame him, as he saves your pence. The good Queen makes me so many visits, and comes so regularly now before dinner here, that I always dress as soon as Levil has dined, which is about two o'clock, & then I am ready, & less likely to be hurried. * * *
Our play answered much better than usual on Friday; even after I wrote to you, we had an actress from London, & one man that plays here in Edwin's style (I think you must remember him) is a most excellent actor, & entertains our dear King very much. Only think what the King did by me this morning; but it is reckoned nothing here, they are all so used to it. I was going to eight o'clock chapel with him & Princess Elizabeth, & just at setting out my nose began to bleed quite violently, so I returned to my room. When they returned from chapel I was ready to go down to breakfast with them, & the King was so good as to ask me how I did, but then gave his advice at the same time, & called out to me, loud enough for his attendants to hear him, 'Some Epsom salts would do you a great deal of good, Miss T.' Luckily his aide-de-camp was behind me, & at breakfast he told the Queen, who knew nothing of my bleeding, & therefore was a good deal surprised that he had been prescribing a cooling dose of physic to me. This was said before *all the pages*. His Majesty assured me it was certainly from the heat of the weather, & to be sure he gives us plenty of exercise; but I took the liberty of

observing that it frequently happened to me when I had a cold, & I have had a very bad one. No wonder; I caught it at Swinley, supping in a tent, hot after dancing, & no mat or carpet upon the grass, which was very damp. My dancing-days are begun again; I never dance but here, & the little balls we had are famous pleasant ones to dance at, provided I do not dance with the Prince of Orange. They have left us; we parted at the Duke of York's, and should have liked very much that the Princess could have stayed; but we have had quite enough of him. I expect we are to have Princes at dinner; the Duke of Clarence's carriage has just stopped short of the door, & the Prince of Wales I saw arrive about an hour since. I am very sorry always to see the latter, & I hope he will not be of the party. Oh dear! oh dear! I wish I could reform people; things will never come right with that poor little woman. I will say no more now, so God bless you & your dear companion!

"And believe me always the same,

"G. T."

"Windsor.

* * * * * "I wish you could have heard our dear King, the day before yesterday, lament at parting with the Staffordshire militia; it went to one's heart. He went before breakfast to the barracks to take leave, & marched with them through the town, & sent them a most gracious & kind message by their major. He talked of them all breakfast, & once said, 'I feel quite shaky to-day;' & upon the Queen asking him why, he said, 'To tell you the truth, I do not like their going; I hate to part with old friends,' a speech quite from his heart, & very like him indeed. He is in very good spirits at present; last week he was so very much oppressed with his cold that I was unhappy about him. Princess Amelia is better within these few days, and I hope will soon come

amongst us again downstairs; she was, for a little while, last night, till we went to cards. I must try and win a pool at Commerce to-night, as I have but ten shillings left in my play purse; winning one now and then keeps my head above water. * * * We are to dance on New Year's-day; they generally have one ball at this time. Last year it was the last day of the year, by the dear King's desire, instead of New Year's-day, as he liked the old year, therefore wished to pay it a compliment. There never was his equal in kind attention for every one belonging to him." * * * *

From the Countess of Chatham.

* * * * "I am very glad to hear your account of Lady Anna Maria Cotton, and of her reception in your good sister's family, as I believe her to be a most amiable young woman. As to the Duchess of Newcastle's marriage, I agree with you that she never had any intention of the sort till Colonel Crauford was wounded; her attendance on him was not compatible with proper attention to her daughter. But after all we must not judge others, and there we leave that subject. It was a good plan to make Lady Anna Maria acquainted with the Cotton family before her reception at Combermere Abbey. When you write to Lady Cotton ask her to remember me to Lady Anna Maria, and the assurance of my gratification at her prospect of domestic happiness.

"Gen. Goldsworthy's death was a blow to all who loved him as he deserved. It would have distressed you much to have seen how acutely our beloved King felt it. As soon as the will was read, Miss G. sent a copy of it. He went to see her, and said he did not call on her till he knew that everything was as he wished it to be. Except some few legacies, everything to her and at her disposal,

Miss G. has desired to have his old, very old, favourite spaniel, and dearest Princess Mary has desired to have a favourite terrier of his; the dear King's anxiety about them would *alone* have won your heart. Miss G. is tolerably well; she was quite prepared for his death, and was in constant dread of his being childish from the frequent fits. Dearest Princess A.'s attention to her is *like herself*, and that is saying everything. Indeed, they have all been all attention to her; but Princess A., being the only one living in the Lower Lodge with her, had more constant opportunities. That dear soul at no time ever goes to bed without first looking in upon Miss G. at Windsor, at last, to see whether she is gone to bed or not. She had the painful task of telling her of the very bad fit he had about a month ago, and of sending off to London to the King, as they thought he could not recover. The King and Queen were in town, and the two elder Princesses. Since I began this I went to take a walk, because it was right; but I cannot get used to walking with a servant only, and I wish I could draw you a picture of some of the uncommon good figures; but at the same time there were many too disgusting, the women in particular, to amuse one. But the velvet pelisses—shortish, not too short—corners rounded in front, trimmed with black broad lace, were very pretty indeed; but the wearers were not like them, though they wished the riders to think so. My walk you will know when I tell you that it is from Stanhope Gate to Hyde Park Corner. It is generally direct there, and you have *less danger* on account of the rail from being rode over by the awkward riders, of which there were not a few. There were, though, too many walkers to-day." * * *

From Miss Townshend.

"Miss Goldsworthy, who has been at Kew, and saw the dear King, was *most perfectly satisfied* with him, he is

excessively kind to her; he told her not long ago, the first time I think that he saw her after his illness, that he loved her for her own sake, and for her dear brother's, whom he had loved sincerely, and should always miss. Soon after he came into the room, he looked eagerly at a picture she had of him. He returned her some letters—I think he returned them—that she had found, of his own, among her brother's papers, and said, that they had been a great comfort to him during his illness, as he found he had never written anything unkind to him. What an angel he is! How much such a heart must feel at the thoughts, which no doubt often occur, of leaving his dear people, whenever it shall so please God. It is no disparagement to anybody, saying that there is not his equal. * * * * *

"GEORGINA TOWNSHEND."

* * * * I was very glad to hear of the Prince having written him word that he would have no further political connection with him; I hope we shall get rid of all our bad connections, and then I think we may be much the better. *I* shall begin to have some *hopes* of a *real* amendment; that is a quarter where I am not apt to give much credit, indeed, till now, none at all; but I suppose he thinks now that it is as well not to lose the chance of that *little ornament to the head.* He played at cards last Thursday even, with *mama,* and is so good! and the sisters are so happy! no wonder. I was not there; I had been sent for two nights before at seven o'clock in the even, but my cold was much too bad, and as I was not well enough for the drawing-room on Thursday. I have not had the honour of seeing them this week, but they are all vastly well. The P. has destroyed the Duke of Orléans' picture; they say he sent for it down one morning that Mrs. F. was with him, and that he put the poker

into the fire, and when it was hot he drove it through it in several places, and then sent it down to the kitchen to be finished; last year he had sent it up into a garret. I have heard no French news lately. How horrid the account one reads in the papers, that they propose sending the poor Queen to the Conciergerie, or to some other prison, I forget the name, but both of them are places where the very worst are sent, and quite your commonest prisons. I forgot to mention that I have heard it reported, but I do not know *that it is true*, that Mr. Pitt, I *will* name him first, and the Prince are hand in glove. What a change! * * *

"GEORGINA TOWNSHEND."

"Queen's Lodge, 11th of January.

"MY DEAR MRS. STAPLETON,— * * * *

Our dearly beloved King is quite well, and enjoys the woods, though he has not had any good sport since. He is very happy in the addition of General Grenville to his society; he came yesterday, stays till Wednesday. He has attacked him as usual about marrying, and wonders he will not take courage. I wish he was in Parliament, to frank this letter, but it is the last you will have to pay for for some time, I hope. What a curious letter Bonaparte has honoured the King with; I was in the room, and all the evening company, when it arrived, but nothing transpired. The King showed it the Queen and Duke of G., and talked in German, and the by-standers were none the wiser, but very anxious, of course, particularly as we were then all women. A week had passed, I believe, before I heard anything about it, and then it was from a person who had called upon me. I am afraid it will not help us to peace. God grant that that, or something may! * * * Since I wrote, we have had another *little* ball. The evening entertainment began with a magic lantern for the children, *young* and old, I had never seen one before; afterwards, the

children, which were to the amount of sixteen, friends' children in the place, drew; the King and Queen then had a lottery, to which I had contributed, having worked very hard for some days; they then had a supper, with a pyramid of toys upon the table—I never saw so pretty and happy a sight. The Queen entertained the children here, Christmas evening, with a German fashion. A fir tree, about as high again as any of us, lighted all over with small tapers, several little wax dolls among the branches in different places, and strings of almonds and raisins alternately tied from one to the other, with skipping ropes for the boys, and each bigger girl had muslin for a frock, a muslin handkerchief, a fan, and a sash, all prettily done up in the handkerchief, and a pretty necklace and earrings besides. As soon as all the things were delivered out by the Queen and Princesses, the candles on the tree were put out, and the children set to work to help themselves, which they did very heartily, and after that was over they adjourned.

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"GEORGINA TOWNSHEND."

"February, 1793.

* * * "Mary and my mother had a secret message from the Queen to be at Sir H. Palliser's at Greenwich, as if to satisfy their own curiosity by seeing the Guards embark for Holland, a sight they had neither of them had any wish to see; but the truth was that the Queen and six Princesses were to go and see them embark at Sir H. Palliser's at Greenwich, but quite in secret. As our good dear K. bid them go to see Sir H., but as it was not to be known that they were to go, the Queen was to have no attendants, and was not even to send Sir H. word of it; this the Queen of course could not quite agree to, but she would not tell him so, but sent secretly to my mother, to beg that she would go there as her own act, and would ask Mary to do the same; so they went together, and

were at Greenwich a little after eight in the morn. Sir H. asked them if the report was true that the King would come down with the Guards to see them embark, which they told them he certainly would; and besides him the Queen and all the Princesses and the Prince. I think what a surprise it must have been to the poor man. He luckily had plenty of cold meat and those kind of things for the officers, if they chose any, and I believe had some friends of his own there; but he immediately desired my mother and Mary to arrange the breakfast entirely themselves, which was much the best way, and sent his own servants, and bid them obey the ladies' orders, and they very soon got a breakfast ready. The Queen did not arrive till ten o'clock, so that they had plenty of time. I think it was a pity that the ladies of the R. family went—it was a great trial for them, taking leave of your Duke there. The Princesses were continually overcome all the morning; they went to see the hospital and chapel, and after that they returned to the house where they had breakfasted, and took leave of the Duke, which overcame them all. Poor Princess Sophia, before she could get to the carriage, fainted dead away. Poor soul, it was too much for her. She is very nervous and very soon overcome, though I daresay she struggled as much as possible. The dear K. and the Prince and the Duke all drank each other's health at parting. How affecting it must have been. The King, God bless him, was quite right in going down at the head of his Guards; it must have been a very great pleasure to the poor men. It is an amazing fine body of men. I should have been very sorry to have seen them go. I could not even go to the Admiralty to see them go from the parade, though I had no particular friend among them; yet I could not see them with the idea of many of them perhaps not returning. Some of the Grenadiers, whom the King knew had behaved very well in some former trial, said upon the King's giving them an

opportunity that they hoped they should not upon this occasion either disgrace him. They are noble creatures, and went off vastly well indeed—remarkably well, everybody says. Some people seem to think that it will not come to an engagement at last. I was at the Queen's house yesterday even, *entre nous* poor dear Princess Sophia says she has never recovered the visit to Greenwich, but you must be *mum*, as they are to bear everything nobody else can, and it is very wrong if they do not. I never heard anything like the account dear Pss. Mary gave me of what she went through, of the number of things our good honest countrymen said to them all, particularly when she was waiting in the carriage with Pss. Amelia for Pss. Sophie while she was recovering from her fainting. The coach door was open, and she herself, you may imagine, not much better, and Pss. Amelia absolutely roaring, and she could not pacify her. All this time there were various things that overset her; among the rest one said, 'Who would not fight for them?' It was really too much. * *

"GEORGINA TOWNSHEND."

"Queen's Lodge, Windsor, Sunday Even.

"MY DEAR MRS. STAPLETON,—You will I know be glad to hear from me once more from this dear place, from under this most hospitable roof. Our beloved King's reception of me made me quite happy. When I came in to dinner he said he was very glad to see me *come* HOME again. Have I not reason to be vain? All, both great and small, have received me in the most gratifying manner. When I say 'small,' I mean the company and everybody in the house. But I have more to tell you than all this (*not a husband*, do not think that, though the Duke of Cumberland says I must have one), but my poor dear mother had a visit, last Friday, from the Queen, Pss. Augusta, and Pss. Elizabeth. I do not know whether I have mentioned

her intention of so doing, and my mother bore it wonderfully well. The Queen's kindness was much beyond description, except what you may imagine from your most intimate kind friend; my mother, except being tired at night, was not at all the worse for it in body, and her mind was much better for all the kindness she had experienced. I was an hour with the Queen the day before about it. She had a fortnight before named her intention, but I thought it then too soon, particularly as she had not got her furniture in, and it would be more hurried on that account—but all was ready for her reception last Friday. My brothers, all three, were in town on purpose, and John sent Carter; therefore my mother was sure the little breakfast would be all right, and it all went off wonderfully well. When I was with the Queen, she asked me when I should be ready to come down here, to which I made answer that I was ready, and she proposed the next day; I bowed assent, but when I found, which I at that time did not know, that she intended to visit my mother, well knowing her goodness, I asked as the greatest favour, to defer coming till the day after, as my mother might be hurried after H. M. left her and she would want me. It was immediately agreed to, and I arrived here yesterday; I have had a very good account of my mother to-day from Mary, who is mighty proud, of course, that when His Majesty saw the print of Ld. C. in *my room* (only think what an honour I have had) she desired me to get her one, and Mary fortunately has a proof one, and can therefore have the pleasure of presenting it. The Queen was seated with me for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour in my little room, and was very much pleased with it; and so she was with our whole house; she said it was quite neat and without any pretensions to anything else, and perfectly comfortable and cheerful. She has given an excellent character of us to the dear King. I wish he could visit us. I am sure he would like it.

When the dear K., before he went to the Nore, asked the Queen what she would do all the day in London, she said, 'Sir, I have a little plan to go and make my friend Lady Sydney a visit at Tragnal,' and he immediately said, 'Pray do, and then you will be so much the nearer to me.' How kind, and so like himself! I should like to know what they really thought of us all yesterday, and our humble endeavours to please them. My bro. sent his sergeant in his uniform to meet them near here to show them the way. The Queen drank all our healths. * * *

"GEORGINA TOWNSHEND."

From Lady C——.

"London.

* * * * "Prince Ernest's arm is amazingly better; he was able to have it out of the sling the other night, but he told me it pained him a good deal when he had danced some time, and he can use it but very little yet, it is so weak. I hope the sea will restore it quite; the wise ones say it will. He's an excessively handsome young man, and remarkably well made. I don't think I like him so well as young Adolphus, but it is not fair to judge, as I know him but little. * * * * The *dear charming* Prince Adolphus took leave of me this night; I shall see him no more, as he's to go in a few days. I suppose the King will give Lord Chatham his orders about it to-day. I quite pity the King, and indeed all the family; he has been so delightfully pleasant with them all, that they will be undone without him. You never saw such a picture of a fond father, as the King with him, or, indeed, anything prettier than the son's constant affectionate attention to his father; and with all this, he's as lively as any of them, and I dare say as well inclined to be wild, in a gentleman-like way, a thorough gay young soldier; but everything with him seems to give way to his sense of his duty in y^e^ service and his love for the King.

"We have no news; we want a little, and its being *good* would be an agreeable variety. The poor Duke of Brunswick seems doomed to short triumphs at most. There's an account of a victory though, obtained by the Spaniards in Roussillon, and I am sure, by y^e^ *French* account of it, it is a very signal one. There's a report from Vienna of an overland account of Pondicherry being taken—the fact is so, I dare say, long ago, whether this report is true or not. So I have contrived to give you a little something to palliate the effects of y^e^ bad accounts of the Duke of Brunswick; and now I will conclude.

"Yours most affectionately,

"M. R. C."

MR. PITT'S DUEL.

From the Countess of Chatham.

"My dear Mrs. S.—Not knowing that Lord C. had sent to dearest Lady C. by the mail Sunday night, I would not, for fear *by chance* my letter should have been opened first, say anything of what had passed. Thank God all is well over! I knew nothing of it till it was so, and the shock it would be to our dearest dear friend, was my very first thought. I never wrote a more uncomfortable letter in my life to you than I did yesterday; I did not dare touch upon what was uppermost in my thoughts, and every other subject appeared trifling. We all say there must be an embargo laid upon Mr. Pitt ever venturing such a thing again. The lower people all say that the King might as well fight as Mr. Pitt; report says that Sheridan is very angry with Tierney upon the subject; but what is more to the purpose, I want to know how dear Lady C. has borne it, so let me have a line, pray."

From the same.

* * * "I really cannot tell you much about Lord G. Leveson's affair. What they say in the world is, that Wm. Dundas has given him the 2nd battalion of the 52nd, without consulting the King. His Majesty chooses to give regiments himself, and to give them to soldiers; he stopped it entirely till y^e^ D. of Y. came home, and then gave it Genl. Moore. *How* it all passed, I can't tell you, but I believe this is the outline of the facts. I have heard there has been a great deal in the papers about it, but it has not happened to be in mine, and I've never seen it. As to the motives for the attempt, I really cannot guess them, something besides what appears, I don't doubt, for I never shall believe it was an idea of Lord G. Leveson's, or that Dundas would try so *strong* a thing (to say no more), for *his* sake only; there must have been some other reason of some sort, which, as it has been stopped, has not come out. As to Lord Bridport, he must have had a melancholy fit when he wrote you word he should not touch a shilling. It is not as great as was expected, and they never are, as I told you about young Alford; but I am assured Lord B. can't have less than 30,000*l.*, it may be more. As to the claims against him, they can only affect one frigate, and that, I believe, everybody thinks he does *not* share in. Whether Lord Gl. Vr. does or not is nothing to Lord B.; it is whether it is him or any other admal. of y^e^ *Mediterranean* fleet. As to all the Govt. papers putting him out of his command, that I should suppose had *meaning*, but *can't* succeed, if Lord Bridport steadily keeps his ground, which I believe him fully determined to do, and I understand *nobody* avows these paragraphs. Mr. Hunt saw Lord Bridport very lately at Torbay, and says he never saw him better. You will draw me into speaking rather freely of some great man, if

you bid me tell you all, or more than all, upon such subjects." * * * * * * *

From the same.

* * * * "We had a very grand ball at the Queen's house on Monday, and a very good one, as they always are. Among the company a great many *repentant sinners*. Portlands—it was comical enough that the first ball Lady M. Bentinck should go to should be at the Queen's house—Fitzwilliams, Carlisles, Spencers, Jerseys, Mansfields—it seemed quite odd to see them all. Carnarvons, too, I should not forget, as he used to be the most bitter of creatures; but, to do him justice, he is one of those who came round soonest and in the best manner. Lord Carlisle and Lord Spencer are my two favourites, though, of them; nothing can be more thoroughly manly and honourable than their conduct. Lady Cotton is too good about me and her daughters; they are very pleasing young women, and I was extremely glad to have them with me, and to make it as pleasant to them as I could. The feathers in the Queen's face is what now always happens with all young ladies who kiss her hand, for in the way in which they now wear them it is unavoidable, though the Queen leans as far back as she can; to be sure it annoys her, but she's always good-humoured to young ladies. I am going to dine at Frogmore to-day, with Mrs. T. The Cabinet dine here, and I must get out of their way; so I go to keep a long standing promise to my brother and Mrs. T., and my carriage is now come. Adieu!

"Yours affectionately,

"M. R. C."

From the same.

* * * "Little Pss. Charlotte is quite her grandmother's own grandchild upon the score of dress, in

observing it, I mean; she told Ly. Sydney at Windsor, the evening after the child's ball, that she liked her dress much better than ever, than the night before; and told her she had nothing on, the same as the night before, but the diamond chain in her head, and she had asked one of the Princesses before whether she thought that chain in Lady S.'s head was real or not; she thought they were not Dovey's (a man who makes an imitation), as they were more brilliant than his. Only think of that at *seven years old*, & said with great gravity & consequence. She took a great fancy to Lady S. without being at all acquainted with her, that was the attraction of her beauty, & said she wished she was one of her aunts—she is a proud little monkey, & I daresay felt she might be more intimate & familiar with her, if she was related to her. She is a trifle too great at present, but it must be very difficult to deal exactly right with a child of her age, & with her great quickness & cleverness. It is a great blessing that she keeps, or more properly speaking, if she does keep, when it may be of the most material service to her, her partiality to that angel, Pss. Mary. If she follows her advice she will never err." * * *

Amongst the letters addressed to Mrs. Stapleton which are still preserved at Combermere Abbey, two written by the wife of our ambassador to the court of Berlin in 1800, allude to the presence of Lord Nelson and Napoleon's brother there, we therefore venture to introduce them :—

"There is an Irish Mrs. St. George here who has lately arrived from Dresden, where she saw more than enough of Lady Hamilton & her two supporters, with whom she is dancing *pas de trois* all day long. Lord Nelson speaks of his ungrateful country & the gross ill-conduct of Government. He hopes, however, to be again employed, but not for love of the ministers. He knows them too well.

I have, I think, had *une échappée belle* by their avoiding Berlin & going up the Elbe. I suppose I must have presented Lady Hm. if she had come here, and yet till I knew the style of her reception by the Queen of England, I should have been puzzled how to act. I hear that Sir William has got some grand presents for Her Majesty, which Regina will like. Lady Hamilton is fat and vulgar in her manner, except when she drapes herself in her shawls and begins her attitudes, which are still beautiful. Poor Sir William seems to be quite superannuated & exposes himself sadly. The last time Mrs. St. George saw him was at a great fête which was given to him at Dresden, & where, having, according to custom, drunk pretty freely with his Lady & the Admiral, he proceeded to show feats of agility round the room, & concluded by moulding *cockledee bread,* to the great astonishment of his phlegmatic German audience. Lady Hamilton turns Lord Nelson round & round, saying, 'See, this is all that is left of him, for he has not *this* nor he has not *that;*' while the poor fool drawls out his admiration of all that she *says* or *does.*

"We are all here on the tiptoe of expectation with the hope of seeing soon Susanna (Lady Hamilton) and her two elders. The party is still at Dresden, but I fear that instead of passing by Berlin they will go up the Elbe by water, as Lord Nelson cannot bear the motion of the carriage. The old story of Hercules and the Distaff seems realized in him, & the number of ridiculous anecdotes which are told of him makes one feel quite peevish. His last exploit was at a grand ball at Dresden. He appeared as handkerchief-bearer to his lady, who of course cannot wear so vulgar a thing as a pocket, & is therefore obliged to call to him when '*the salt rheum descends.*' I understand that he has purchased considerable *terres* in his Italian Dutchy, where he means to build & pass the remainder of

his days at a distance from his wife & his ungrateful country.

"*Thursday.*—My tiresome & fatiguing avocations multiply every day, & the plot will continue to thicken till after the carnival. The Royal family, thank God, is not yet settled in Berlin, but I have a perspective view of dinners at the castle which begin at half-past one, & which, in the true German style, will last till half-past four; you know I believe that no dish is carved upon the table, but each plate is carried round to each individual, & if there were a hundred dishes, I believe there never was an instance of a German refusing one. We watched the other night the supper of one of the *élégantes*, who eat of thirty-seven different things, one of which was a goose, & of that being *fort amateuse*, she takes a *wing* & a *thigh bone*. The great event of Berlin, since I wrote last, has been the arrival of the young Buonaparte, who is rather a pleasing, well-looking man, and people say modest in his bearing; but he is so well received here that one can scarcely believe the favorable report of his good qualities. His brother's position seems to be very critical, & he is very well aware of the impending danger, having lately doubled his guard and giving many proofs of restless uneasiness. The last performances of Emperor Paul are so extraordinary that they suggest the necessity for other performances of a mad doctor as expert as our Dr. Willis.

"Buonaparte, the consul's third brother, has left Berlin this morning, but is to return in six weeks' time. He has been received here with every possible attention, & it is exceedingly mortifying to see the daily rapid progress which French principles & French politics are making here. The more I hear & see the more cause I have for dislike & for apprehensions; all religion & even morality seem quite discarded by the imitators and partizans of the democrats."

Letters from Lady Hester Stanhope *to* Mrs. Stapleton.

Lady Hester Stanhope, of whose adventures we have read so much, was daughter of Earl Stanhope, an ardent admirer of the French revolutionary principles, and who seriously strove in his Jacobinical enthusiasm to bring up two of his sons as working tradesmen. In her early years Lady Hester spent much time with Mr. Pitt and her maternal grandmother, the Dowager Countess of Chatham. There Miss Stapleton became intimate with this remarkable woman, then a wild and clever girl, whose character and habits were insensibly influenced by those of her strange father. Some letters written in her early life may elucidate its peculiarities.

"Walmer Castle, Sept. 26, 1802.

"Dearest Mrs. Stapleton,—Mr. Pitt desires me to say that he hopes you will come here any day after next Wednesday, so pray arrive Thursday se'nnight. He thinks that you will be able to amuse yourself here for a few days, & I cannot doubt your being happy at my receiving you & taking care of you when he is occupied. Oh! what an angel he is! I think I heard that you were to travel in the phaeton, pray come in a post-chaise, you will have so many things to carry away, & how could two great birds travel with you otherwise? The stables may be full too; there are so many officers about.

"I took my ride to-day with my two friends, I did not mount the kicking mare, better if I had, for then my charming clerical chaperon would not have got a fall. She leaped standing over some bars into a field uncommonly well, but taking them flying as he returned she was too hot, & fell upon them, broke them down & tumbled over her rider, with the bars between them, which hurt him badly on the knee. He certainly is one of the best tempered men I

ever met with, for he neither scolded nor beat her, but got upon her as soon as he was able, & rode home as if nothing had happened, though I doubt much whether he will be able to walk the length of the street for a week to come. This is the mare that kicks at *command*, & carried me over a new made hedge a down leap into the road but a few days ago, in a most superior stile. But I like one of Mr. Barnard's own horses better than this kick-at-command he rode to-day, which belongs to Mr. Elwes. Mr. B.'s mare volunteers to kick for ten minutes every time I mount her, as the petticoats displease her; but she kicks so elegantly that it is quite charming, & I am sorry when he has talked her quiet. Mr. Elwes says nothing proves more that I am so thoroughbred than liking hot weather, & preferring to ride in the heat of the day. Well, God bless you, dear Madam, I shall *never* make you understand what is *the thing*, so I must give it up. Adieu, & believe me, affectionately yours. Thanks about Longdon. H. S."

"Lyme Regis.

"DEAR MRS. STAPLETON,—I am indeed much flattered that my good opinion of Colonel Lynch Cotton pleases you. I was out in the phaeton at four o'clock this morning, & called upon Lord Wood later in the day, without finding him. There is a ball here twice weekly, which people from the neighbourhood attend. I shall not look at them, lest Brummel should never look at *me* again. I am much pleased that dear grandmamma is so much better; I wish that I could bear for her the pain she suffers, & that we might make the bargain. Pray let me soon hear from you, and say everything kind and affectionate from me to her. I wish that I had some news to tell her; do not let her believe reports of public things, they are better than you imagine. Mr. Pitt's indisposition is, I am sure, a political one, to give time for them to improve."

"Lyme Regis.

"A thousand thanks, dear Mrs. Stapleton, for your kind and long letter. By the end of next month I shall embrace my dearest grandmamma, & all the dear inmates of Burton.

"Mr. B. has ridden with me for the last week, although this is the first morning he could come upstairs with any degree of ease."

"Wickham, Wednesday.

"My dear Mrs. Stapleton,—Here I am, and with whom do you think I came? Guess! Lord Camelford!* Sir F. Burdett and he are great friends, and a short time ago he introduced Lord C. to me, & he joined our party last Monday to Richmond, that is to say, Lord C. drove me to Putney, saw me embark, & then ordered his curricle & gig to wait for me at Richmond, to convey me back, and any other persons of the party. I wished to return to town. After a most pleasant dinner, which was made particularly so by some of the Prince's Regt. joining us at Richmond, I drove Lord C.'s curricle back to town, with a smart man & two beaux in his gig, a German waggon & four, & two or three more open carriages. I took the lead, & arrived in town about eleven at night. Took up Lord C. in Bond Street, & we supped at Mrs. Egerton's. A Miss Anguish sung. I set off Monday next for certain. Friday I go to Hampton Court. The Prince's band came from Windsor to play to me at dinner and upon the water. Lord Charles goes on as well as possible; I forgot to tell you this in my last, I believe; I am sure you are very good to be interested about him. You will long to hear what I think of Lord Camelford, who, by-the-by, I have sent off to town; he expected me to return with him, but was mistaken. In the first place, he is plain, very pleasant, very sensible, and gentlemanlike, in short, I like him much. He likes and

* This was the Lord Camelford, so celebrated for his eccentricities. He fell in a duel in the year 1804, soon after reaching his twenty-ninth year.

understands horses to perfection, and refused 400*l.* for an untried horse; in short, I saw nothing to fear in this much talked of personage. I must now tell you I have seen Dr. Vaughan,* Bab. St. John's husband. I like him extremely, & he says he is more interested about my health than I can imagine. I must say I am much better. I expect a great prose with my uncle Pitt on Tuesday, and shall write you an account of it.

"I am ever yours,

"HESTER STANHOPE."

"Saturday.

"MY DEAR MRS. STAPLETON,—I thank you a thousand times for your last kind letter. I cannot write much to-day, as I am just going to put Harriet Bowyer on horseback for the first time; she is, without regular features, a remarkable fine girl, with true classical locks, once the theme of Horace's praise and the inspiration of his pen, therefore not to be despised. Mr. Crewe, I hear, resigns Cheshire, & Cholmondeley stands again. What say your friends? Does Colonel Cotton mean to stand? I think he has as great pretensions as most people in this country. What say you? The deuce is in elections, like most other dashing concerns, they are so very expensive, and a soldier has never much money to spare—a charming life notwithstanding. So it is again positively said Lord Chatham goes to India; I wish they'd send me in men's clothes, *I* would settle the business speedily with the Gentoos, & have a house finer than fine, hold my head higher than high, be wiser than wise, and make the people most happy. Do you agree to this? With my kindest and best love to my dearest grand^m^ do not fail to say something kind to my relative, Lady A. M. "Ever sincerely yours,

"HESTER STANHOPE."

* Late Sir Henry Halford, M.D.

"Walmer Castle, Sept. 20th, 1802.

"My dearest Madam,—I have the happiness to inform you that my dear uncle is quite recovered. Farquhar was here to-day, but found him so well that he has taken himself off to the Duke of Devonshire, at Ramsgate. Mr. P. is now riding out, & will frank this on his return. I have so many letters to write in his absence that I will not enter upon his praises, which neither my heart nor my pen could do justice to. To tell you how happy I am here in his society would be paying a very bad compliment to the powers of your imagination. I have not seen a female face since I arrived, only just that society I should always like to live in—delightful Mr. Long, Mr. Steele, & Mr. Canning. I love the friends of great men as much as I hate the company of toadeaters. I embark on Thursday if the wind is favourable; and as this is the last letter I shall probably write you, you must once more allow me to express how sensible I am of the kindness you have shown me, and though we may never meet again, it will be ever present to my recollection.

"Pray say everything kind you can invent to my dear G. M., for it is impossible that you can say too much, or more than I feel in gratitude and affection towards her. Give my compliments to Mr. Woodforde, & tell him I never go on board the Trinity yacht without longing for my little sailor, and this happens almost every day. Mr. P. is returned, and sends his kind love. I must conclude, having already made this longer than I intended.

"Believe me ever yours affectionately,

"H. S."

THE END.

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